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THE SENTIMENTALISTS

AN UNFINISHED COMEDY

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

Homeware	
Professor Spiral	
Arden	*In love with Astræa.*
Swithin } *Osier* }	*Sympathetics.*
Dame Dresden	*Sister to Homeware.*
Astræa	*Niece to Dame Dresden and Homeware.*
Lyra	*A wife.*
Lady Oldlace	
Virginia	
Winifred	

THE SCENE IS A SURREY GARDEN IN EARLY SUMMER. THE PATHS ARE SHADED BY TALL BOXWOOD HEDGES. THE TIME IS SOME SIXTY YEARS AGO.

SCENE I

Professor Spiral, Dame Dresden, Lady Oldlace, Virginia, Winifred, Swithin, and Osier. As they slowly promenade the garden, the professor is delivering one of his exquisite orations on Woman.

Spiral. One husband! The woman consenting to marriage takes but one. For her there is no widowhood. That punctuation of the sentence called death is not the end of the chapter for her. It is the brilliant proof of her having a soul. So she exalts her sex. Above the wrangle and clamor of the passions she is a fixed star. After once recording her obedience to the laws of our common nature—that is to say, by descending once to wedlock—she passes on in sovereign disengagement—a dedicated widow.

(*By this time they have disappeared from view. Homeware appears; he craftily avoids joining their party, like one who is unworthy of such noble oratory. He desires privacy and a book, but is disturbed by the arrival of Arden, who is painfully anxious to be polite to "her Uncle Homeware."*)

SCENE II

Homeware, Arden.

Arden. A glorious morning, sir.

Homeware. The sun is out, sir.

Arden. I am happy in meeting you, Mr. Homeware.

Home. I can direct you to the ladies, Mr. Arden. You will find them up yonder avenue.

Arden. They are listening, I believe, to an oration from the mouth of Professor Spiral.

Home. On an Alpine flower which has descended to flourish on English soil. Professor Spiral calls it Nature's "dedicated widow."

Arden. "Dedicated widow?"

Home. The reference you will observe is to my niece Astræa.

Arden. She is dedicated to whom?

Home. To her dead husband! You see the reverse of Astræa, says the professor, in those world-infamous widows who marry again.

Arden. Bah!

Home. Astræa, it is decided, must re-

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main solitary, virgin cold, like the little Alpine flower. Professor Spiral has his theme.

Arden. He will make much of it. May I venture to say that I prefer my present company?

Home. It is a singular choice. I can supply you with no weapons for the sort of strife in which young men are usually engaged. You belong to the camp you are avoiding.

Arden. Achilles was not the worse warrior, sir, for his probation in petticoats.

Home. His deeds proclaim it. But Alexander was the better chieftain until he drank with Lais.

Arden. No, I do not plead guilty to Bacchus.

Home. You are confessing to the madder form of drunkenness.

Arden. How Sir, I beg?

Home. How, when a young man sees the index to himself in everything spoken!

Arden. That might have the look. I did rightly in coming to you, sir.

Home. "Her Uncle Homeware?"

Arden. You read through us all, sir.

Home. It may interest you to learn that you are the third of the gentlemen commissioned to consult the lady's Uncle Homeware.

Arden. The third.

Home. Yes, she is pursued. It could hardly be otherwise. Her attractions are acknowledged and the house is not a convent. Yet, Mr. Arden, I must remind you that all of you are upon an enterprise held to be profane by the laws of this region. Can you again forget that Astræa is a widow?

Arden. She was a wife two months; she has been a widow two years.

Home. The widow of the great and venerable Professor Towers is not to measure her widowhood by years. His, from the altar to the tomb. As it might be read, a one day's walk!

Arden. Is she, in the pride of her youth, to be sacrificed to a whimsical feminine delicacy?

Home. You have argued it with her?

Arden. I have presumed.

Home. And still she refused her hand!

Arden. She commended me to you, sir. She has a sound judgment of persons.

Home. I should put it that she passes the Commissioners of Lunacy, on the ground of her being a humorous damsel. Your predecessors had also argued it with her; and they, too, discovered their enemy in a whimsical feminine delicacy. Where is the difference between you? Evidently she cannot perceive it, and I have to seek. You will have had many conversations with Astræa?

Arden. I can say, that I am thrice the man I was before I had them.

Home. You have gained in manhood from conversations with a widow in her twenty-second year; and you want more of her.

Arden. As much as I want more wisdom.

Home. You would call her your Muse?

Arden. So prosaic a creature as I would not dare to call her that.

Home. You have the timely mantle of modesty, Mr. Arden. She has prepared you for some of the tests with her Uncle Homeware.

Arden. She warned me to be myself, without a spice of affectation.

Home. No harder task could be set a young man in modern days. Oh, the humorous damsel. You sketch me the dimple at her mouth.

Arden. Frankly, sir, I wish you to know me better; and I think I can bear inspection. Astræa sent me to hear the reasons why she refuses me a hearing.

Home. Her reason, I repeat, is this: to her idea, a second wedlock is unholy. Further it passes me to explain. The young lady lands us where we were at the beginning; such must have been her humorous intention.

Arden. What can I do?

Home. Love and war have been compared. Both require strategy and tactics, according to my recollection of the campaign.

Arden. I will take to heart what you say, sir.

Home. Take it to head. There must be occasional descent of lovers' heads from the clouds. And Professor Spiral—But here we have a belated breeze of skirts.

(*The reference is to the arrival of Lyra, breathless.*)

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SCENE III

Homeware, Arden, Lyra.

Lyra. My own dear Uncle Homeware!

Home. But where is Pluriel?

Lyra. Where is a woman's husband when she is away from him?

Home. In Purgatory, by the proper reckoning. But hurry up the avenue, or you will be late for Professor Spiral's address.

Lyra. I know it all without hearing. Their Spiral! Ah, Mr. Arden! You have not chosen badly. The greater my experience, the more do I value my Uncle Homeware's company.

(*She is affectionate to excess but has a roguish eye withal, as of one who knows that Uncle Homeware suspects all young men and most young women.*)

Home. Agree with the lady promptly, my friend.

Arden. I would gladly boast of so lengthened an experience, Lady Pluriel.

Lyra. I must have a talk with Astræa, my dear uncle. Her letters breed suspicions. She writes feverishly. The last one hints at service on the West Coast of Africa.

Home. For the draining of a pestiferous land, or an enlightenment of the benighted black, we could not despatch a missionary more effective than the handsomest widow in Great Britain.

Lyra. Have you not seen signs of disturbance?

Home. A great oration may be a sedative.

Lyra. I have my suspicions.

Home. Mr. Arden, I could counsel you to throw yourself at Lady Pluriel's feet, and institute her as your confessional priest.

Arden. Madam, I am at your feet. I am devoted to the lady.

Lyra. Devoted. There cannot be an objection. It signifies that a man asks for nothing in return!

Home. Have a thought upon your words with this lady, Mr. Arden!

Arden. Devoted, I said. I am. I would give my life for her.

Lyra. Expecting it to be taken to-morrow or next day? Accept my encomiums. A male devotee is within an inch of a miracle. Women had been looking for this model for ages, uncle.

Home. You are the model, Mr. Arden!

Lyra. Can you have intended to say that it is in view of marriage you are devoted to the widow of Professor Towers?

Arden. My one view.

Lyra. It is a star you are beseeching to descend.

Arden. It is.

Lyra. You disappoint me hugely. You are of the ordinary tribe after all; and your devotion craves an enormous exchange, infinitely surpassing the amount you bestow.

Arden. It does. She is rich in gifts; I am poor. But I give all I have.

Lyra. These lovers, Uncle Homeware!

Home. A honey-bag is hung up and we have them about us. They would persuade us that the chief business of the world is a march to the altar.

Arden. With the right partner, if the business of the world is to be better done.

Lyra. Which right partner has been chosen on her part by a veiled woman, who marches back from the altar to discover that she has chained herself to the skeleton of an idea, or is in charge of that devouring tyrant, an uxorious husband. Is Mr. Arden in favor with the Dame, uncle?

Home. My sister is an unsuspicious potentate, as you know. Pretenders to the hand of an inviolate widow bite like waves at a rock.

Lyra. Professor Spiral advances rapidly.

Home. Not, it would appear, when he has his audience of ladies and their satellites.

Lyra. I am sure I hear a spring-tide of enthusiasm coming.

Arden. I will see.

(*He goes up the path.*)

Lyra. Now! my own dear uncle, save me from Pluriel. I have given him the slip in sheer desperation; but the man is at his shrewdest when he is left to guess at my heels. Tell him I am anywhere but here. Tell him I ran away to get a sense of freshness in seeing him again. Let me have one day of liberty, or, upon my word, I shall do deeds; I shall console young Arden; I shall fly to Paris, and set my cap at presidents and foreign princes. Anything rather than be eaten up every minute, as I am.

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May no woman of my acquaintance marry a man of twenty years her senior. She marries a gigantic limpet. At that period of his life a man becomes too voraciously constant.

Home. Cupid clipped of wing is a destructive parasite.

Lyra. I am in dead earnest, uncle, and I will have a respite, or else let decorum beware!

(*Arden returns.*)

Arden. The ladies are on their way.

Lyra. I must get Astræa to myself.

Home. My library is a virgin fortress, Mr. Arden. Its gates are open to you on other topics than the coupling of inebriates.

(*He enters the house—Lyra disappears in the garden—Spiral's audience reappear without him.*)

SCENE IV

Dame Dresden, Lady Oldlace, Virginia, Winifred, Arden, Swithin, Osier.

Lady Old. Such perfect rhythm!

Winifred. Such oratory!

Lady O. A master hand. I was in a trance from the first sentence to the impressive close.

Osier. Such oratory is a whole orchestral symphony.

Virginia. Such command of intonation and subject!

Swithin. That resonant voice!

Lady O. Swithin, his flow of eloquence! He launched forth!

Swithin. Like an eagle from a cliff.

Osier. The measure of the words was like a beat of wings.

Swithin. He makes poets of us.

Dame D. Spiral achieved his pinnacle to-day!

Virginia. How treacherous is our memory when we have most the longing to recall great sayings.

Osier. True, I conceive that my notes will be precious.

Wini. You could take notes!

Lady O. It seems a device for missing the quintessential.

Swithin. Scraps of the body to the loss of the soul of it. We can allow that our friend performed good menial service.

Wini. I could not have done the thing.

Swithin. In truth, it does remind one of the mess of pottage.

Lady O. One hardly felt one breathed.

Virginia. I confess it moved me to tears.

Swithin. There is a pathos for us in the display of perfection. Such subtle contrast with our individual poverty affects us.

Wini. Surely there were passages of a distinct and most exquisite pathos.

Lady O. As in all great oratory! The key of it is the pathos.

Virginia. In great oratory, great poetry, great fiction; you try it by the pathos. All our critics agree in stipulating for the pathos. My tears were no feminine weakness, I could not be a discordant instrument.

Swithin. I must make confession. He played on me too.

Osier. We shall be sensible for long of that vibration from the touch of a master hand.

Arden. An accomplished player can make a toy-shop fiddle sound you a Stradivarius.

Dame D. Have you a right to a remark, Mr. Arden? What could have detained you?

Arden. Ah, Dame. It may have been a warning that I am a discordant instrument. I do not readily vibrate.

Dame D. A discordant instrument is out of place in any civil society. You have lost what cannot be recovered.

Arden. There are the notes.

Osier. Yes, the notes!

Swithin. You can be satisfied with the dog's feast at the table, Mr. Arden!

Osier. Ha!

Virginia. Never have I seen Astræa look sublimer in her beauty than with her eyes uplifted to the impassioned speaker, reflecting every variation of his tones.

Arden. Astræa!

Lady O. She was entranced when he spoke of woman descending from her ideal to the gross reality of man.

Osier. Yes, yes. I have the words (*reads*): "Woman is to the front of man, holding the vestal flower of a purer civilization. I see," he says, "the little taper in her hands transparent round the light, against rough winds."

Dame D. And of Astræa herself, what were the words? "Nature's dedicated widow."

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Swithin. Vestal widow, was it not?

Virginia. Maiden widow, I think.

Dame D. We decide for "dedicated."

Wini. Spiral paid his most happy tribute to the memory of her late husband, the renowned Professor Towers.

Virginia. But his look was at dear Astræa.

Arden. At Astræa? Why?

Virginia. For her sanction doubtless.

Arden. Ha!

Wini. He said his pride would ever be in his being received as the successor of Professor Towers.

Arden. Successor!

Swithin. Guardian was it not?

Osier. Tutor. I think he said.

(*The three gentlemen consult Osier's notes uneasily.*)

Dame D. Our professor must by this time have received in full Astræa's congratulations, and Lyra is hearing from her what it is to be too late. You will join us at the luncheon table, if you do not feel yourself a discordant instrument there, Mr. Arden?

Arden (*going to her*). The allusion to knife and fork tunes my strings instantly, Dame.

Dame D. You must help me to-day, for the professor will be tired, though we dare not hint at it in his presence. No reference, ladies, to the great speech we have been privileged to hear; we have expressed our appreciation and he could hardly bear it.

Arden. Nothing is more distasteful to the orator!

Virginia. As with every true genius, he is driven to feel humbly human by the exultation of him.

Swithin. He breathes in a rarefied air.

Osier. I was thrilled, I caught at passing beauties. I see that here and there I have jotted down incoherencies, lines have seduced me, so that I missed the sequence —the precious part. Ladies permit me to rank him with Plato as to the equality of women and men.

Wini. It is nobly said.

Osier. And with the Stoics, in regard to celibacy.

(*By this time all the ladies have gone into the house.*)

Arden. Successor! Was the word successor?

(*Arden, Swithin, and Osier are excitedly searching the notes when Spiral passes and strolls into the house. His air of self-satisfaction increases their uneasiness. They follow him. Astræa and Lyra come down the path.*)

SCENE V

Astræa, Lyra.

Lyra. Oh! Pluriel, ask me of him! I wish I were less sure he would not be at the next corner I turn.

Astræa. You speak of your husband strangely, Lyra.

Lyra. My head is out of a sack. I managed my escape from him this morning by renouncing bath and breakfast; and what a relief, to be in the railway carriage alone!—that is, when the engine snorted. And if I set eyes on him within a week, he will hear some truths. His idea of marriage is, the taking of the woman into custody. My hat is on, and on goes Pluriel's. My foot on the stairs; I hear his foot behind me. In my boudoir I am alone one minute, and then the door opens to the inevitable. I pay a visit, he is passing the house as I leave it. He will not even affect surprise. I belong to him—I am cat's mouse. And he will look doting on me in public. And when I speak to anybody, he is that fearful picture of all smirks. Fling off a kid glove after a round of calls; feel your hand—there you have me now that I am out of him for my half a day, if for as long.

Astræa. This is one of the world's happy marriages!

Lyra. This is one of the world's choice dishes! And I have it planted under my nostrils eternally. Spare me the mention of Pluriel until he appears; that's too certain this very day. Oh! good husband! good kind of man! whatever you please; only some peace, I do pray, for the husband-haunted wife. I like him, I like him, of course, but I want to breathe. Why, an English boy perpetually bowled by a Christmas pudding would come to loathe the mess.

Astræa. His is surely the excess of a merit.

Lyra. Excess is a poison. Excess of a merit is a capital offence in morality.

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It disgusts us with virtue. And you are the cunningest of fencers, tongue or foils. You lead me to talk of myself, and I hate the subject. By the way, you have practised with Mr. Arden.

Astræa. A tiresome instructor, who lets you pass his guard to compliment you on a hit.

Lyra. He rather wins me.

Astræa. He does at first.

Lyra. Begins Plurielizing, without the law to back him, does he?

Astræa. The fencing lessons are at an end.

Lyra. The duets with Mr. Swithin's violoncello continue?

Astræa. He broke through the melody.

Lyra. There were readings in poetry with Mr. Osier, I recollect.

Astræa. His own compositions became obtrusive.

Lyra. No fencing, no music, no poetry! no West Coast of Africa either, I suppose.

Astræa. Very well! I am on my defence. You at least shall not misunderstand me, Lyra. One intense regret I have: that I did not live in the time of the Amazons. They were free from this question of marriage; this babble of love. Why am I so persecuted? He will not take a refusal. There are sacred reasons. I am supported by every woman having the sense of her dignity. I am perverted, burlesqued by the fury of wrath I feel at their incessant pursuit. And I despise Mr. Osier and Mr. Swithin because they have an air of pious agreement with the Dame, and are conspirators behind their mask.

Lyra. False, false men!

Astræa. They come to me. I am complimented on being the vulnerable spot.

Lyra. The object desired is usually addressed by suitors, my poor Astræa!

Astræa. With the assumption, that as I am feminine I must necessarily be in the folds of the horrible constrictor they call love, and that I leap to the thoughts of their debasing marriage.

Lyra. One of them goes to Mr. Homeware.

Astræa. All are sent to him in turn. He can dispose of them.

Lyra. Now that is really masterly fun, my dear; most creditable to you! Love, marriage, a troop of suitors, and Uncle Homeware. No, it would not have occurred to me, and I am considered to have some humor. Of course he disposes of them. He seemed to have a fairly favorable opinion of Mr. Arden.

Astræa. I do not share it. He is the least respectful of the sentiments entertained by me. Pray, spare me the mention of him, as you say of your husband. He has that pitiful conceit in men, which sets them thinking that a woman must needs be susceptible to the declaration of the mere existence of their passion. He is past argument. Impossible for him to conceive a woman's having a mind above the conditions of her sex. A woman, according to him, can have no ideal of life, except as a ball to toss in the air and catch in a cup. Put him aside. We creatures are doomed to marriage, and if we shun it, we are a kind of cripple. He is grossly earthy in his view of us. We are unable to move a step in thought or act unless we submit to have a husband. That is his reasoning. Nature! Nature! I have to hear of Nature! We must be above Nature, I tell him, or we shall be very much below. He is ranked among our clever young men; and he can be amusing. So far he passes muster; and he has a pleasant voice. I dare say he is an Uncle Homeware's good sort of boy. Girls like him. Why does he not fix his attention upon one of them? Why upon me! We waste our time in talking of him. The secret of it is, that he has no reverence. The marriage he vaunts is a mere convenient arrangement for two to live together under command of Nature. Reverence for the state of marriage is unknown to him. How explain my feeling? I am driven in to silence. Cease to speak of him. He is the dupé of his eloquence—his passion, he calls it. I have only to trust myself to him, and—I shall be one of the world's married women! Words are useless. How am I to make him see that it is I who respect the state of marriage by refusing; not he by perpetually soliciting. Once married, married forever. Widow is but a term. When women hold their own against him, as I have done, they will be more esteemed. I have resisted and conquered. I am sorry I do not share in the opinion of your favorite.

Lyra. Mine?

Astræa. You spoke warmly of him.

Lyra. Warmly, was it?

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Astræa. You are not blamed, my dear: he has a winning manner.

Lyra. I take him to be a manly young fellow, smart enough; handsome too.

Astræa. Oh, he has good looks.

Lyra. And a head, by repute.

Astræa. For the world's work, yes.

Lyra. Not romantic.

Astræa. Romantic ideas are for dreamy simperers.

Lyra. Amazons repudiate them.

Astræa. Laugh at me, half my time I am laughing at myself. I should regain my pride if I could be resolved on a step. I am strong to resist; I have not strength to move.

Lyra. I see the sphinx of Egypt!

Astræa. And all the while I am a manufactory of gunpowder in this quiet old-world Sabbath circle of dear good souls, with their stereotyped interjections and orchestra of enthusiasms; their tapering delicacies; the rejoicing they have in their common agreement on all created things. To them it is restful. It spurs me to fly from rooms and chairs and beds and houses. I sleep hardly a couple of hours. Then into the early morning air, out with the birds; I know no other pleasure.

Lyra. Hospital work for a variation: civil or military. The former involves the house-surgeon; the latter the grateful lieutenant.

Astræa. Not if a woman can resist. . . . I go to it proof-armor.

Lyra. What does the Dame say?

Astræa. Sighs over me! Just a little maddening to hear.

Lyra. When we feel we have the strength of giants, and are bidden to sit and smile! You should rap out some of our old sweet-innocent garden oaths with her—"Carnation! Dame!" That used to make her dance on her seat.—"But, dearest Dame, it is as natural an impulse for women to have that relief as for men; and natural will out, begonia! it will!" We ran through the book of botany for devilish objurgations. I do believe our misconduct caused us to be handed to the good man at the altar, as the right corrective. And you were the worst offender.

Astræa. Was I? I could be now, though I am so changed a creature.

Lyra. You enjoy the studies with your Spiral, come!

Astræa. Professor Spiral is the one honest gentleman here. He does homage to my principles. I have never been troubled by him; no silly hints or side-looks—you know, the dog at the forbidden bone.

Lyra. A grand orator.

Astræa. He is. You fix on the smallest of his gifts. He is intellectually and morally superior.

Lyra. Praise of that kind makes me rather incline to prefer his inferiors. He fed gobble-gobble on your puffs of incense. I coughed and scraped the gravel; quite in vain; he tapped for more and more.

Astræa. Professor Spiral is a thinker; he is a sage. He gives women their due.

Lyra. And he is a bachelor too—or consequently.

Astræa. If you like you may be as playful with me as the Lyra of our maiden days used to be. My dear, my dear, how glad I am to have you here! You remind me that I once had a heart. It will beat again with you beside me, and I shall look to you for protection. A novel request from me. From annoyance, I mean. It has entirely altered my character. Sometimes I am afraid to think of what I was, lest I should suddenly romp, and perform pirouettes and cry "Carnation!" There is the bell. We must not be late when the professor condescends to sit for meals.

Lyra. That rings healthily in the professor.

Astræa. Arm in arm, my Lyra.

Lyra. No Pluriel yet!

(They enter house, and the time changes to evening of the same day. The scene is still the garden.)

SCENE VI

Astræa, Arden.

Astræa. Pardon me if I do not hear you well.

Arden. I will not even think you barbarous.

Astræa. I am. I am the object of the chase.

Arden. The huntsman drags the wood, then, and not you.

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Astræa. At any instant I am forced to run,
Or turn in my defence: how can I be
Other than barbarous? You are the cause.
Arden. No: heaven that made you beautiful's the cause.
Astræa. Say, earth, that gave you instincts. Bring me down
To instincts! When by chance I speak awhile
With our Professor, you appear in haste,
Full cry to sight again the missing hare.
Away ideas! All that's divinest flies!
I have to bear in mind how young you are.
Arden. You have only to look up to me four years,
Instead of forty!
Astræa. Sir?
Arden. There's my misfortune!
And worse that, young, I love as a young man.
Could I but quench the fire, I might conceal
The youthfulness offending you so much.
Astræa. I wish you would. I wish it earnestly.
Arden. Impossible. I burn.
Astræa. You should not burn.
Arden. 'Tis more than I. 'Tis fire. It masters will.
You would not say, "should not" if you knew fire.
It seizes. It devours.
Astræa. Dry wood.
Arden. Cold wit!
How cold you can be! But be cold, for sweet
You must be. And your eyes are mine: with them
I see myself: unworthy to usurp
The place I hold a moment. While I look
I have my happiness.
Astræa. You should look higher.
Arden. Through you to the highest. Only through you! Through you
The mark I may attain is visible,
And I have strength to dream of winning it.
You are the bow that speeds the arrow: you
The glass that brings the distance nigh. My world
Is luminous through you, pure heavenly,
But hangs upon the rose's outer leaf,
Not next her heart. *Astræa!* my own beloved!
Astræa. We may be excellent friends. And I have faults.
Arden. Name them: I am hungering for more to love.
Astræa. I waver very constantly: I have
No fixity of feeling or of sight.
I have no courage: I can often dream
Of daring: when I wake I am in dread.
I am inconstant as a butterfly,
And shallow as a brook with little fish!
Strange little fish, that tempt the small boy's net,
But at a touch straight dive! I am any one's,
And no one's! I am vain.
Praise of my beauty lodges in my ears.
The lark reels up with it; the nightingale
Sobs bleeding; the flowers nod; I could believe
A poet, though he praised me to my face.
Arden. Never had poet so divine a fount
To drink of!

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Astræa. Have I given you more to love?
Arden. More! You have given me your inner mind,
Where conscience in the robes of Justice shoots
Light so serenely keen that in such light
Fair infants, "newly criminal of earth,"
As your friend Osier says, might show some blot.
Seraphs might! More to love? Oh! these dear faults
Lead you to me like troops of laughing girls
With garlands. All the fear is, that you trifle,
Feigning them.
Astræa. For what purpose?
Arden. Can I guess?
Astræa. I think 'tis you who have the trifler's note.
My hearing is acute, and when you speak,
Two voices ring, though you speak fervidly.
Your Osier quotation jars. Beware!
Why were you absent from our meeting place
This morning?
Arden. I was on the way, and met
Your Uncle Homeware.
Astræa. Ah!
Arden. He loves you.
Astræa. He loves me: he has never understood.
He loves me as a creature of the flock;
A little whiter than some others. Yes;
He loves me, as men love; not to uplift;
Not to have faith in; not to spiritualize.
For him I am a woman and a widow:
One of the flock, unmarked save by a brand.
He said it!—You confess it! You have learnt
To share his error, erring fatally.
Arden. By whose advice went I to him?
Astræa. By whose?
Pursuit that seemed incessant: persecution.
Besides I have changed since then: I change; I change;
It is too true I change. I could esteem
You better did you change. And had you heard
The noble words this morning from the mouth
Of our Professor, changed were you, or raised
Above love-thoughts, love-talk, and flame and flutter,
High as eternal snows. What said he else?
My Uncle Homeware?
Arden. That you were not free:
And that he counselled us to use our wits.
Astræa. But I am free! free to be ever free!
My freedom keeps me free! He counselled us?
I am not one in a conspiracy.
I scheme no discord with my present life.
Who does, I cannot look on as my friend.
Not free? You know me little. Were I chained,
For liberty I would sell liberty
To him who helped me to an hour's release.
But having perfect freedom . . .
Arden. No.
Astræa. Good sir,
You check me?

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Arden. Perfect freedom?
Astræa. Perfect!
Arden. No!
Astræa. Am I awake? What blinds me?
Arden. Filaments
The slenderest ever woven about a brain
From the brain's mists, by the little sprite, called Fancy.
A breath would scatter them; but that one breath
Must come of animation. When the heart
Is as a frozen sea the brain spins webs.
Astræa. 'Tis very singular! I understand.
You translate cleverly. I hear in verse
My Uncle Homeware's prose. He has these notions
Old men presume to read us.
Arden. Young men may.
You gaze on an ideal reflecting you:
Need I say beautiful? Yet it reflects
Less beauty than the lady whom I love
Breathes, radiates. Look on yourself in me.
What harm in gazing? You are this flower:
You are that spirit. But the spirit fed
With substance of the flower takes all its bloom!
And where in spirits is the bloom of the flower?
Astræa. 'Tis very singular! You have a tone
Quite changed.
Arden. You wished a change. To show you, how I read you . . .
Astræa. Oh! no, no. It means dissection.
I never heard of reading character
That did not mean dissection. Spare me that.
I am wilful, violent, capricious, weak,
Wound in a web of my own spinning-wheel.
A star-gazer, a ribbon in the wind . . .
Arden. A banner in the wind! and me you lead,
And shall! At least, I follow till I win.
Astræa. Forbear, I do beseech you.
Arden. I have had
Your hand in mine.
Astræa. Once.
Arden. Once! 'twas heart alive,
Leaping to break the ice. Oh once, was aye
That laughed at frosty nay like spring's return.
Say you are terrorized: you dare not melt.
You like me; you might love me; but to dare,
Tasks more than courage. Veneration, friends,
Self-worship, which is often self-distrust,
Bar the good way to you, and make a dream
A fortress and a prison.
Astræa. Changed! you have changed
Indeed. When you so boldly seized my hand
It seemed a boyish freak, done boyishly.
I wondered at Professor Spiral's choice
Of you for an example, and our hope.
Now you grow dangerous. You must have thought,
And some things true you speak—save "terrorized."
It may be flattering to sweet self-love
To deem me terrorized. 'Tis my own soul,

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My heart, my mind, all that I hold most sacred,
Not fear of others, bids me walk aloof.
Who terrorizes me? Who could? Friends? Never!
The world? As little. Terrorized!
Arden. Forgive me.
Astræa. I might reply, respect me. If I loved,
If I could be so faithless as to love,
Think you I would not rather noise abroad
My shame for penitence than let friends dwell
Deluded by an image of one vowed
To superhuman, who the common mock
Of things too human has at heart become?
Arden. You would declare your love?
Astræa. I said, my shame.
The woman that's the widow is ensnared,
Caught in the toils! Away with widows!—Oh!
I hear men shouting it.
Arden. But shame there's none
For *me* in loving: therefore I may take
Your friends to witness? tell them that *my* pride
Is in the love of *you?*
Astræa. 'Twill sooner bring
The silence that should be between us two,
And sooner give me peace.
Arden. And you consent?
Astræa. For the sake of peace and silence I consent;
You should be warned that you will cruelly
Disturb them. But 'tis best. You should be warned
Your pleading will be hopeless. But 'tis best.
You have my full consent. Weigh well your acts.
You cannot rest where you have cast this bolt:
Lay that to heart: and you are cherished, prized,
Among them; they are estimable ladies,
Warmest of friends: though you may think they soar
Too loftily for your measure of strict sense
(And as my Uncle Homeware's pupil, sir,
In worldliness, you do), just minds they have:
Once know them, and your banishment will fret.
I would not run such risks. You will offend,
Go near to outrage them; and perturbate
As they have not deserved of you. But I,
Considering I am nothing in the scales
You balance, quite and of necessity
Consent. When you have weighed it, let me hear.
My Uncle Homeware steps this way in haste.
We have been talking long, and in full view!

SCENE VII

Astræa, Arden, Homeware.

Home. Astræa, child! You, Arden, stand aside.
Ay, if she were a maid you might speak first,
But being a widow she must find her tongue.
Astræa, they await you. State the fact
As soon as you are questioned fearlessly.
Open the battle with artillery.

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Astræa. What is the matter, Uncle Homeware?
Home (*playing fox*). What?
Why, we have watched your nice preliminaries
From the windows half the evening. Now run in.
Their patience has run out, and as I said,
Unlimber and deliver fire at once.
Your aunts Virginia and Winifred,
With Lady Oldlace, are the senators,
The Dame for Dogs. They wear terrific brows,
But be not you affrighted, my sweet chick,
And tell them Uncle Homeware backs your choice,
By lawyer and by priests! By altar, fount,
And testament!
Astræa. My choice! what have I chosen?
Home. She asks? You hear her, Arden?—what and whom!
Arden. Surely sir! . . . heavens! have you . . .
Home. Surely the old fox,
In all I have read, is wiser than the young.
And if there is a game for fox to play,
Old fox plays cunningest.
Astræa. Why fox? Oh! uncle,
You make my heart beat with your mystery.
I never did love riddles. Why sit they
Awaiting me, and looking terrible?
Home. It is reported of an ancient folk
Which worshipped idols, that upon a day
Their idol pitched before them on the floor . . .
Astræa. Was ever so ridiculous a tale!
Home. To call the attendant fires to account
Their elders forthwith sat . . .
Astræa. Is there no prayer
Will move you, Uncle Homeware?
Home. God-daughter,
This gentleman for you I have proposed
As husband.
Astræa. Arden! we are lost.
Arden. Astræa!
Support him! Though I knew not his design,
It plants me in mid-heaven. Would it were
Not you but I to bear the shock. My love!
We lost, you cry; you join *me* with *you* lost!
The truth leaps from your heart; and let it shine
To light us on our brilliant battle day
And victory!
Astræa. Who betrayed me!
Home. Who betrayed?
Your voice, your eyes, your veil, your knife and fork;
Your tenfold worship of your widowhood;
As he who sees he must yield up the flag,
Hugs it oath-swearingly! straw-drowningly.
To be reasonable: you sent this gentleman
Referring him to me. . . .
Astræa. And that is false.
All's false. You have conspired. I am disgraced.
But you will learn you have judged erroneously.
I am not the frail creature you conceive.

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Between your vision of Life's aim, and theirs,
Who presently will question me, I cling
To theirs as light: and yours I deem a den
Where souls can have no growth.
Home. But when we touched
The point of hand-pressings, 'twas rightly time
To think of wedding ties?
Astræa. Arden, adieu! (*she rushes into the house*).

SCENE VIII

Arden, Homeware.

Arden. Adieu! she said. With her that word is final.
Home. Strange! how young people blowing words like clouds
On winds, now fair, now foul, and as they please,
Should still attach the Fates to them.
Arden. She's wounded:
Wounded to the quick!
Home. The quicker our success: for short
Of that, these dames, who feel for everything,
Feel nothing.
Arden. Your intention has been kind,
Dear sir, but you have ruined me.
Home. Good-night (*going*).
Arden. Yet she said, *we are lost,* in her surprise.
Home. Good-morning (*returning*).
Arden. I suppose that I am bound
(If I could see for what I should be glad!)
To thank you, sir.
Home. Look hard but give no thanks.
I found my girl descending on the road
Of breakneck coquetry, and barred her way.
Either she leaps the bar, or she must back.
That means she marries you, or says good-bye (*going again*).
Arden. Now she's among them (*looking at window*).
Home. Now she sees her mind.
Arden. It is my destiny she now decides!
Home. There's now suspense on earth and round the spheres.
Arden. She's mine now: mine! or I am doomed to go.
Home. The marriage ring, or the portmanteau now!
Arden. Laugh as you like, sir! I am not ashamed
To love and own it.
Home. So the symptoms show.
Rightly, young man, and proving a good breed.
To further it's a duty to mankind
And I have lent my push. But recollect:
Old Ilion was not conquered in a day (*he enters house*).
Arden. Ten years! If I may win her at the end!

CURTAIN

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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

XI.—A NANDI LION HUNT—UGANDA, AND THE GREAT NYANZA LAKES

AT Sergoi Lake there is a store kept by Mr. Kirke, a South African of Scotch blood. With a kind courtesy which I cannot too highly appreciate he, with the equally cordial help of another settler, Mr. Skally—also a South African, but of Irish birth—and of the District Commissioner, Mr. Corbett, had arranged for a party of Nandi warriors to come over and show me how they hunted the lion. Two Dutch farmers, Boers, from the neighborhood, had also come; they were Messrs. Mouton and Jordaan, fine fellows both, the former having served with DeWet during the war. Mr. and Mrs. Corbett—who were hospitality itself—had also come to see the sport; and so had Captain Chapman, an English army officer who was taking a rest after several years' service in Northern Nigeria.

The Nandi are a warlike pastoral tribe, close kin to the Masai in blood and tongue, in weapons and in manner of life. They have long been accustomed to kill with the spear lions which become man eaters or which molest their cattle overmuch; and the peace which British rule has imposed upon them—a peace so welcome to the weaker, so irksome to the predatory, tribes—has left lion killing one of the few pursuits in which glory can be won by a young warrior. When it was told them that if they wished they could come to hunt lions at Sergoi eight hundred warriors volunteered, and much heartburning was caused in choosing the sixty or seventy who were allowed the privilege. They stipulated, however, that they should not be used merely as beaters, but should kill the lion themselves, and refused to come unless with this understanding.

The day before we reached Sergoi they had gone out, and had killed a lion and lioness; the beasts were put up from a small covert and despatched with the heavy throwing spears on the instant, before they offered, or indeed had the chance to offer, any resistance. The day after our arrival there was mist and cold rain, and we found no lions. Next day, November 20th, we were successful.

We started immediately after breakfast. Kirke, Skally, Mouton, Jordaan, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett, Captain Chapman, and our party, were on horseback; of course we carried our rifles, but our duty was merely to round up the lion and hold him, if he went off so far in advance that even the Nandi runners could not overtake him. We intended to beat the country toward some shallow, swampy valleys twelve miles distant.

In an hour we overtook the Nandi warriors, who were advancing across the rolling, grassy plains in a long line, with intervals of six or eight yards between the men. They were splendid savages, stark naked, lithe as panthers, the muscles rippling under their smooth dark skins; all their lives they had lived on nothing but animal

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food, milk, blood, and flesh, and they were fit for any fatigue or danger. Their faces were proud, cruel, fearless; as they ran they moved with long springy strides. Their head-dresses were fantastic; they carried ox-hide shields painted with strange devices; and each bore in his right hand the formidable war spear, used both for stabbing and for throwing at close quarters. The narrow spear heads of soft iron were burnished till they shone like silver; they were four feet long, and the point and edges were razor sharp. The wooden haft appeared for but a few inches; the long butt was also of iron, ending in a spike, so that the spear looked almost solid metal. Yet each sinewy warrior carried his heavy weapon as if it were a toy, twirling it till it glinted in the sun rays. Herds of game, red hartebeests and striped zebra and wild swine, fled right and left before the advance of the line.

It was noon before we reached a wide, shallow valley, with beds of rushes here and there in the middle, and on either side high grass and dwarfed and scattered thorn-trees. Down this we beat for a couple of miles. Then, suddenly, a maned lion rose a quarter of a mile ahead of the line and galloped off through the high grass to the right; and all of us on horseback tore after him.

He was a magnificent beast, with a black and tawny mane; in his prime, teeth and claws perfect, with mighty thews, and savage heart. He was lying near a hartebeest on which he had been feasting; his life had been one unbroken career of rapine and violence; and now the maned master of the wilderness, the terror that stalked by night, the grim lord of slaughter, was to meet his doom at the hands of the only foes who dared molest him.

It was a mile before we brought him to bay. Then the Dutch farmer, Mouton, who had not even a rifle, but who rode foremost, was almost on him; he halted and turned under a low thorn-tree, and we galloped past him to the opposite side, to hold him until the spearmen could come. It was a sore temptation to shoot him; but of course we could not break faith with our Nandi friends. We were only some sixty yards from him, and we watched him with our rifles ready, lest he should charge either us, or the first two or three spearmen, before their companions arrived.

One by one the spearmen came up, at a run, and gradually began to form a ring round him. Each, when he came near enough, crouched behind his shield, his spear in his right hand, his fierce, eager face peering over the shield rim. As man followed man, the lion rose to his feet. His mane bristled, his tail lashed, he held his head low, the upper lip now drooping over the jaws, now drawn up so as to show the gleam of the long fangs. He faced first one way and then another, and never ceased to utter his murderous grunting roars. It was a wild sight; the ring of spearmen, intent, silent, bent on blood, and in the centre the great man-killing beast, his thunderous wrath growing ever more dangerous.

At last the tense ring was complete, and the spearmen rose and closed in. The lion looked quickly from side to side, saw where the line was thinnest, and charged at his topmost speed. The crowded moment began. With shields held steady, and quivering spears poised, the men in front braced themselves for the rush and the shock; and from either hand the warriors sprang forward to take their foe in flank. Bounding ahead of his fellows; the leader reached throwing distance, the long spear flickered and plunged; as the lion felt the wound he half turned, and then flung himself on the man in front. The warrior threw his spear; it drove deep into the life, for entering at one shoulder it came out of the opposite flank, near the thigh, a yard of steel through the great body. Rearing, the lion struck the man, bearing down the shield, his back arched; and for a moment he slaked his fury with fang and talon. But on the instant I saw another spear driven clear through his body from side to side; and as the lion turned again the bright spear blades darting toward him were flashes of white flame. The end had come. He seized another man, who stabbed him and wrenched loose. As he fell he gripped a spear head in his jaws with such tremendous force that he bent it double. Then the warriors were round and over him, stabbing and shouting, wild with furious exultation.

From the moment when he charged until his death I doubt whether ten seconds had elapsed, perhaps less; but what a ten

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seconds! The first half dozen spears had done the work. Three of the spear blades had gone clear through the body, the points projecting several inches; and these, and one or two others, including the one he had seized in his jaws, had been twisted out of shape in the terrible death struggle.

We at once attended to the two wounded men. Treating their wounds with antiseptic was painful, and so, while the operation was in progress, I told them, through Kirke, that I would give each a heifer. A Nandi prizes his cattle rather more than his wives; and each sufferer smiled broadly at the news, and forgot all about the pain of his wounds.

Then the warriors, raising their shields above their heads, and chanting the deep-toned victory song, marched with a slow, dancing step around the dead body of the lion; and this savage dance of triumph ended a scene of as fierce interest and excitement as I ever hope to see.

The Nandi marched back by themselves, carrying the two wounded men on their shields. We rode to camp by a round-about way, on the chance that we might see another lion. The afternoon waned and we cast long shadows before us as we rode across the vast lonely plain. The game stared at us as we passed; a cold wind blew in our faces, and the tall grass waved ceaselessly; the sun set behind a sullen cloud bank; and then, just at nightfall, the tents glimmered white through the dusk.

When we left Nairobi it was with real regret that we said good-by to the many friends who had been so kind to us; officials, private citizens, almost every one we had met—including Sir Percy Girouard, the new governor. At Kijabe the men and women from the American Mission—and the children too—were down at the station to wish us good luck; and at Nakuru the settlers from the neighborhood gathered on the platform to give us a farewell cheer. The following morning we reached Kisumu on Lake Victoria Nyanza. It is in the Kavirondo country, where the natives, both men and women, as a rule go absolutely naked, although they are peaceable and industrious. In the native market they had brought in baskets, iron spade heads, and food, to sell to the native and Indian traders who had their booths round about; the meat market, under the trees, was especially interesting.

At noon we embarked in a smart little steamer, to cross the lake. Twenty-four hours later we landed at Entebbe, the seat of the English Governor of Uganda. Throughout our passage the wind hardly ruffled the smooth surface of the lake. As we steamed away from the eastern shore the mountains behind us and on our right hand rose harsh and barren, yet with a kind of forbidding beauty. Dark clouds hung over the land we had left, and a rainbow stretched across their front. At nightfall, as the red sunset faded, the lonely waters of the vast inland sea stretched, ocean-like, west and south into a shoreless gloom. Then the darkness deepened, the tropic stars blazed overhead, and the light of the half moon drowned in silver the embers of the sunset.

Next morning we steamed along and across the equator; the last time we were to cross it, for thenceforth our course lay northward. We passed by many islands, green with meadow and forest, beautiful in the bright sunshine, but empty with the emptiness of death. A decade previously these islands were thronged with tribes of fisher folk; their villages studded the shores, and their long canoes, planks held together with fibre, furrowed the surface of the lake. Then, from out of the depths of the Congo forest came the dreadful scourge of the sleeping sickness, and smote the doomed people who dwelt beside the Victorian Nile, and on the coasts of the Nyanza Lakes and in the lands between. Its agent was a biting fly, brother to the tsetse whose bite is fatal to domestic animals. This fly dwells in forest, beside lakes and rivers; and wherever it dwells after the sleeping sickness came it was found that man could not live. In this country, between, and along the shores of, the great lakes, two hundred thousand people died in slow torment, before the hard-taxed wisdom and skill of medical science and governmental administration could work any betterment whatever in the situation. Men still die by thousands, and the disease is slowly spreading into fresh districts. But it has proved possible to keep it within limits in the regions already affected; yet only by absolutely abandoning certain districts, and by clearing all the forest and brush in tracts which serve as barriers to the fly, and which

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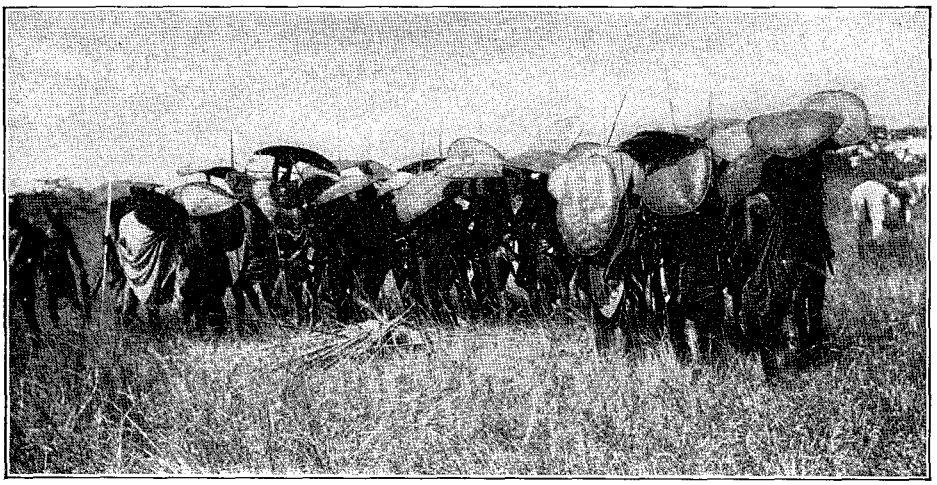

The Nandi dance around the speared lion.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

permit passage through the infected belts. On the western shores of Victoria Nyanza, and in the islands adjacent thereto, the ravages of the pestilence were such, the mortality it caused was so appalling, that the Government was finally forced to deport all the survivors inland, to forbid all residence beside or fishing in the lake, and with this end in view to destroy the villages and the fishing fleets of the people. The teeming lake fish were formerly a main source of food supply to all who dwelt near by; but this has now been cut off, and the myriads of fish are left to themselves, to the hosts of water birds, and to the monstrous man-eating crocodiles of the lake, on whose blood the fly also feeds, and whence it is supposed by some that it draws the germs so deadly to human kind.

When we landed there was nothing in the hot, laughing, tropical beauty of the land to suggest the grisly horror that brooded so near. In green luxuriance the earth lay under a cloudless sky, yielding her increase to the sun's burning caresses, and men and women were living their lives and doing their work well and gallantly.

At Entebbe we stayed with the acting-Governor, Mr. Boyle; at Kampalla with the District Commissioner, Mr. Knowles; both of them veteran administrators, and the latter also a mighty hunter; and both of them showed us every courtesy, and treated us with all possible kindness. Entebbe is a pretty little town of English residents, chiefly officials; with well-kept roads, a golf course, tennis courts, and an attractive club house. The whole place is bowered in flowers, on tree, bush, and vine, of every hue—masses of lilac, purple, yellow, blue, and fiery crimson. Kampalla is the native town, where the little King of Uganda, a boy, lives, and his chiefs of state, and where the native council meets; and it is the headquarters of the missions, both Church of England and Roman Catholic.

Kampalla is an interesting place; and so is all Uganda. The first explorers who penetrated thither, half a century ago, found in this heathen state, of almost pure negroes, a veritable semi-civilization, or advanced barbarism, comparable to that of the little Arab-negro or Berber-negro sultanates strung along the southern edge of the Sahara, and contrasting sharply with the weltering savagery which surrounded it, and which stretched away without a break for many hundreds of miles in every direction. The people were industrious tillers of the soil, who owned sheep, goats, and some cattle; they wore decent clothing, and hence were styled "womanish" by the savages of the Upper Nile region, who prided themselves on the nakedness of their men as a proof of manliness; they were unusually intelligent and ceremoniously courteous; and, most singular of all, although the monarch was a cruel despot, of the

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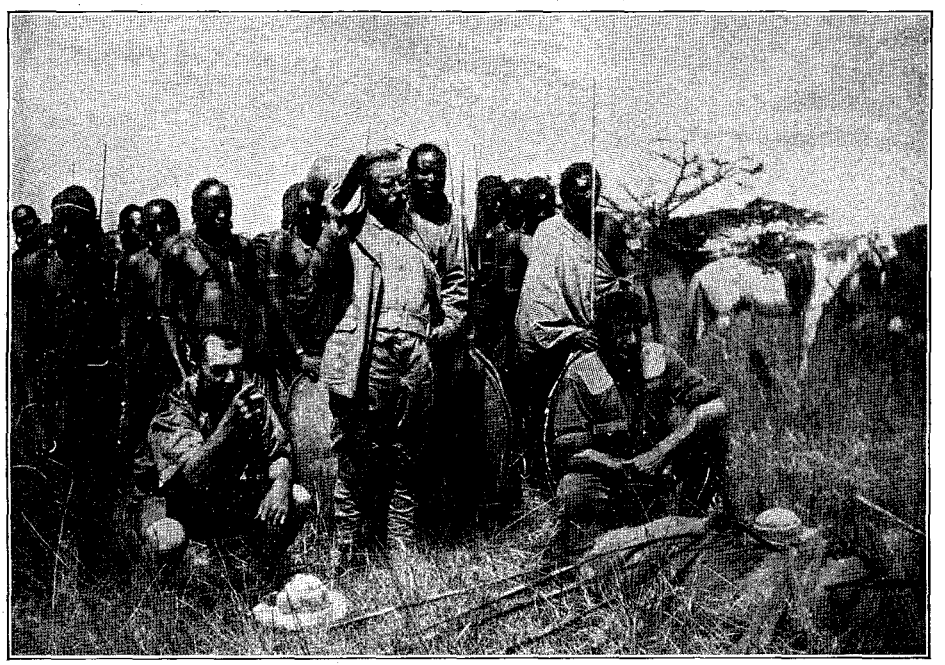
usual African (whether Mohammedan or heathen) type, there were certain excellent governmental customs, of binding observance, which in the aggregate might almost be called an unwritten constitution. Alone among the natives of tropical Africa the people of Uganda have proved very accessible to Christian teaching, so that the creed of Christianity is now dominant among them. For their good fortune, England has established a protectorate over them. Most wisely the English Government officials, and as a rule the missionaries, have bent their energies to developing them along their own lines, in government, dress, and ways of life; constantly striving to better them and bring them forward, but not twisting them aside from their natural line of development, nor wrenching them loose from what was good in their past, by attempting the impossible task of turning an entire native population into black Englishmen at one stroke.



Mr. Roosevelt and some of the Nandi warriors.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

The problem set to the governing caste in Uganda is totally different from that which offers itself in British East Africa. The highlands of East Africa form a white man's country, and the prime need is to build up a large, healthy population of true white settlers, white home makers, who shall take the land as an inheritance for their children's children. Uganda can never be this kind of white man's country; and although planters and merchants of the right type can undoubtedly do well there—to the advantage of the country as well as of themselves—it must remain essentially a black man's country, and the chief task of the officials of the intrusive and masterful race must be to bring forward the natives, to train them, and above all to help them train themselves, so that they may advance in industry, in learning, in morality, in capacity for self-government—for it is idle to talk of "giving" a people self-government; the gift of the forms, when the inward spirit is lacking, is mere folly; all that can be done is patiently to help a people acquire the necessary qualities—social, moral, intellectual, industrial, and lastly political—and meanwhile to exercise for their benefit, with justice, sympathy, and firmness, the governing ability which as yet they themselves lack. The

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The lion as it fell.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

widely spread rule of a strong European race in lands like Africa gives, as one incident thereof, the chance for nascent cultures, nascent semi-civilizations, to develop without fear of being overwhelmed in the surrounding gulfs of savagery; and this aside from the direct stimulus to development conferred by the consciously and unconsciously exercised influence of the white man, wherein there is much of evil, but much more of ultimate good. In any region of widespread savagery, the chances for the growth of each self-produced civilization are necessarily small, because each little centre of effort toward this end is always exposed to destruction from the neighboring masses of pure savagery; and therefore progress is often immensely accelerated by outside invasion and control. In Africa the control and guidance is needed as much in the things of the spirit as in the things of the body. Those who complain of or rail at missionary work in Africa, and who confine themselves to pointing out the undoubtedly too numerous errors of the missionaries and shortcomings of their flocks, would do well to consider that even if the light which has been let in is but feeble and gray it has at least dispelled a worse than Stygian darkness. As soon as native African religions—practically none

The spears that did the trick.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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Kavirondo market.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Kavirondos returning from market.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

of which have hitherto evolved any substantial ethical basis—develop beyond the most primitive stage they tend, notably in middle and western Africa, to grow into malign creeds of unspeakable cruelty and immorality, with a bestial and revolting ritual and ceremonial. Even a poorly taught and imperfectly understood Christianity, with its underlying foundation of justice and mercy, represents an immeasurable advance on such a creed.

Where, as in Uganda, the people are intelligent and the missionaries unite disinterestedness and zeal with common sense, the result is astounding. The majority of the people of Uganda are now Christian, Protestant or Catholic; and many thousands among them are sincerely Christian and show their Christianity in practical fashion by putting conduct above ceremonial and dogma. Most fortunately, Protestant and Catholic seem now to be growing to work in charity together, and to show rivalry only in healthy effort against the common foe; there is certainly enough evil in the world to offer a target at which all good men can direct their shafts, without expending them on one another.

We visited the Church of England Mission, where we were received by Bishop Tucker, and the two Catholic Missions, where we were received by Bishops Hanlon and Streicher; we went through the churches and saw the schools with the pupils actually at work. In all the missions we were received with American and British flags and listened to the children singing "The Star-spangled Banner." The Church of England Mission had been at work for a quarter of a century; what has been accomplished by Bishop Tucker and those associated with him makes one of the most interesting chapters in all recent

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missionary history. I saw the high-school, where the sons of the chiefs are being trained in large numbers for their future duties, and I was especially struck by the admirable Medical Mission, and by the handsome cathedral, built by the native Christians themselves without outside assistance in either money or labor. At dinner at Mr. Knowles's, Bishop Tucker gave us exceedingly interesting details of his past experiences in Uganda, and of the progress of the missionary work. He had been much amused by an American missionary who had urged him to visit America, saying that he would "find the latch-string outside the door"; to an American who knows the country districts well the expression seems so natural that I had never even realized that it was an Americanism.

Kavirondos going down to fill their water jars.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

At Bishop Hanlon's Mission, where I lunched with the bishop, there was a friend, Mother Paul, an American; before I left America I had promised that I would surely see her, and look into the work which she, and the sisters associated with her, were doing. It was delightful seeing her; she not merely spoke my language but my neighborhood dialect. She informed me that she had just received a message of good will for me in a letter from two of "the finest"—of course I felt at home when in mid-Africa, under the equator, I received in such fashion a message from two of the men who had served under me in the New York police.* She had been teaching her pupils to sing some lines of "The Star-spangled Banner," in English, in my especial honor; and of course had been obliged, in writing it out, to use spelling far more purely phonetic than I had ever dreamed of using. The first lines ran as follows: (Some of our word sounds have no equivalent in Uganda.)

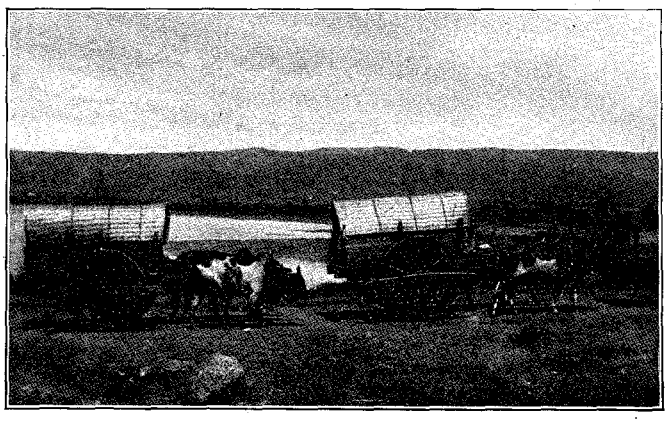
"O se ka nyu si bai di mo nseli laiti
(O say can you see by the morn's (*sic*) early light)

Wati so pulauli wi eli adi twayi laiti
(What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
silasi giremi"
last gleaming.)

After having taught the children the first verse in this manner Mother Paul said that she stopped to avoid brain fever.

In addition to scholastic exercises Mother Paul and her associates were training

* For the benefit of those who do not live in the neighborhood of New York I may explain that all good, or typical, New Yorkers invariably speak of their police force as "the finest"; and if any one desires to know what a "good" or "typical" New Yorker is, I shall add, on the authority of either Brander Matthews or the late H. C. Bunner—I forget which—that when he isn't a Southerner or of Irish or German descent he is usually a man born out West of New England parentage.



Kavirondo bullock wagons.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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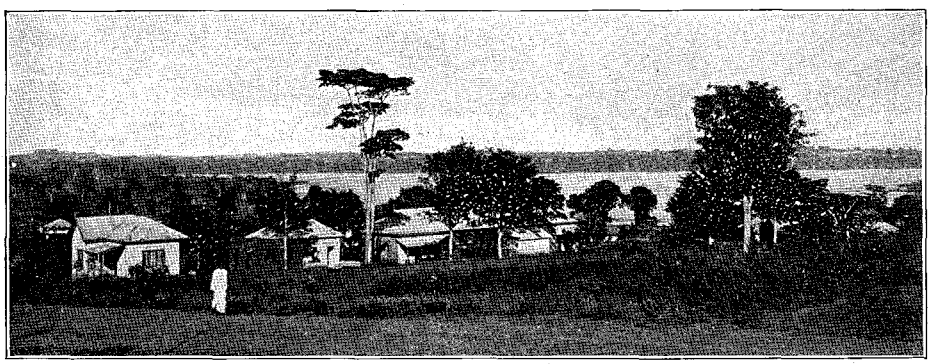
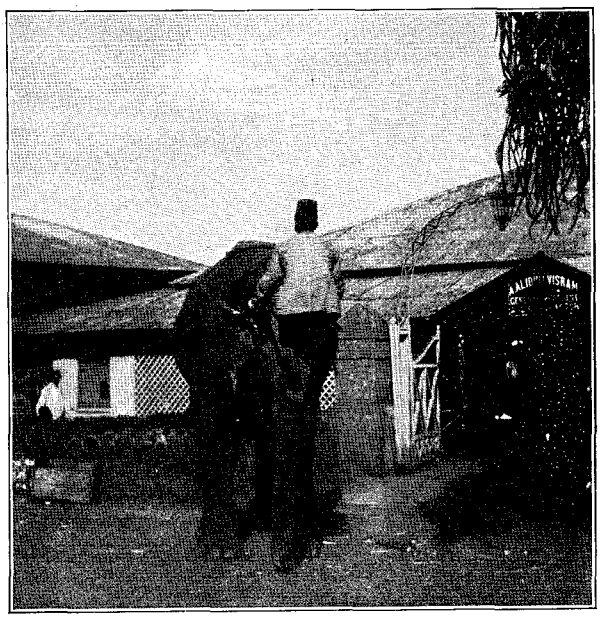


Entebbe looking over lake.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

their school children in all kinds of industrial work, taking especial pains to develop those industries that were natural to them and would be of use when they returned to their own homes. Both at Bishop Hanlon's mission, and at Bishop Streicher's, the Mission of the White Fathers—originally a French organization, which has established churches and schools in almost all parts of Africa—the fathers were teaching the native men to cultivate coffee, and various fruits and vegetables.



The Indian elephant at Entebbe.

The only possession of the white man that really appals the natives, as they know the wild elephant and cannot understand any one taming it and making it obey. Even the railroad fails to compare with it. The mahout is just mounting.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

I called on the little king, who is being well trained by his English tutor—few tutors perform more exacting or responsible duties—and whose comfortable house was furnished in English fashion. I met his native advisers, shrewd, powerful looking men; and went into the Council Chamber, where I was greeted by the council, substantial looking men, well dressed in the native fashion, and representing all the districts of the kingdom. When we visited the king it was after dark, and we were received by smart looking black soldiers in ordinary khaki uniform, while accompanying them were other attendants dressed in the old-time native fashion; men with flaming torches, and others with the big Uganda drums which they beat to an accompaniment of wild cries. These drums are characteristic of Uganda; each chief has one, and beats upon it his own peculiar tattoo. The king, and all other people of consequence, white, Indian, or native, went round in rickshaws, one man pulling in the shafts and three others pushing behind. The rickshaw men ran well, and sang all the time, the man in the shafts serving as shanty-man, while the three behind repeated in chorus every second or two a kind of clanging note; and this went on without a break, hour after

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hour. The natives looked well and were dressed well; the men in long flowing garments of white, the women usually in brown cloth made in the old native style out of the bark of the bark cloth tree. The clothes of the chiefs were tastefully ornamented. All the people, gentle and simple, were very polite and ceremonious both to one another and to strangers. Now and then we met parties of Sikh soldiers, tall, bearded, fine-looking men with turbans; and there were Indian and Swahili and even Arab and Persian traders.

The houses had mud walls and thatched roofs. The gardens were surrounded by braided cane fences. In the gardens and along the streets were many trees; among them bark cloth trees, from which the bark is stripped every year for cloth; great incense trees, the sweet-scented gum oozing through wounds in the bark; and date palms, in the fronds of which hung the nests of the golden weaver birds, now breeding. White cow herons, tamer than barnyard fowls, accompanied the cattle, perching on their backs, or walking beside them. Beautiful Kavirondo cranes came familiarly round the houses. It was all strange and attractive. Birds sang everywhere. The air was heavy with the fragrance of flowers of many colors; the whole place was a riot of lush growing plants. Every day there were terrific thunder-storms. At Kampalla three men had been killed by lightning within six weeks; a year or two before our host, Knowles, had been struck by lightning and knocked senseless, a huge zigzag mark being left across his body, and the links of his gold watch chain being fused; it was many months before he completely recovered.

Knowles arranged a situtunga hunt for us. The situtunga is closely related to the bushbuck but is bigger, with very long hoofs, and shaggy hair like a waterbuck. It is exclusively a beast of the marshes, making its home in the thick reed beds, where the water is deep; and it is exceedingly shy, so that very few white men have shot, or even seen, it. Its long hoofs enable it to go over the most treacherous ground, and it swims well; in many of its haunts, in the thick papyrus, the water is waist deep on a man. Through the papyrus, and the reeds and marsh grass, it makes well-beaten paths. Where it is in any danger of molestation it is never seen abroad in the daytime, venturing from the safe cover of the high reeds only at night; but fifty miles inland, in the marsh grass on the edge of a big papyrus swamp, Kermit caught a glimpse of half a dozen feeding in the open, kneedeep in water, long after

Cow herons and Angola ox on the bank of Lake Victoria Nyanza.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

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sunrise. On the hunt in question a patch of marsh was driven by a hundred natives, while the guns were strung along the likely passes which led to another patch of marsh. A fine situtunga buck came to Kermit's post, and he killed it as it bolted away. It had stolen up so quietly through the long marsh grass that he only saw it when it was directly on him. Its stomach contained not grass but the leaves and twig tips of a shrub which grows in and alongside of the marshes.

The day after this hunt our safari started on its march north-westward to Lake Albert Nyanza. We had taken with us from East Africa our gun-bearers, tent boys, and the men whom the naturalists had trained as skinners. The porters were men of Uganda; the askaris were from the constabulary, and widely different races were represented among them, but all had been drilled into soldierly uniformity. The porters were well-clad, well-behaved, fine-looking men, and did their work better than the "shenzis," the wild Meru or Kikiu tribesmen, whom we had occasionally employed in East Africa; but they were not the equals of the regular East African porters. I think this was largely because of their inferior food, for they ate chiefly yams and plantains; in other words inferior sweet potatoes and bananas. They were quite as fond of singing as the East African porters, and in addition were cheered on the march by drum and fife; several men had fifes, and one carried nothing but one of the big Uganda drums, which he usually bore at the head of the safari, marching in company with the flag-bearer. Every hour or two the men would halt, often beside one of the queer little wicker-work booths in which native hucksters disposed of their wares by the roadside.

Mother Paul's band composed of mission boys.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Along the road we often met wayfarers; once or twice bullock carts; more often men carrying rolls of hides or long bales of cotton on their heads; or a set of Bahima herdsmen, with clear-cut features, guarding their herds of huge-horned Angola cattle.

All greeted us most courteously, frequently crouching or kneeling, as is their custom when they salute a superior; and we were scrupulous to acknowledge their salutes, and to return their greetings in the native fashion, with words of courtesy and long-drawn e-h-h-s and a-a-h-s. Along the line of march the chiefs had made preparations to receive us. Each afternoon, as we came to the spot where we were to camp for the night, we found a cleared space strewed with straw and surrounded by a plaited reed fence. Within this space cane houses, with thatched roofs of coarse grass, had been erected, some for our stores, one for a kitchen, one, which was always decked with flowers, as a rest house for ourselves; the latter with open sides, the roof upheld by cane pillars, so that it was cool and comfortable, and afforded a welcome shelter, either from the burning sun if the weather was clear, or from the pelting, driving tropical storms if there was rain. The moon was almost full when we left Kampalla, and night after night it lent a half unearthly beauty to the tropical landscape.

Sometimes in the evenings the mosquitoes bothered us; more often they did not; but in any event we slept well under our nettings. Usually at each camp we found

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Colonel Roosevelt at Mother Paul's Mission.

Mother Paul is standing between her two native women.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

either the head chief of the district, or a sub-chief, with presents: eggs, chickens, sheep, once or twice a bullock, always pineapples and bananas. The chief was always well dressed in flowing robes, and usually welcomed us with dignity and courtesy (sometimes, however, permitting the courtesy to assume the form of servility); and we would have him in to tea, where he was sure to enjoy the bread and jam. Sometimes he came in a rickshaw, sometimes in a kind of wickerwork palanquin, sometimes on foot. When we left his territory we made him a return gift.

We avoided all old camping grounds, because of the spirillum tick. This dangerous fever tick is one of the insect scourges of Uganda, for its bite brings on a virulent spirillum fever which lasts intermittently for months, and may be accompanied by partial paralysis. It is common on old camping grounds, and in native villages. The malarial mosquitoes also abound in places; and repeated attacks of malaria pave the way for black water fever, which is often fatal.

The first day's march from Kampalla led us through shambas, the fields of sweet potatoes and plantations of bananas being separated by hedges or by cane fences. Then for two or three days we passed over low hills and through swampy valleys, the whole landscape covered by a sea of elephant grass, the close-growing, coarse blades more than twice the height of a man on horseback. Here and there it was dotted with groves of strange trees; in these groves monkeys of various kinds—some black, some red-tailed, some auburn—chattered as they raced away among the branches; there were brilliant rollers and bee-eaters; little green and yellow parrots,

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Colonel Roosevelt at the Mission of the White Fathers.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

and gray parrots with red tails; and many colored butterflies. Once or twice we saw the handsome, fierce, short-tailed eagle, the bateleur eagle, and scared one from a reedbuck fawn it had killed. Among the common birds there were black drongos, and musical bush shrikes; small black magpies with brown tails; whiteheaded kites and slate-colored sparrow-hawks; palm swifts, big hornbills; blue and mottled king-fishers, which never went near the water, and had their upper mandibles red and their under ones black; barbets, with swollen, sawtoothed bills, their plumage iridescent purple above and red below; bulbuls, also dark purple above and red below, which whistled and bubbled incessantly as they hopped among the thick bushes, behaving much like our own yellow-breasted chats; and a multitude of other birds, beautiful or fantastic. There were striped squirrels too, reminding us of the big Rocky Mountain chipmunk or Say's chipmunk, but with smaller ears and a longer tail.

Christmas day we passed on the march. There is not much use in trying to celebrate Christmas unless there are small folks to hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve, to rush gleefully in at dawn next morning to open the stockings, and after breakfast to wait in hopping expectancy until their elders throw open the doors of the room in which the big presents are arranged, those for each child on a separate table.

Forty miles from the coast the elephant grass began to disappear. The hills became somewhat higher, there were thorn-trees, and stately royal palms of great height, their stems swollen and bulging at the top, near the fronds. Parasitic ferns, with leaves as large as cabbage leaves, grew on the branches of the acacias. One kind of tree sent down from its branches to the ground roots which grew into thick trunks. There were wide, shallow marshes, and although the grass was tall it was no longer above a man's head. Kermit and I usually got two or three hours' hunting each day. We killed singsing waterbuck, bushbuck, and bohor reedbuck. The reedbuck differed slightly from those of East Africa; in places they were plentiful, and they were not wary. We also killed several hartebeests; a variety of the Jackson's hartebeest being more highly colored, with black markings. I killed a very handsome harnessed bushbuck ram. It was rather bigger than a good-sized whitetail buck, its brilliant red coat beautifully marked with rows of white spots, its twisted black horns sharp and polished. It seemed to stand about half way between the dark-colored bushbuck rams of East and South Africa and

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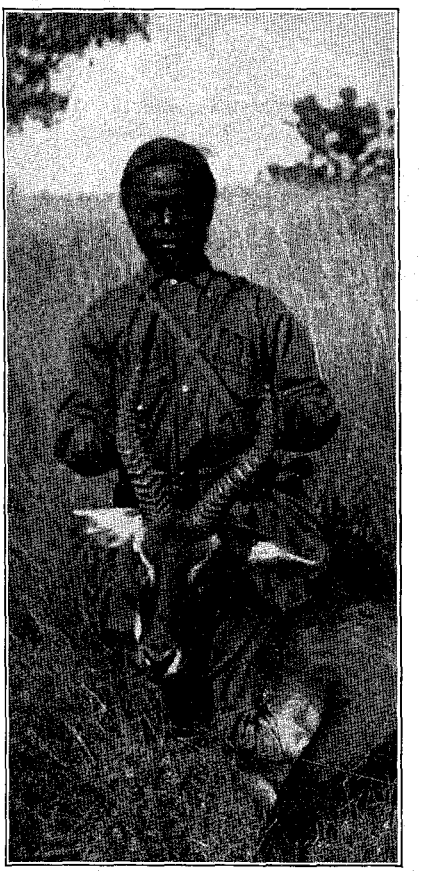
the beautifully marked harnessed antelope rams of the west coast forests. The ewes and young rams showed the harness markings even more plainly; and, as with all bushbuck, were of small size compared to the old rams. These bushbuck were found in tall grass, where the ground was wet, instead of in the thick bush where their East African kinsfolk spent the daytime.

At the bushbuck camp we met a number of porters returning from the Congo, where they had been with an elephant poacher named Busherri—at least that was as near the name as we could make out. He had gone into the Congo to get ivory by shooting and trading; but the wild forest people had attacked him, and had killed him and seven of his followers, and the others were straggling homeward. In Kampalla we had met an elephant hunter named Quin who had recently lost his right arm in an encounter with a wounded tusker. Near one camp the head chief pointed out two places, now overgrown with jungle, where little villages had stood less than a year before. In each case elephants had taken to feeding at night in the shambas, and had steadily grown bolder and bolder until the natives, their crops ruined by the depredations and their lives in danger, had abandoned the struggle, and shifted to some new place in the wilderness.



Johari with a Uganda kob.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

We were soon to meet elephant ourselves. The morning of the 28th was rainy; we struck camp rather late, and the march was long, so that it was mid-afternoon when Kermit and I reached our new camping place. Soon afterward word was brought us that some elephants were near by; we were told that the beasts were in the habit of devastating the shambas, and were bold and truculent, having killed a man who had tried to interfere with them. Kermit and I at once started after them, just as the last of the safari came in, accompanied by Cuninghame, who could not go with us as he was recovering from a bout of fever.

In half an hour we came on fresh sign, and began to work cautiously along it. Our guide, a wild-looking savage with a blunt spear, went first, followed by my gun-bearer Kongoni, who is excellent on spoor; then I came, followed by Kermit, and by the other gun-bearers. The country was covered with tall grass, and studded with numerous patches of jungle and small forest. In a few minutes we heard the elephants, four or five of them, feeding in thick jungle where the vines that hung in tangled masses from the trees and that draped the bushes made dark caves of greenery. It was difficult to find any space clear enough to see thirty yards ahead. Fortunately there was no wind whatever. We picked out the spoor of a big bull and for an hour and a half we followed it, Kongoni usually in the lead. Two or three times, as we threaded our way among the bushes, as noiselessly as possible, we caught glimpses of gray, shadowy bulks, but only for a second at a time, and never with sufficent distinctness to shoot. The elephants were feeding, tearing down the branches of a rather

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Colonel Roosevelt, District Commissioner Knowles, and Mr. Heller off for the situtunga hunt.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Preparing to drive the swamp—situtunga hunt.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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large-leafed tree with bark like that of a scrub oak and big pods containing beans; evidently these beans were a favorite food. They fed in circles and zigzags, but toward camp, until they were not much more than half a mile from it, and the noise made by the porters in talking and gathering wood was plainly audible; but the elephants paid no heed to it, being evidently too much accustomed to the natives to have much fear of man. We continually heard them breaking branches, and making rumbling or squeaking sounds. They then fed slowly along in the opposite direction, and got into rather more open country; and we followed faster in the big footprints of the bull we had selected. Suddenly in an open glade Kongoni crouched and beckoned to me, and through a bush I caught the loom of the tusker. But at that instant he either heard us, saw us, or caught a whiff of our wind, and without a moment's hesitation he himself assumed the offensive. With his huge ears cocked at right angles to his head, and his trunk hanging down, he charged full tilt at us, coming steadily, silently, and at a great pace, his feet swishing through the long grass; and a formidable monster he looked. At forty yards I fired the right barrel of the Holland into his head, and though I missed the brain the shock dazed him and brought him to an instant halt. Immediately Kermit put a bullet from the Winchester into his head; as he wheeled I gave him the second barrel between the neck and shoulder, through his ear; and Kermit gave him three more shots before he slewed round and disappeared. There were not many minutes of daylight left, and we followed hard on his trail, Kongoni leading. At first there was only an occasional gout of dark blood; but soon we found the splashes of red froth from the lungs; then we came to where he had fallen, and then we heard him crashing among the branches in thick jungle to the right. In we went after him, through the gathering gloom, Kongoni leading and I close behind, with the rifle ready for instant action; for though his strength was evidently fast failing, he was also evidently in a savage temper, anxious to wreak his vengeance before he died. On we went, following the bloody

The situtunga shot by Kermit Roosevelt at Kampalla.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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Rest houses at Kabula Mlerio, Uganda.

From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

trail through dim, cavernous windings in the dark, vine-covered jungle; we heard him smash the branches but a few yards ahead, and fall and rise; and stealing forward Kermit and I slipped up to within a dozen feet of him as he stood on the other side of some small twisted trees, hung with a mat of creepers. I put a bullet into his heart, Kermit fired; each of us fired again on the instant; the mighty bull threw up his trunk, crashed over backward, and lay dead on his side among the bushes. A fine sight he was, a sight to gladden any hunter's heart, as he lay in the twilight, a giant in death.

At once we trotted back to camp, reaching it as darkness fell; and next morning all of us came out to the carcass. He was full grown, and was ten feet nine inches high. The tusks were rather short, but thick, and weighed a hundred and ten pounds the pair. Out of the trunk we made excellent soup.

Several times while following the trail of this big bull we could tell he was close by the strong elephant smell. Most game animals have a peculiar scent, often strong enough for the species to be readily recognizable before it is seen, if in forest or jungle. On the open plains, of course, one rarely gets close enough to an animal to smell it before seeing it; but I once smelled

Road through banana shambas, Uganda.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

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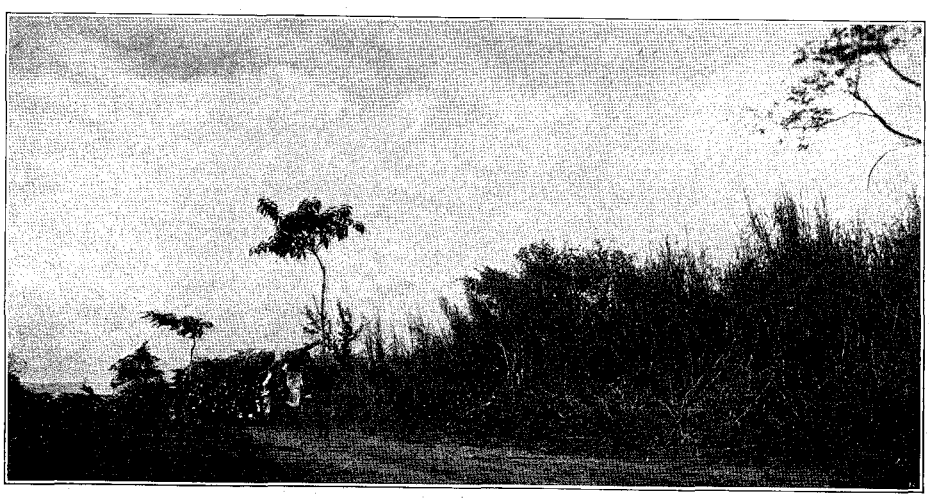
Rest house at Kikandroa, Uganda.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

a herd of hartebeest, when the wind was blowing strongly from them, although they were out of sight over a gentle rise. Waterbuck have a very strong smell. Buffalo smell very much like domestic cattle, but old bulls are rank. More than once, in forest, my nostrils have warned me before my eyes that I was getting near the quarry whose spoor I was on.

After leaving the elephant camp we journeyed through country for the most part covered with an open forest growth. The trees were chiefly acacias. Among them were interspersed huge candelabra euphorbias, all in bloom, and now and then one of the brilliant red flowering trees, which never seem to carry many leaves at the same time with their gaudy blossoms. At one place for miles the open forest was composed of the pod-bearing, thick-leafed trees on which we had found the elephants feeding; their bark and manner of growth gave them somewhat the look of jack-oaks; where they made up the forest, growing well apart from one another, it reminded us of the cross-timbers of Texas and Oklahoma. The grass was everywhere three or four feet high; here and there were patches of the cane-like elephant grass, fifteen feet high.

It was pleasant to stride along the road in the early mornings, followed by the



Elephant grass along the Uganda trail.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

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Natives selling posho to our porters.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

safari, and we saw many a glorious sunrise. But as noon approached it grew very hot, under the glare of the brazen equatorial sun, and we were always glad when we approached our new camp, with its grass-strewn ground, its wickerwork fence, and cool, open rest house. The local sub-chief and his elders were usually drawn up to receive me at the gate, bowing, clapping their hands, and uttering their long-drawn e-h-h-s; and often banana saplings or branches would be stuck in the ground to form avenues of approach, and the fence and rest house might be decorated with flowers of many kinds. Sometimes we were met with music, on instruments of one string, of three strings, of ten strings—rudimentary fiddles and harps; and there was a much more complicated instrument, big and cumbrous, made of bars of wood placed on two banana stems, the bars being struck with a hammer, as if they were keys; its tones were deep and good. Along the road we did not see habitations or people; but continually there led away from it, twisting through the tall grass and the bush jungles, native paths, the earth beaten brown and hard by countless bare feet; and these, crossing and recrossing in a net-

Uganda women selling posho.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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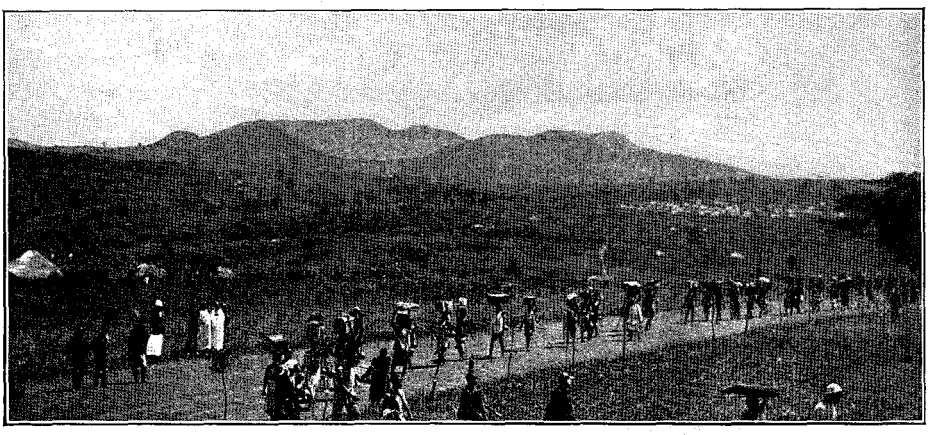
work, led to plantation after plantation of bananas and sweet potatoes, and clusters of thatched huts.

In the afternoon, as the sun began to get well beyond the meridian, we usually sallied forth to hunt, under the guidance of some native who had come in to tell us where he had seen game that morning. The jungle was so thick in places and the grass was everywhere so long, that without such guidance there was little successful hunting to be done in only two or three hours. We might come back with a buck, or with two or three guinea fowl, or with nothing.



Porters entering camp at Hoima.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

There were a good many poisonous snakes; I killed a big puff-adder with thirteen eggs inside it; and we also killed a squat, short-tailed viper, beautifully mottled, not eighteen inches long, but with a wide, flat head and a girth of body out of all proportion to its length; and another very poisonous and vicious snake, apparently of colubrine type, long and slender. The birds were an unceasing pleasure. White wagtails and yellow wagtails walked familiarly about us within a few feet, wherever we halted and when we were in camp. Long-tailed, crested colys, with all four of their red toes pointed forward, clung to the sides of the big fruits at which they picked. White-headed swallows caught flies and gnats by our heads. There were large plantain eaters; and birds like small jays with yellow wattles round the eyes. There were boat-tailed birds, in color iridescent green and purple, which looked like our grackles, but were kin to the bulbuls; and another bird, related to the shrikes, with bristly feathers on the rump, which was colored like a red-winged blackbird, black with red shoulders. Vultures were not plentiful, but the yellow-billed kites, true camp scavengers, were common and tame, screaming as they circled overhead, and catching bits of meat which were thrown in the air for them. The shrews and mice which the naturalists trapped around each camping place were kin to the species we had already obtained in East Africa, but in most cases there was a fairly well-marked difference; the jerbilles for instance had shorter tails, more like ordinary rats. Frogs with queer voices abounded in the marshes. Among the ants was one arboreal kind which made huge nests, shaped like beehives or rather like big gray bells, in the trees. Near the lake, by the way, there were Goliath beetles, as large as small rats.

Ten days from Kampalla we crossed the little Kafu River, the black, smooth current twisting quickly along between beds of plumed papyrus. Beyond it we entered the native kingdom of Unyoro. It is part of the British protectorate of Uganda, but is separate from the native kingdom of Uganda, though its people in ethnic type and social development seem much the same. We halted for a day at Hoima, a spread-out little native town, pleasantly situated among hills, and surrounded by

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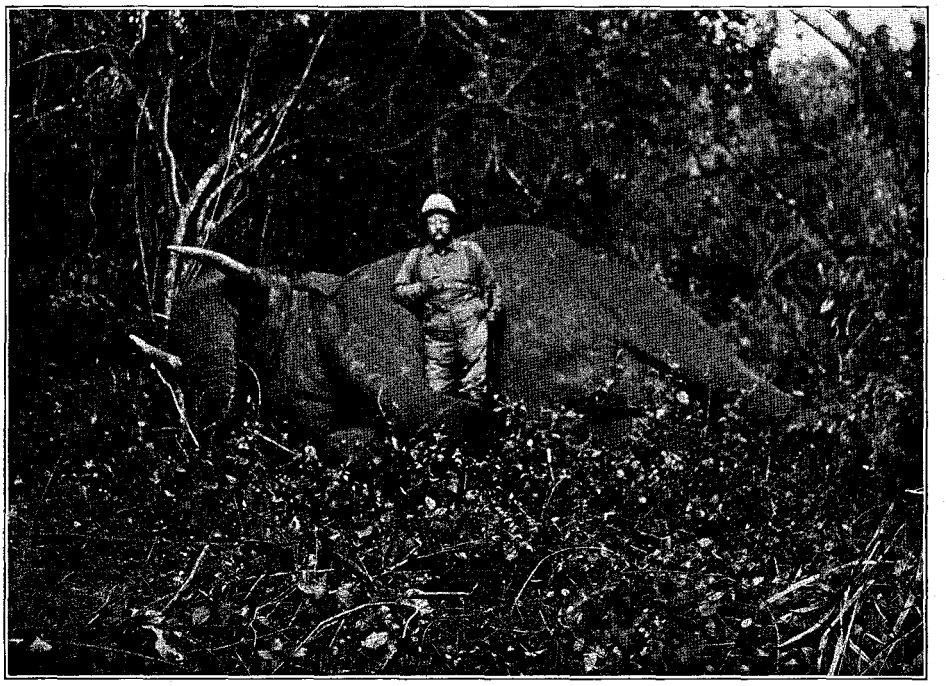
plantations of cotton, plaintains, yams, millet, and beans. It is the capital of Unyoro, where the king lives, as well as three or four English officials, and Episcopalian and Roman Catholic missionaries. The king, accompanied by his prime minister and by the English Commissioner, called on me, and I gave him five o'clock tea; he is a Christian, as are most of his chiefs and headmen, and they are sending their children to the mission schools.

A heron, about the size of our night heron but with a longer neck, and with a curiously crow-like voice, strolled about among the native houses at Hoima; and the kites almost brushed us with their wings as they swooped down for morsels of food. The cheerful, confiding little wagtails crossed the threshold of the rest house in which we sat. Black and white crows and vultures came around camp; and handsome, dark hawks, with white on their wings and tails, and with long, conspicuous crests, perched upright on the trees. There were many kinds of doves; one pretty little fellow was but six inches long. At night the jackals wailed with shrill woe among the gardens.

From Hoima we entered a country covered with the tall, rank elephant grass. It was traversed by papyrus-bordered streams and broken by patches of forest. The date palms grew tall, and among the trees were some with orange-red flowers like trumpet flowers, growing in grape-shaped clusters; and both the flowers and the seed-pods into which they turned stood straight up in rows above the leafy tops of the trees that bore them.



The dead tusker.

From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

The first evening, as we sat in the cool, open cane rest house, word was brought us that an elephant was close at hand. We found him after ten minutes' walk; a young bull, with very small tusks, not worth shooting. For three-quarters of an hour we watched him, strolling about and feeding, just on the edge of a wall of high elephant grass. Although we were in plain sight, ninety yards off, and sometimes moved about, he never saw us; for an elephant's eyes are very bad. He was feeding on some thick, luscious grass, in the usual leisurely

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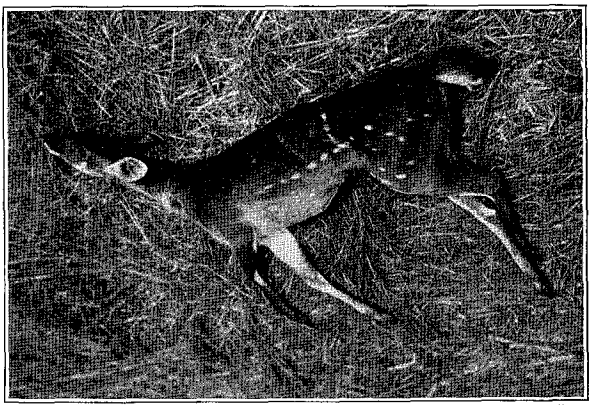
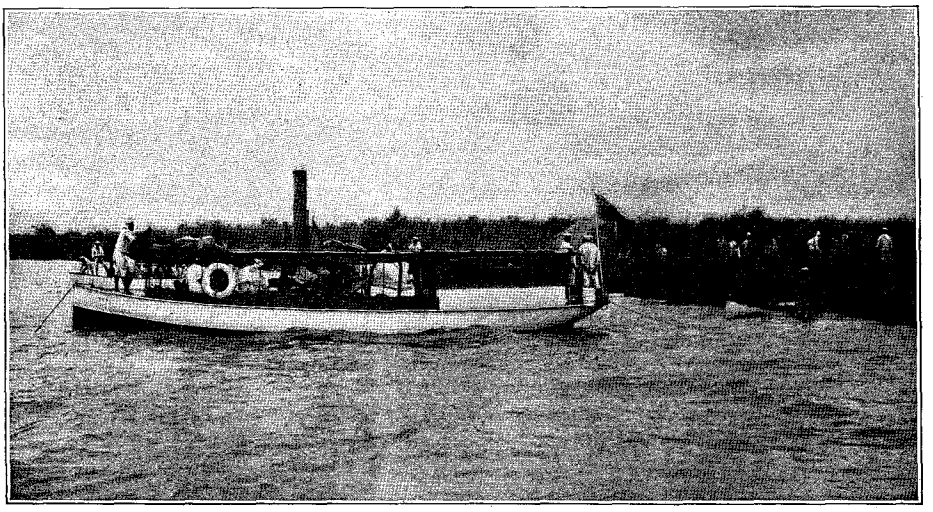
elephant fashion, plucking a big tuft, waving it nonchalantly about in his trunk, and finally tucking it into his mouth; pausing to rub his side against a tree, or to sway to and fro as he stood; and continually waving his tail and half cocking his ears.



A bushbuck.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

At noon on January 5th, 1910, we reached Butiaba, a sandspit and marsh on the shores of Lake Albert Nyanza. We had marched about one hundred and sixty miles from Lake Victoria. We camped on the sandy beach by the edge of the beautiful lake, looking across its waters to the mountains that walled in the opposite shore. At mid-day the whole landscape trembled in the white, glaring heat; as the afternoon waned a wind blew off the lake, and the west kindled in ruddy splendor as the sun went down.

At Butiaba we took boats to go down the Nile to the Lado country. The head of the water transportation service in Uganda, Captain Hutchinson, R.N.R., met us, having most kindly decided to take charge of our flotilla himself. Captain Hutchinson was a mighty hunter, and had met with one most extraordinary experience while elephant hunting; in Uganda the number of hunters who have been killed or injured by elephants and buffaloes is large. He wounded a big bull in the head, and followed it for three days. The wound was serious and on the fourth day he overtook the elephant. It charged as soon as it saw him. He hit it twice in the head with his .450 double barrel as it came on, but neither stopped nor turned it; his second rifle, a double 8 bore, failed to act; and the elephant seized him in its trunk. It brandished him to and fro in the air several times, and then planting him on the ground knelt and stabbed at him with its tusks. Grasping one of its forelegs he pulled himself between them in time to avoid the blow; and



The launch "Kenia" at Butiaba.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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as it rose he managed to seize a hind leg and clung to it. But the tusker reached round and plucked him off with its trunk, and once more brandished him high in the air, swinging him violently about. He fainted from pain and dizziness. When he came to he was lying on the ground; one of his attendants had stabbed the elephant with a spear, whereupon the animal had dropped the white man, vainly tried to catch its new assailant, and had then gone off for some three miles and died. Hutchinson was frightfully bruised and strained, and it was six months before he recovered.

OLD BUILDERS AND NEW

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

YAWNING, they said: "What we leave incomplete
Our children do to-morrow; or, if not,
Hands will be born a hundred years from now,
Or other hundreds. Therefore hasten not,
O Brothers, for the world is very old
And men are brief as grass. But if one stone
You place upon another, do it well,
That the Unborn may know who passed this way
And built in hope these shrines to Unknown Gods
Against the time when Unknown shall be Known:
Or, if not so, at least the temple stands
To its own Beauty. Wherefore, build it well."

II

"Now hasten, Brothers, for the world decays
Beneath our fingers; so build swift and high.
Build to the stars before that other flood
Can lift its silence to our eager mouths.
The thing dreamed yesterday, that do to-day—
To-morrow is to-morrow's. After us
The deluge—well! But in this solid Now
Let the dream tower. To-morrow if it falls,
It falls with broken sunsets and dead dreams
That shone when Babylon the Great was born."

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

The Pay-stage.

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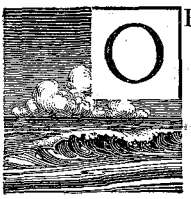
A QUESTION OF LATITUDE

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS



OF the school of earnest young writers at whom the word muckraker had been thrown in opprobrium, and by whom it had been caught up as a title of honor, Everett was among the younger and less conspicuous. But, if in his skirmishes with graft and corruption he had failed to correct the evils he attacked, from the contests he himself had always emerged with credit. His sincerity and his methods were above suspicion. No one had caught him in misstatement, or exaggeration. Even those he attacked, admitted he fought fair. For these reasons, the editors of magazines, with the fear of libel before their eyes, regarded him as a "safe" man, the public, feeling that the evils he exposed were due to its own indifference, with uncomfortable approval, and those he attacked, with impotent anger. Their anger was impotent because, in the case of Everett, the weapons used by their class in "striking back" were denied them. They could not say that for money he sold sensations, because it was known that a proud and wealthy parent supplied him with all the money he wanted. Nor in his private life could they find anything to offset his attacks upon the misconduct of others. Men had been sent to spy upon him, and women to lay traps. But the men reported that his evenings were spent at his club, and, from the women, those who sent them learned only that Everett "treats a lady, just as though she *is* a lady."

Accordingly, when, with much trumpeting, he departed to investigate conditions in the Congo, there were some who rejoiced.

The standard of life to which Everett was accustomed was high. In his home in Boston it had been set for him by a father and mother who, though critics rather than workers in the world, had taught him to despise what was mean and ungenerous, to write the truth and abhor a compromise. At Harvard he had interested himself in municipal reform, and when later he moved to New York, he transferred his interest to the problems of that city. His attack upon Tammany Hall did not utterly destroy that organization, but at once brought him to the notice of the editors. By them he was invited to tilt his lance at evils in other parts of the United States, at "systems," trusts, convict camps, municipal misrule. His work had met with a measure of success that seemed to justify *Lowell's Weekly* in sending him further afield, and he now was on his way to tell the truth about the Congo. Personally, Everett was a healthy, clean-minded enthusiast. He possessed all of the advantages of youth, and all of its intolerance. He was supposed to be engaged to Florence Carey, but he was not. There was, however, between them an "understanding," which understanding, as Everett understood it, meant that until she was ready to say, "I am ready," he was to think of her, dream of her, write love-letters to her, and keep himself only for her. He loved her very dearly, and, having no choice, was content to wait. His content was fortunate, as Miss Carey seemed inclined to keep him waiting indefinitely.

Except in Europe, Everett had never travelled outside the limits of his own country. But the new land toward which he was advancing, held no terrors. As he understood it, the Congo was at the mercy of a corrupt "ring." In every part of the United States he had found a city in the clutch of a corrupt ring. The conditions would be the same, the methods he would use to get at the truth would be the same, the result for reform would be the same.

The English steamer on which he sailed for Southampton was one leased by the Independent State of the Congo, and, with a few exceptions, her passengers were subjects of King Leopold. On board, the language was French, at table the men sat according to the rank they held in the administration of the jungle, and each in his buttonhole wore the tiny silver star that

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showed that for three years, to fill the storehouses of the King of the Belgians, he had gathered rubber and ivory. In the smoking-room Everett soon discovered that passengers not in the service of that king, the English and German officers and traders, held aloof from the Belgians. Their attitude toward them seemed to be one partly of contempt, partly of pity.

"Are your English protectorates on the coast, then, so much better administered?" Everett asked.

The English "Coaster," who for ten years in Nigeria had escaped fever and sudden death, laughed evasively.

"I have never been in the Congo," he said. "Only know what they tell one. But you'll see for yourself. That is," he added, "you'll see what they want you to see."

They were leaning on the rail, with their eyes turned toward the coast of Liberia, a gloomy green line against which the waves cast up fountains of foam as high as the cocoanut palms. As a subject of discussion, the Coaster seemed anxious to avoid the Congo.

"It was there," he said, pointing, "the *Three Castles* struck on the rocks. She was a total loss. So were her passengers," he added. "They ate them."

Everett gazed suspiciously at the unmoved face of the veteran.

"*Who* ate them?" he asked guardedly. "Sharks?"

"The natives that live back of that shoreline in the lagoons."

Everett laughed with the assurance of one for whom a trap had been laid and who had cleverly avoided it.

"Cannibals," he mocked. "Cannibals went out of date with pirates. But perhaps," he added apologetically, "this happened some years ago?"

"Happened last month," said the trader.

"But Liberia is a perfectly good republic," protested Everett. "The blacks there may not be as far advanced as in your colonies, but they're not cannibals."

"Monrovia is a very small part of Liberia," said the trader dryly. "And none of these protectorates, or crown colonies, on this coast pretends to control much of the Hinterland. There is Sierra Leone, for instance, about the oldest of them. Last year the governor celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the year the British abolished slavery. They had parades and tea-fights, and all the blacks were in the street in straw hats with cricket ribbons, thanking God they were not as other men are, not slaves like their grandfathers. Well, just at the height of the jubilation, the tribes within twenty miles of the town sent in to say that they, also, were holding a palaver, and it was to mark the fact that they *never* had been slaves and never would be, and, if the governor doubted it, to send out his fighting men and they'd prove it. It cast quite a gloom over the celebration."

"Do you mean that only twenty miles from the coast—" began Everett.

"*Ten* miles," said the Coaster. "Wait till you see Calabar. That's our Exhibit A. The cleanest, best administrated. Everything there is model: hospitals, barracks, golf links. Last year, ten miles from Calabar, Dr. Stewart rode his bicycle into a native village. The king tortured him six days, cut him up, and sent pieces of him to fifty villages with the message: 'You eat each other. *We* eat white chop.' That was ten miles from our model barracks."

For some moments the muckraker considered the statement thoughtfully.

"You mean," he inquired, "that the atrocities are not all on the side of the white men?"

"Atrocities?" exclaimed the trader. "I wasn't talking of atrocities. Are you looking for them?"

"I'm not running away from them," laughed Everett. "*Lowell's Weekly* is sending me to the Congo to find out the truth, and to try to help put an end to them."

In his turn the trader considered the statement carefully.

"Among the natives," he explained, painstakingly picking each word, "what you call 'atrocities' are customs of warfare, forms of punishment. When they go to war they *expect* to be tortured; they *know*, if they're killed, they'll be eaten. The white man comes here and finds these customs have existed for centuries. He adopts them, because——"

"One moment!" interrupted Everett warmly. "That does not excuse *him*. The point is, that with him they have *not* existed. To him they should be against his conscience, indecent, horrible! He has a

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greater knowledge, a much higher intelligence; he should lift the native, not sink to him."

The Coaster took his pipe from his mouth, and twice opened his lips to speak. Finally, he blew the smoke into the air, and shook his head.

"What's the use!" he exclaimed.

"Try," laughed Everett. "Maybe I'm not as unintelligent as I talk."

"You must get this right," protested the Coaster. "It doesn't matter a damn what a man *brings* here, what his training *was*, what *he is*. The thing is too strong for him."

"What thing?"

"That!" said the Coaster. He threw out his arm at the brooding mountains, the dark lagoons, the glaring coast-line, against which the waves shot into the air with the shock and roar of twelve-inch guns.

"The first white man came to Sierra Leone five hundred years before Christ," said the Coaster. "And, in twenty-two hundred years, he's got just twenty miles inland. The native didn't need forts, or a navy, to stop him. He had three allies: those waves, the fever, and the sun. Especially the sun. The black man goes bare-headed, and the sun lets him pass. The white man covers his head with an inch of cork, and the sun strikes through it and kills him. When Jameson came down the river from Yambuya, the natives fired on his boat. He waved his helmet at them for three minutes, to show them there was a white man in the canoe. Three minutes was all the sun wanted. Jameson died in two days. Where you are going, the sun does worse things to a man than kill him: it drives him mad. It keeps the fear of death in his heart; and *that* takes away his nerve and his sense of proportion. He flies into murderous fits, over silly, imaginary slights; he grows morbid, suspicious, he becomes a coward, and because he is a coward with authority, he becomes a bully.

"He is alone, we will suppose, at a station three hundred miles from any other white man. One morning his house-boy spills a cup of coffee on him, and in a rage he half kills the boy. He broods over that, until he discovers, or his crazy mind makes him think he has discovered, that in revenge the boy is plotting to poison him. So he punishes him again. Only, this time he punishes him as the black man has taught him to punish, in the only way the black man seems to understand; that is, he tortures him. From that moment the fall of that man is rapid. The heat, the loneliness, the fever, the fear of the black faces, keep him on edge, rob him of sleep, rob him of his physical strength, of his moral strength. He loses shame, loses reason; becomes cruel, weak, degenerate. He invents new, bestial tortures; commits new, unspeakable 'atrocities,' until, one day, the natives turn and kill him, or he sticks his gun in his mouth and blows the top of his head off."

The Coaster smiled tolerantly at the wide-eyed, eager young man at his side.

"And you," he mocked, "think you can reform that man, and that hell above ground called the Congo, with an article in *Lowell's Weekly?*"

Undismayed, Everett grinned cheerfully.

"That's what I'm here for!" he said.

By the time Everett reached the mouth of the Congo, he had learned that in everything he must depend upon himself; that he would be accepted only as the kind of man that, at the moment, he showed himself to be. This attitude of independence was not chosen, but forced on him by the men with whom he came in contact. Associations and traditions that in every part of the United States had served as letters of introduction, and enabled strangers to identify and label him, were to the white men on the steamer and at the ports of call, without meaning or value. That he was an Everett of Boston conveyed little to those who had not heard even of Boston. That he was the correspondent of *Lowell's Weekly* meant less to those who did not know that *Lowell's Weekly* existed. And when, in confusion, he proffered his letter of credit, the very fact that it called for a thousand pounds was, in the eyes of a "Palm Oil Ruffian," sufficient evidence that it had been forged or stolen. He soon saw that solely as a white man was he accepted and made welcome. That he was respectable, few believed, and no one cared. To be taken at his face value, to be refused at the start the benefit of the doubt, was a novel sensation; and yet not unpleasant. It was a relief not to be accepted only as Everett the Muckraker, as a professional reformer, as one holier than others. It afforded his soul the same relaxation that his body re-

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ceived when, in his shirt-sleeves in the sweltering smoking-room, he drank beer with a *chef de poste* who had been thrice tried for murder.

Not only to every one was he a stranger, but to him everything was strange; so strange as to appear unreal. This did not prevent him from at once recognizing those things that were not strange, such as corrupt officials, incompetence, mismanagement. He did not need the missionaries to point out to him that the Independent State of the Congo was not a colony administered for the benefit of many, but a vast rubber plantation worked by slaves to fill the pockets of one man. It was not in his work that Everett found himself confused. It was in his attitude of mind toward almost every other question.

At first, when he could not make everything fit his rule of thumb, he excused the country tolerantly as a "topsy-turvy" land. He wished to move and act quickly; to make others move quickly. He did not understand that men who had sentenced themselves to exile for the official term of three years, or for life, measured time only by the date of their release. When he learned that even a cablegram could not reach his home in less than eighteen days, that the missionaries to whom he brought letters were a three months' journey from the coast and from each other, his impatience was chastened to wonder, and, later, to awe.

His education began at Matadi, where he waited until the river steamer was ready to start for Leopoldville. Of the two places he was assured Matadi was the better, for the reason that if you still were in favor with the steward of the ship that brought you south, he might sell you a piece of ice.

Matadi was a great rock, blazing with heat. Its narrow, perpendicular paths seemed to run with burning lava. Its top, the main square of the settlement, was of baked clay, beaten hard by thousands of naked feet. Crossing it by day was an adventure. The air that swept it was the breath of a blast-furnace.

Everett found a room over the shop of a Portuguese trader. It was caked with dirt, and smelled of unnamed diseases and chloride of lime. In it was a canvas cot, a roll of evil-looking bedding, a wash-basin filled with the stumps of cigarettes. In a corner was a tin chop-box, which Everett asked to have removed. It belonged, the landlord told him, to the man who, two nights before, had occupied the cot and who had died in it. Everett was anxious to learn of what he had died. Apparently surprised at the question, the Portuguese shrugged his shoulders.

"Who knows?" he exclaimed. The next morning the English trader across the street assured Everett there was no occasion for alarm. "He didn't die of any disease," he explained. "Somebody got at him from the balcony, while he was in his cot, and knifed him."

The English trader was a young man, a cockney, named Upsher. At home he had been a steward on the Channel steamers. Everett made him his most intimate friend. He had a black wife, who spent most of her day in a four-post bed, hung with lace curtains and blue ribbon, in which she resembled a baby hippopotamus wallowing in a bank of white sand.

At first the black woman was a shock to Everett, but after Upsher dismissed her indifferently as a "good old sort," and spent one evening blubbering over a photograph of his wife and "kiddie" at home, Everett accepted her. His excuse for this was that men who knew they might die on the morrow, must not be judged by what they do to-day. The excuse did not ring sound, but he dismissed the doubt by deciding that in such heat it was not possible to take serious questions, seriously. In the fact that, to those about him, the thought of death was ever present, he found further excuse for much else that puzzled and shocked him. At home, death had been a contingency so remote, that he had put it aside as something he need not consider until he was a grandfather. At Matadi, at every moment of the day, in each trifling act, he found death must be faced, conciliated, conquered. At home, he might ask himself, "If I eat this, will it give me indigestion?" At Matadi he asked, "If I drink this, will I die?"

Upsher told him of a feud then existing between the chief of police and an Italian doctor in the State service. Interested in the outcome only as a sporting proposition, Upsher declared the odds were unfair, because the Belgian was using his black police to act as his body-guard while for

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protection the Italian could depend only upon his sword-cane. Each night, with the other white exiles of Matadi, the two adversaries met in the Café Franco-Belge. There, with puzzled interest, Everett watched them sitting at separate tables, surrounded by mutual friends, excitedly playing dominoes. Outside the café, Matadi lay smothered and sweltering in a black, living darkness, and, save for the rush of the river, in a silence that continued unbroken across a jungle as wide as Europe. Inside, the dominoes clicked, the glasses rang on the iron tables, the oil lamps glared upon the pallid, sweating faces of clerks, upon the tanned, sweating skins of officers; and the Italian doctor and the Belgian lieutenant, each with murder in his heart, laughed, shrugged, gesticulated, waiting for the moment to strike.

"But why doesn't some one *do* something?" demanded Everett. "Arrest them, or reason with them. Everybody knows about it. It seems a pity not to *do* something."

Upsher nodded his head. Dimly he recognized a language with which he once had been familiar. "I know what you mean," he agreed. "Bind 'em over to keep the peace. And a good job, too! But who?" he demanded vaguely. "That's what I say! Who?" From the confusion into which Everett's appeal to forgotten memories had thrown it, his mind suddenly emerged. "But what's the use!" he demanded. "Don't you see," he explained triumphantly, "if those two crazy men were fit to listen to *sense*, they'd have sense enough not to kill each other!"

Each succeeding evening Everett watched the two potential murderers with lessening interest. He even made a bet with Upsher, of a bottle of fruit salt, that the chief of police would be the one to die.

A few nights later a man, groaning beneath his balcony, disturbed his slumbers. He cursed the man, and turned his pillow to find the cooler side. But all through the night the groans, though fainter, broke into his dreams. At intervals some traditions of past conduct tugged at Everett's sleeve, and bade him rise and play the good Samaritan. But, indignantly, he repulsed them. Were there not many others within hearing? Were there not police? Was it *his* place to bind the wounds of drunken stokers? The groans were probably a trick, to entice him, unarmed, into the night. And so, just before the dawn, when the mists rose, and the groans ceased, Everett, still arguing, sank with a contented sigh into forgetfulness.

When he woke, there was beneath his window much monkey-like chattering, and he looked down into the white face and glazed eyes of the Italian doctor, lying in the gutter and staring up at him. Below his shoulder-blades a pool of blood shone evilly in the blatant sunlight.

Across the street, on his balcony, Upsher, in pajamas and mosquito boots, was shivering with fever and stifling a yawn. "You lose!" he called.

Later in the day, Everett analyzed his conduct of the night previous. "At home," he told Upsher, "I would have been telephoning for an ambulance, or been out in the street giving the man the 'first-aid' drill. But living as we do here, so close to death, we see things more clearly. Death loses its importance. It's a bromide," he added. "But travel certainly broadens one. Every day I have been in the Congo, I have been assimilating new ideas." Upsher nodded vigorously in assent. An older man could have told Everett that he was assimilating just as much of the Congo as the rabbit assimilates the boa-constrictor, that first smothers it with saliva, and then swallows it.

Everett started up the Congo in a small steamer open on all sides to the sun and rain, and with a paddle-wheel astern that kicked her forward at the rate of four miles an hour. Once every day, the boat tied up to a tree and took on wood to feed her furnace, and Everett talked to the white man in charge of the wood post, or, if, as it generally happened, the white man was on his back with fever, dosed him with quinine. On board, except for her captain, and a Finn who acted as engineer, Everett was the only other white man. The black crew and "wood-boys" he soon disliked intensely. At first, when Nansen, the Danish captain, and the Finn struck them, because they were in the way, or because they were not, Everett winced, and made a note of it. But later he decided the blacks were insolent, sullen, ungrateful; that a blow did them no harm.

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According to the unprejudiced testimony of those who, before the war, in his own country, had owned slaves, those of the "Southland" were always content, always happy. When not singing close harmony in the cotton-fields, they danced upon the levee, they twanged the old banjo. But these slaves of the Upper Congo were not happy. They did not dance. They did not sing. At times their eyes, dull, gloomy, despairing, lit with a sudden sombre fire, and searched the eyes of the white man. They seemed to beg of him the answer to a terrible question. It was always the same question. It had been asked of Pharaoh. They asked it of Leopold. For hours, squatting on the iron deck-plates, humped on their naked haunches, crowding close together, they muttered apparently interminable criticisms of Everett. Their eyes never left him. He resented this unceasing scrutiny. It got upon his nerves. He was sure they were evolving some scheme to rob him of his tinned sausages, or, possibly, to kill him. It was then he began to dislike them. In reality, they were discussing the watch strapped to his wrist. They believed it was a powerful juju, to ward off evil spirits. They were afraid of it.

One day, to pay the chief wood-boy for a carved paddle, Everett was measuring a *bras* of cloth. As he had been taught, he held the cloth in his teeth and stretched it to the ends of his finger-tips. The wood-boy thought the white man was giving him short measure. White men always *had* given him short measure, and, at a glance, he could not recognize that this one was an Everett of Boston.

So he opened Everett's fingers.

All the blood in Everett's body leaped to his head. That he, a white man, an Everett, who had come so far to set these people free, should be accused by one of them of petty theft!

He caught up a log of firewood and laid open the scalp of the black boy, from the eye to the crown of his head. The boy dropped, and Everett, seeing the blood creeping through his kinky wool, turned ill with nausea. Drunkenly, through a red cloud of mist, he heard himself shouting, "The *black* nigger! The *black nigger!* He touched me! I *tell* you, he touched me!" Captain Nansen led Everett to his cot and gave him fizzy salts, but it was not until sun-down that the trembling and nausea ceased.

Then, partly in shame, partly as a bribe, he sought out the injured boy and gave him the entire roll of cloth. It had cost Everett ten francs. To the wood-boy it meant a year's wages. The boy hugged it in his arms, as he might a baby, and crooned over it. From under the blood-stained bandage, humbly, without resentment, he lifted his tired eyes to those of the white man. Still, dumbly, they begged the answer to the same question.

During the five months Everett spent up the river he stopped at many missions, stations, one-man wood posts. He talked to Jesuit fathers, to *inspecteurs*, to collectors for the State of rubber, taxes, elephant tusks, in time, even in Bangalese, to chiefs of the native villages. According to the point of view, he was told tales of oppression, of avarice, of hideous crimes, of cruelties committed in the name of trade that were abnormal, unthinkable. The note never was of hope, never of cheer, never inspiring. There was always the grievance, the spirit of unrest, of rebellion that ranged from dislike to a primitive, hot hate. Of his own land and life he heard nothing, not even when his face was again turned toward the east. Nor did he think of it. As now he saw them, the rules and principles and standards of his former existence were petty and credulous. But he assured himself he had not abandoned those standards. He had only temporarily laid them aside, as he had left behind him in London his frock coat and silk hat. Not because he would not use them again, but because in the Congo they were ridiculous.

For weeks, with a missionary as a guide, he walked through forests in which the sun never penetrated, or, on the river, moved between banks where no white man had placed his foot; where, at night, the elephants came trooping to the water, and seeing the lights of the boat, fled crashing through the jungle; where the great hippos, puffing and blowing, rose so close to his elbow that he could have tossed his cigarette and hit them. The vastness of the Congo, toward which he had so jauntily set forth, now weighed upon his soul. The immeasurable distances; the slumbering disregard of time; the brooding, interminable silences; the

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efforts to conquer the land that were so futile, so puny, and so cruel, at first appalled, and, later left him unnerved, rebellious, childishly defiant.

What health was there, he demanded hotly, in holding in a dripping jungle, to morals, to etiquette, to fashions of conduct? Was he, the white man, intelligent, trained, disciplined in mind and body, to be judged by naked cannibals, by chattering monkeys, by mammoth primeval beasts? His code of conduct was his own. He was a law unto himself.

He came down the river on one of the larger steamers of the State, and, on this voyage, with many fellow passengers. He now was on his way home, but in the fact he felt no elation. Each day the fever ran tingling through his veins, and left him listless, frightened, or choleric. One night at dinner, in one of these moods of irritation, he took offense at the act of a lieutenant who, in lack of vegetables, drank from the vinegar bottle. Everett protested that such table manners were unbecoming an officer, even an officer of the Congo; and on the lieutenant resenting his criticism, Everett drew his revolver. The others at the table took it from him, and locked him in his cabin. In the morning, when he tried to recall what had occurred, he could remember only that, for some excellent reason, he had hated some one with a hatred that could be served only with death. He knew it could not have been drink, as each day the State allowed him but one half-bottle of claret. That but for the interference of strangers he might have shot a man, did not interest him. In the outcome of what he regarded merely as an incident, he saw cause neither for congratulation, or self-reproach. For his conduct he laid the blame upon the sun, and doubled his dose of fruit salts.

Everett was again at Matadi, waiting for the *Nigeria* to take on cargo before returning to Liverpool. During the few days that must intervene before she sailed, he lived on board. Although now actually bound north, the thought afforded him no satisfaction. His spirits were depressed, his mind gloomy; a feeling of rebellion, of outlawry, filled him with unrest.

While the ship lay at the wharf, Hardy, her English captain, Cuthbert, the purser, and Everett ate on deck under the awning, assailed by electric fans. Each was clad in nothing more intricate than pajamas.

"To-night," announced Hardy, with a sigh, "we got to dress ship. Mr. Ducret and his wife are coming on board. We carry his trade goods, and I got to stand him a dinner and champagne. You boys," he commanded, "must wear 'whites,' and talk French."

"I'll dine on shore," growled Everett.

"Better meet them," advised Cuthbert. The purser was a pink-cheeked, clear-eyed young man, who spoke the many languages of the coast glibly, and his own in the soft, detached voice of a well-bred Englishman. He was in training to enter the consular service. Something in his poise, in the assured manner in which he handled his white stewards and the black Kroo boys, seemed to Everett a constant reproach, and he resented him.

"They're a picturesque couple," explained Cuthbert. "Ducret was originally a wrestler. Used to challenge all comers from the front of a booth. He served his time in the army in Senegal, and when he was mustered out moved to the French Congo and began to trade, in a small way, in ivory. Now he's the biggest merchant, physically and every other way, from Stanley Pool to Lake Chad. He has a house at Brazzaville built of mahogany, and a grand piano, and his own ice-plant. His wife was a supper-girl at Maxim's. He brought her down here and married her. Every rainy season they go back to Paris and run race-horses, and they say the best table in every all-night restaurant is reserved for him. In Paris they call her the Ivory Queen. She's killed seventeen elephants with her own rifle."

In the Upper Congo, Everett had seen four white women. They were pallid, washed-out, bloodless; even the youngest looked past middle age. For him women of any other type had ceased to exist. He had come to think of every white woman as past middle age, with a face wrinkled by the sun, with hair bleached white by the sun, with eyes from which, through gazing at the sun, all light and lustre had departed. He thought of them as always wearing boots to protect their ankles from mosquitoes, and army helmets.

When he came on deck for dinner, he saw a woman who looked as though she was

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posing for a photograph by Reutlinger. She appeared to have stepped to the deck directly from her electric victoria, and the Rue de la Paix. She was tall, lithe, gracefully erect, with eyes of great loveliness, and hair brilliantly black, drawn, *à la* Merode, across a broad, fair forehead. She wore a gown and long coat of white lace, as delicate as a bridal veil, and a hat with a flapping brim from which, in a curtain, hung more lace. When she was pleased, she lifted her head and the curtain rose, unmasking her lovely eyes. Around the white, bare throat was a string of pearls. They had cost the lives of many elephants.

Cuthbert, only a month from home, saw Madame Ducret just as she was—a Parisienne, elegant, smart, *soigné*. He knew that on any night at Madrid or d'Armenonville he might look upon twenty women of the same charming type. They might lack that something this girl from Maxim's possessed—the spirit that had caused her to follow her husband into the depths of darkness. But outwardly, for show purposes, they were even as she.

But to Everett she was no messenger from another world. She was unique. To his famished eyes, starved senses, and fever-driven brain, she was her entire sex personified. She was the one woman for whom he had always sought, alluring, soothing, maddening; if need be, to be fought for; the one thing to be desired. Opposite, across the table, her husband, the ex-wrestler, *chasseur d'Afrique*, elephant poacher, bulked large as an ox. Men felt as well as saw his bigness. Captain Hardy deferred to him on matters of trade. The purser deferred to him on questions of administration. He answered them in his big way, with big thoughts, in big figures. He was fifty years ahead of his time. He beheld the Congo open to the world; in the forests where he had hunted elephants, he foresaw great "factories," mining camps, railroads, feeding gold and copper ore to the trunk line, from the Cape to Cairo. His ideas were the ideas of an empire-builder. But, while the others listened, fascinated, hypnotized, Everett saw only the woman, her eyes fixed on her husband, her fingers turning and twisting her diamond rings. Every now and again she raised her eyes to Everett almost reproachfully, as though to say, "Why do you not listen to him? It is much better for you than to look at me."

When they had gone, all through the sultry night, until the sun drove him to his cabin, like a caged animal Everett paced and repaced the deck. The woman possessed his mind and he could not drive her out. He did not wish to drive her out. What the consequences might be he did not care. So long as he might see her again, he jeered at the consequences. Of one thing he was positive. He could not now leave the Congo. He would follow her to Brazzaville. If he were discreet, Ducret might invite him to make himself their guest. Once established in her home, she *must* listen to him. No man ever before had felt for any woman the need he felt for her. It was too big for him to conquer. It would be too big for her to resist.

In the morning a note from Ducret invited Everett and Cuthbert to join him in an all-day excursion to the waterfall beyond Matadi. Everett answered the note in person. The thought of seeing the woman calmed and steadied him like a dose of morphine. So much more violent than the fever in his veins was the fever in his brain that, when again he was with her, he laughed happily, and was grandly at peace. So different was he from the man they had met the night before, that the Frenchman and his wife glanced at each other in surprise and approval. They found him witty, eager, a most charming companion; and when he announced his intention of visiting Brazzaville, they insisted he should make their home his own.

His admiration, as outwardly it appeared to be, for Madame Ducret, was evident to the others, but her husband accepted it. It was her due. And, on the Congo, to grudge to another man the sight of a pretty woman was as cruel as to withhold the few grains of quinine that might save his reason. But, before the day passed, Madame Ducret was aware that the American could not be lightly dismissed, as an admirer. The fact neither flattered nor offended. For her, it was no novel or disturbing experience. Other men, whipped on by loneliness, by fever, by primitive savage instincts, had told her what she meant to them. She did not hold them responsible. Some, worth curing, she had nursed through the illness.

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Others, who refused to be cured, she had turned over, with a shrug, to her husband. This one was more difficult. Of men of Everett's traditions and education she had known but few; but she recognized the type. This young man was no failure in life, no derelict, no outcast flying the law, or a scandal, to hide in the jungle. He was what, in her Maxim days, she had laughed at as an aristocrat. He knew her Paris as she did not know it: its history, its art. Even her language he spoke more correctly than her husband or herself. She knew that at his home there must be many women infinitely more attractive, more suited to him, than herself: women of birth, of position; young girls and great ladies of the other world. And she knew, also, that in his present state, at a nod from her he would cast these behind him, and carry her into the wilderness. More quickly than she anticipated, Everett proved she did not over-rate the forces that compelled him.

The excursion to the rapids was followed by a second dinner on board the *Nigeria*. But now, as on the previous night, Everett fell into sullen silence. He ate nothing, drank continually, and with his eyes devoured the woman. When coffee had been served, he left the others at table, and with Madame Ducret slowly paced the deck. As they passed out of the reach of the lights, he drew her to the rail, and stood in front of her.

"I am not quite mad," he said, "but you have got to come with me."

To Everett all he added to this sounded sane and final. He told her that this was one of those miracles when the one woman and the one man who were predestined to meet had met. He told her he had wished to marry a girl at home, but that he now saw that the desire was the fancy of a schoolboy. He told her he was rich, and offered her the choice of returning to the Paris she loved, or of going deeper into the jungle. There he would set up for her a principality, a state within the State. He would defend her against all comers. He would make her the Queen of the Congo.

"I have waited for you thousands of years!" he told her. His voice was hoarse, shaken, and thick. "I love you as men loved women in the Stone Age—fiercely, entirely. I will not be denied. Down here we are cave people; if you fight me, I will club you and drag you to my cave. If others fight for you, I will *kill* them. I love you," he panted, "with all my soul, my mind, my body, I love you! I will not let you go!"

Madame Ducret did not say she was insulted, because she did not feel insulted. She did not call to her husband for help, because she did not need his help, and because she knew that the ex-wrestler could break Everett across his knee. She did not even withdraw her hands, although Everett drove the diamonds deep into her fingers.

"You frighten me!" she pleaded. She was not in the least frightened. She only was sorry that this one must be discarded among the "incurables."

In apparent agitation, she whispered, "To-morrow! To-morrow I will give you your answer."

Everett did not trust her, did not release her. He regarded her jealously, with quick suspicion. To warn her that he knew she could not escape from Matadi, or from him, he said, "The train to Leopoldville does not leave for two days."

"I know!" whispered Madame Ducret soothingly. "I will give you your answer to-morrow at ten." She emphasized the hour, because she knew at sunrise a special train would carry her husband and herself to Leopoldville, and that there one of her husband's steamers would bear them across the Pool to French Congo.

"To-morrow, then!" whispered Everett, grudgingly. "But I must kiss you now!"

Only an instant did Madame Ducret hesitate. Then she turned her cheek. "Yes," she assented. "You must kiss me now."

Everett did not rejoin the others. He led her back into the circle of light, and locked himself in his cabin.

At ten the next morning, when Ducret and his wife were well advanced toward Stanley Pool, Cuthbert handed Everett a note. Having been told what it contained, he did not move away, but, with his back turned, leaned upon the rail.

Everett, his eyes on fire with triumph, his fingers trembling, tore open the envelope.

Madame Ducret wrote that her husband and herself felt that Mr. Everett was suffering more severely from the climate

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than he knew. With regret they cancelled their invitation to visit them, and urged him, for his health's sake, to continue as he had planned, to northern latitudes. They hoped to meet in Paris. They extended assurances of their distinguished consideration.

Slowly, savagely, as though wreaking his suffering on some human thing, Everett tore the note into minute fragments. Moving unsteadily to the ship's side, he flung them into the river, and then hung limply upon the rail.

Above him, from a sky of brass, the sun stabbed at his eyeballs. Below him, the rush of the Congo, churning in muddy whirlpools, echoed against the hills of naked rock that met the naked sky.

To Everett, the roar of the great river and the echoes from the land he had set out to reform, carried the sound of gigantic, hideous laughter.

THE ERRANT PAN

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

No more 'mid low Achaean hills
Echo the flutes of Pan.
The sad winds mourn thro' groves forlorn
Where once the blithe god ran;
But I know where the wanderer calls
By Athabaskan waterfalls.

Still may his merry notes be heard
Beneath a northern moon.
He pipes the gray geese out at dawn
O'er many a green lagoon
And lures the spotted fawns to play
Along each leaf-hung waterway.

Where flower the meadows of the clouds
White with anemone,
He fills the wild-sheep's lofty folds
With his gay reveille
And frolics with the lambs in May
Upon the cliffs of Kootenay.

Beneath the birches in the fall
The shaggy minstrel lies,
While from his magic reeds ascend
To bright Alaskan skies
The ditties that the dryads knew
Where nimble feet of wood-nymphs flew.

The troubadour has journeyed far
Out to the blue Cascades,
Where dwells he in a fairer land
Than his soft Grecian glades,
And dreams beside a bolder sea
Than ever girdled Arcady.

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ON HORSEBACK TO KINGDOM COME

By John Fox, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IT was the turning point in the days of June. From a little town, around which mountains ran in endless green waves, a little sorrel horse bore a pair of deer-skin saddle pockets, a cowboy saddle, and a man through the big gap that lets Kentucky coal to Virginia iron ore down in the southwestern part of the Old Dominion. Threading its way somewhere over the billowy mountains, across the State line, is a little Kentucky creek known as Kingdom Come. Once, several years ago, the man on horseback had gone down that stream with a homeless waif by the name of Chad and a homeless dog whom his little master called Jack. He had lived on that creek, as did these two, with a family of Turners who had taken both waifs to their hearts and home. Afterward the man kept on going back there with the boy every now and then until, as the man fondly hoped, the lad had in his own upward struggle epitomized our social history from the log-cabin to the Greek portico—until, as far as the man knew, the lad had left the creek forever and followed the flight of an eagle westward, carrying his civilization after the yellow trail of the sun. And yet, for all this purpose of the man, the boy will be remembered by the people who knew him only as "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." This, however—all of it—had been make-believe, and now the man who had done his best to help the boy live as well (and as long) as possible was going over to see Kingdom Come with the eyes of his body instead of his mind.

The big hills about looked drowsy and dreaming of midsummer. The great rocks, so bare and desolate in winter, were settling to rest under shaggy rugs of deep green, and to the circling horizon and up to the zenith the blue air was clear and still. Below, the unseen river ran like dream music and one lone wood-thrush gave voice to the upper world of leaves. Through the Gap the bridle trail of Chad's forefathers had been widened to a wagon road; on either side of the river gleamed a pair of winding steel rails and the trees were blackened and half choked to death by the heavy smoke that rolled from the funnel of every passing engine. Here and there the river-bed had been changed and further on a gang of convicts were making a grade for a trolley line. At the other mouth of the gap, too, a small town was springing up, and there I found a friend of the old "boom" days building an ice plant! I told him where I was going.

"Alone?"

I nodded.

"Well, I wouldn't take that trip for a hundred dollars. Taking anything to eat?"

I made the time-honored answer: "No, only a little something for a snake-bite."

"Well, you'll have to keep tight all the time to keep from starving."

Now in the old days I had known this man to live on "sow-belly" and corn bread and sleep in the mud for a month at a time. Thus in the lap of luxury had he been unmanned.

There I turned up a creek toward one of the great mines opened in the low rich flanks of the Big Black Mountains that are now yielding hundreds for the dimes they cost twenty years ago. The hills showed now stripped of trees, fire-scalded, and covered with dead logs, and not a seedling visible to take their places: it looked not only like criminal waste but a disregard of the unborn that was little short of fiendish. Soon I pushed into the mining town past cabins in which were the tired bedraggled wives of Swedes, Huns, Finns, Italians, Americans, white and black, but not of mountaineers—they were off attending their garden patches. The road was filled with healthy dirty-faced children and fat pigs. Here and there was a flower in a little yard and a dead porker in the creek. The Duke was waiting for me on his porch

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—the Duke, so-called because he was said to be waiting for a title, a seat in Parliament, and a fat living somewhere in England. Meantime he was working, and working hard, for the Duke was none of your remittance men.

"It is fierce, you know, the waste, but, you know, we really can't help it. It's too expensive, you know, really to pile the bally brush and burn it, and you have no law in this country against a chap carrying matches, you know, in the woods—as they have in Germany. And, you know, forest fires—and what is the use of seedlings, you know? We do the best we can but we can't help it. The waste products of those ovens would pay the expense of keeping them going, but, you know, we are too far from the markets."

Now if I had known as much as the Duke credited me with I should have gone back home and started a peripatetic school of philosophy, so after a bite to eat and a sip of Scotch and soda I went on my way. What that way was I had yet to learn. Old man Caudle on top of Black Mountain might tell me, and after a laborious climb up the rocky deep-rutted road I found the old man not at home. I recalled his house, however, an ex-blind-tiger on the State line, and I recalled a battle there a year or two before, in which a deputy I knew and a moonshiner had been killed. There was a teamster in front of the house, however, who was doing something to his wagon in the road, and he said one could get to the headwaters of Kingdom Come by Richmond's Old Fields, but the paths forked so much it would be hard to keep the right road.

"But," he drawled unsmilingly, "thar's al'ays another way o' gittin' to the head of any crick—go to the mouth an' ride up hit." In other words, I could go down Black Mountain and over Pine Mountain and down the Kentucky to Whitesburg in Letcher County, and thence on down the middle fork of the Kentucky River, and I was bound to strike the mouth of that heavenly named stream sometime.

"Are those bullet holes around that window?" I asked, pointing to the house.

"Oh, I reckon thar's some thar yit," he answered carelessly, and went on tinkering with his wagon. Going on down the precipitous, rich-loamed northern slope of the Big Black, I was vaguely aware that I had missed something in my interview with the teamster and in a minute I had it—he had not asked my name or my business. Some change was taking place in those hills, since I had last been among them, and dropping on down through the thick coverts in which wood-thrushes were fluting everywhere, along wonderful carpets of bear-weeds and under wonderful primeval trees and to the head of the creek I found other changes. The log-cabin was no more. The houses were tidy, weather-boarded, and painted; men were ploughing industriously in the fields; I passed children in the road, no longer in tatters, and with school-books in their hands, and not a soul asked who I was and what I was doing over there. Evidently the stranger was no longer a rare bird along that creek; curiosity was slack and suspicion was gone.

I found the Poor Fork of the Cumberland narrow and shallow. Across the ford was a new little settlement springing up around a saw-mill and a logging camp. Pine trees grew thicker as I climbed Pine Mountain—naturally. Somewhere over to the left Chad and Jack had unknowingly taken the trail for the headwaters of Kingdom Come, and I was glad to know a better way—for the wagon road, heaven knows, was bad enough.

Within two hours the middle fork of the Kentucky River gleamed before me—broader than the Cumberland, but just as shallow because of the much logging done on that stream. Along it, too, the houses were weather-boarded and there were evidences of even more prosperity than on the Cumberland, for the people there had been longer in touch with the outside world. At sunset I rode into Whitesburg which was as quiet and peaceful and as neat and tidy as a village in New England. Twice a musket boomed from the river, but it was no feudist or bad man with his finger on the trigger, but only some fellow shooting a mess of bass: soon the mountain people will be too civilized even for that. In that town I used to stop at a little brick hotel—how it happened to be built of brick I never knew—and now as I drew up at the gate a woman was coming out:

"Our folks are sick," she said, "and we don't keep travellers no more, but Steve Field there will take you in." She waved

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her hand to the corner of the street where a tall, clean-shaven young man sat on the curb-stone—strong of face and reserved. "Yes," he said quietly, "I can take you in."

A short man with sandy hair and a quiet blue eye took my horse and my host took from me my saddle-bags—another pleasant change from older days when each traveller was supposed to do such little things for himself. Not yet even was my name asked.

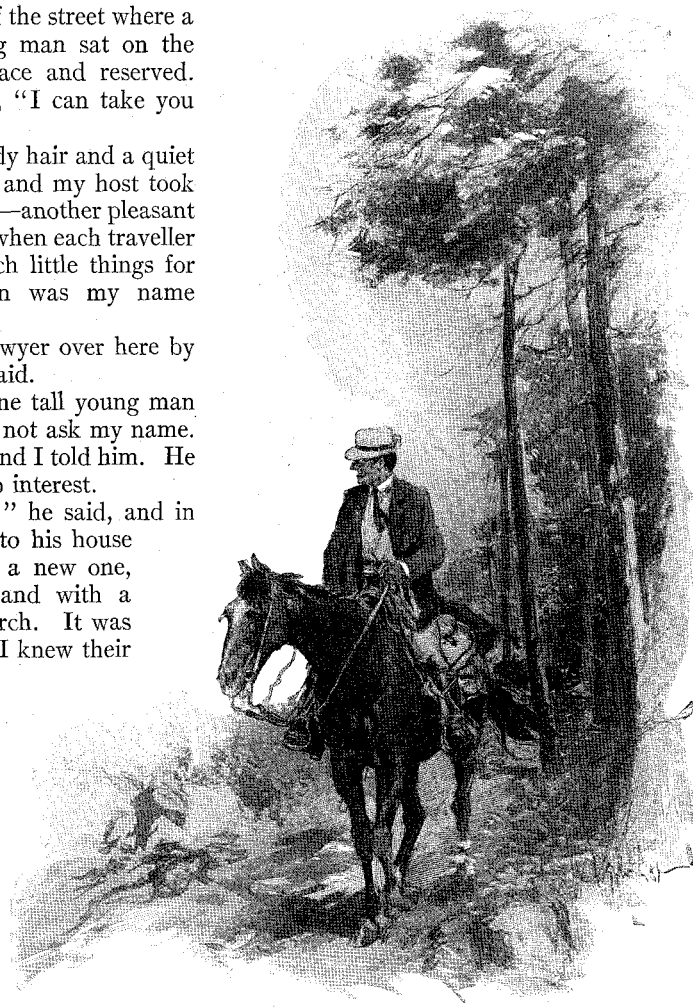
"I used to know a lawyer over here by the name of Field," I said.

"I'm his son," said the tall young man gravely, and still he did not ask my name. I began to feel slighted and I told him. He looked at me with sharp interest.

"So, you're the man," he said, and in silence he led the way to his house on the hill, which was a new one, two stories in height, and with a veranda and a back porch. It was growing dark now and I knew their supper was long over.

"Please don't let your wife go to any trouble about supper. Anything cold will do."

"No trouble," he said, and I knew I was going to get the best he had in all ways, whether I would or not. Even the fire was out, as I guessed from the noises in the kitchen, but I knew that protest was useless, so I sat with my host on the veranda, with the little town asleep beneath us and the long green wooded slopes of Pine Mountain sweeping up from the river to the line of the sky.



A little sorrel horse bore a pair of deer-skin saddle pockets, a cowboy saddle, and a man.—Page 175.

My host took from me my saddle-bags.

"I've met you once before," he said. "I was over to the Gap in a lawyer's office an' you come in with a big dog. I would have known you right away to-day, if you had had that dog along." Remembering my dog, he recollected me. I was sorry I could not recall that day and he smoked in silence. And then, by and by:

"Lots of us over here who have read your books think you are all right," he said naïvely.

This was cheering news, for it had not been always like this in the olden days. I recalled having no little trouble over my

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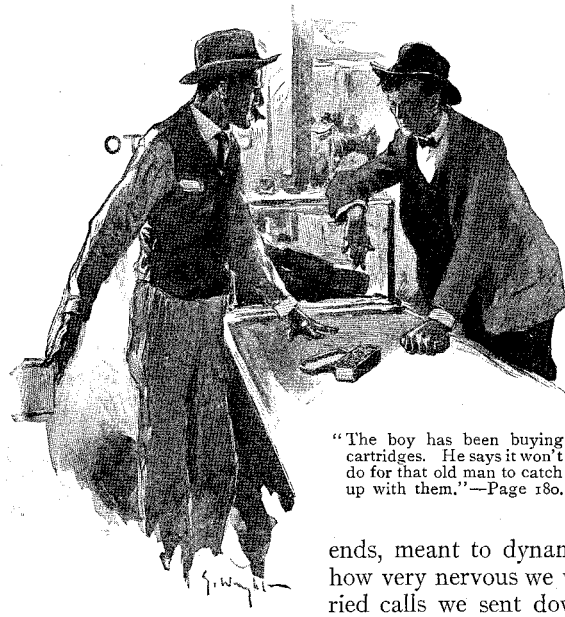
first book about the mountaineers, of just escaping a "rough house" at the hands of some students of a mountain college, and of being often charged by educated mountaineers that I had not done them justice, and by "furriners" of having given the mountaineers credit for more than was their due.

"I can just see that boy Chad and his dog Jack comin' down that mountain most any time. I picked out a heap of people you had in that other book about the Lonesome Pine. You meant old Doc Taylor by the Red Fox, didn't you? and Talt Hall, the feller you police fellers hung over at the Gap, was Rufe Tolliver?" I nodded.



"The boy has been buying cartridges. He says it won't do for that old man to catch up with them."—Page 180.

"Well, the Red Fox used to be around here all the time with his moccasins turned heels foremost, and his big gun and his telescope. He had regular circuit, doctorin' and preachin' an' playin' the devil between times. An' I knew who you meant by the red-headed Falins. There are three red-headed brothers here now an' I told 'em you had 'em down fine."

Now I had never seen these particular red-headed gentlemen and in the book the Falins had been made red merely as a vivid contrast to the black-haired Tollivers, but he was having too good a time playing the literary sleuth for me to interfere with trivial facts, so I did not correct him, though in an earlier day, when tolerance was not a conspicuous characteristic of the mountaineer, I should have asked him in a hurry if those gentlemen labored under a similar mistake, and in a hurry should have corrected that mistake, if I had discovered that they were at all sore.

"An' you're dead right about the feeling the people over here had against that police guard of yours. I've always wondered why more of you fellers weren't killed. Did you ever know how near they did come to tryin' to take Talt Hall away from you when you had him in jail at the county seat waitin' to be hung?"

This was interesting for, hitherto, I had known nothing except the wild rumors floating about at that time, and I recalled that once while we were guarding the deceased, my brother and I had only fifteen men, when word was brought that two bands of Kentuckians had crossed Black Mountain, were on their way, and, after firing the town at both ends, meant to dynamite the jail; and how very nervous we were and the hurried calls we sent down to the Gap for more help: and, moreover, how we had been "jollied" about the matter afterward.

"Well, they did go and they held a consultation on the edge of town, and they concluded you boys were too many for 'em"

He whistled when I told him how few of us there were just at that time, and further, that I was the man who had got Talt to summon his sister to him as he stood on the scaffold and leave his injunction that there should be no more trouble: "Been enough killin' 'bout me," he had said surlily, but there in the shadow of the scaffold she had shaken her fist at the sixteen of us in the box and had sworn she would have our lives. However, his dying word had been heeded and we had ridden in safety to and from the Gap to the county seat for years. Young Field shook his head.

"It's a wonder, for the mountain people thought you were too high-minded and meddlesome over there, but, by and by, they got to understand that all you were after was law and order, and now all the good folks among us are with you."

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There was a teamster in front of the house, however, who was doing something to his wagon.—Page 176.

Now we had come into occasional conflict with men from that very town which contained not only sympathizers but actual participants in several feuds. So I asked:

"You don't have any trouble over here now?"

"No, it's all over—nothing at all since the Ku-Klux trouble a year or two ago. The members of that gang were all arrested, but folks got tired o' tryin' 'em an' they've all been pardoned or let go."

"Was that a survival of the old Ku-Klux?"

"I don't know. It drifted over here from Knox County, and they tried to regulate things over here."

"What things?"

"Oh, lewd people and such. A jewlark was livin' openly with a man up the river an' they went to the house and the feller opened fire on 'em. They shot back and killed the woman by accident and the man got away. Then the Ku-Klux were arrested."

"They had a moral purpose then?"

"Oh, yes," he said, with a sarcastic smile. "They had a moral purpose all right—they always do."

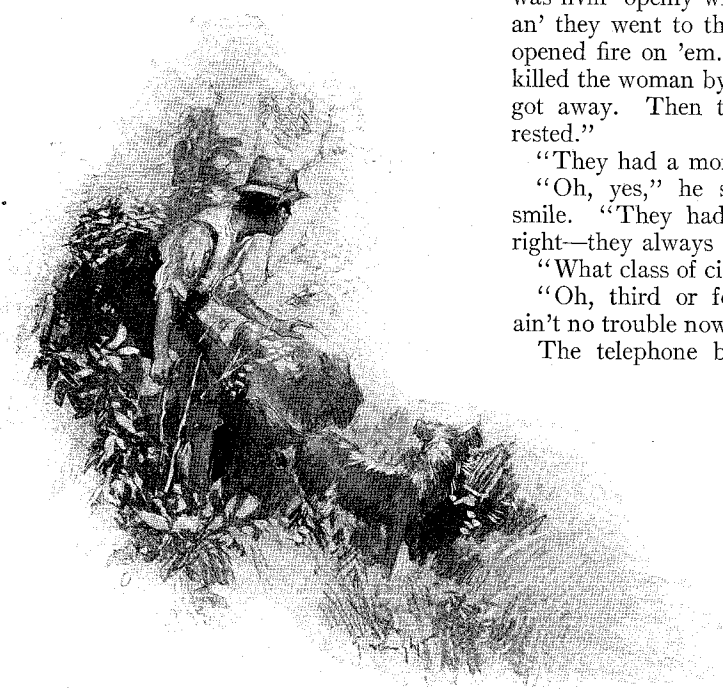
"What class of citizens were they?"

"Oh, third or fourth class, but there ain't no trouble now—no trouble at all."

The telephone bell rang and the tall young man went to it. He seemed to be much interested, listening, and at length he said:

"That's right—keep him steered off." Then he came back, smiling.

"It's a runaway couple in town. The boy



"I can just see that boy Chad and his dog Jack comin' down that mountain most any time."—Page 178.

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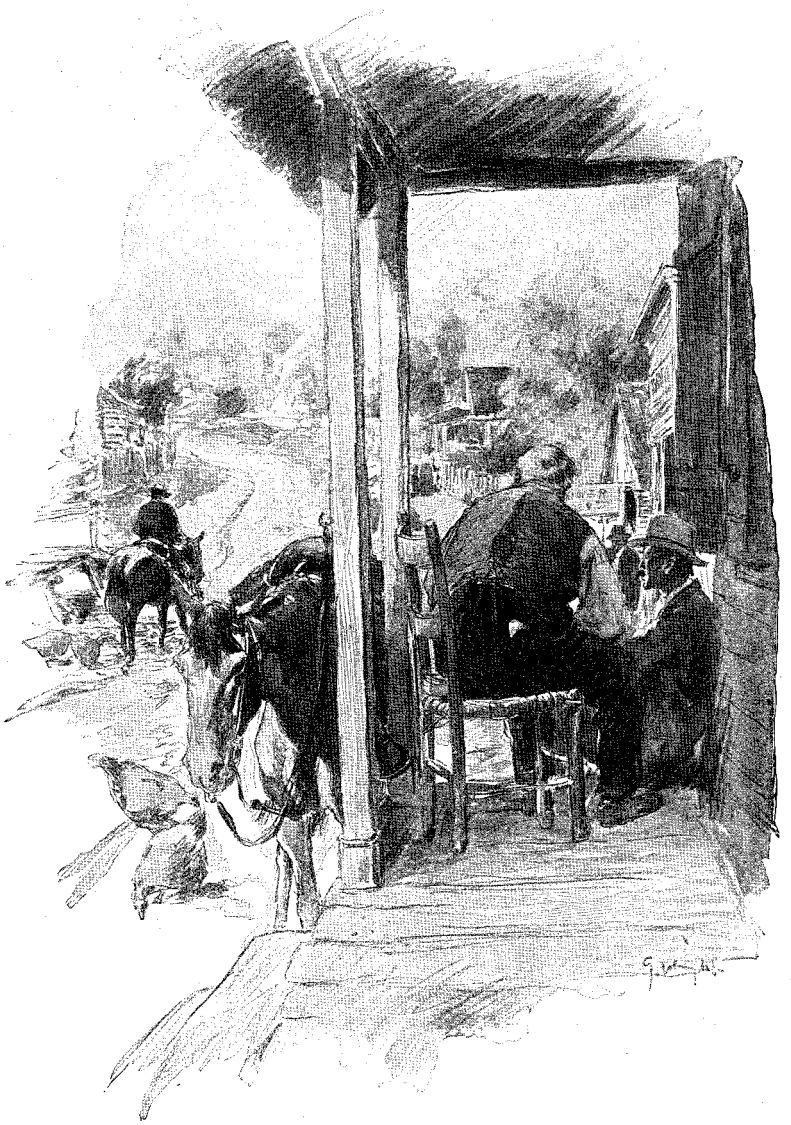
is sixteen and the girl thirteen. He told their ages when they couldn't get a license. The girl's daddy is after them and the telephone girl is holding him off and refusing to answer. The girl says she'll marry him in spite of the devil, and the boy has been buying cartridges. He says it won't do for that old man to catch up with them. They're leaving town in a hack now for some other place, and the old man will be along soon hot-footed."

Everybody, it seemed, was trying to help them, for thirteen is yet no uncommon age for a girl to marry in the hillls.

Supper was ready now—fried ham, biscuits, honey, and milk—and the host's little daughter waited on me. It was full dark when we went back to the porch, and the town below us was black as Erebus and still as a grave when I walked down the hill with my host. Down there hardly a light was visible. A footstep was audible here and there and low voices came from unseen people on the dark porches with almost uncanny effect, so weird are darkness and



I rode down the street and through a flock of geese into the river.—Page 181.

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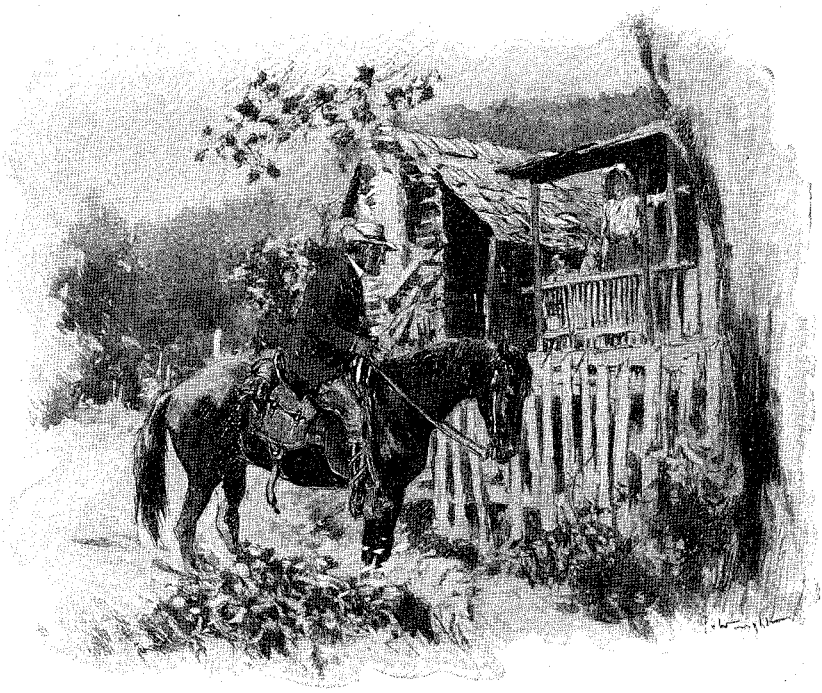

I rode to a cabin on the river bank, and a voice from the porch directed me.—Page 182.

silence in a town to the modern eye and ear. All stores were closed but that didn't matter. Young Field disappeared in the gloom for a moment and came back with the druggist who opened up his shop for us and let us have what we wanted. I was introduced as the man who had brought the boy and the dog over the mountain to Kingdom Come. Geographically I was wrong, said the druggist, but that was generously passed over:

"It was near enough," said the druggist, "for a story-piece." Flies were buzzing like a hive of bees in my room when I went to bed but, apparently, they went to sleep when I did, and I was awakened shortly after daylight to more honey, ham, biscuit, and milk, and, ten minutes later, I was astride the little sorrel and ready for the way to Kingdom Come. Even at that early hour the lifelessness of the town was almost drowsy in effect. Stores were open but no customers were visible, and each proprietor sat in a cane-bottomed chair in front of his door with entire indifference, apparently, as to whether any purchaser should ever come again. And yet, back in the hills there was many an old woman who would have complained, if she had been obliged to live there, that the noise and bustle of the place made her head ache.

The chief man of the town had a sister living at the head of Kingdom Come, I learned to my great satisfaction, and, fortified with accurate directions, I turned the little sorrel and, everybody from curb-stone, doorway, and porch regarding me curiously and silently, I rode down the street and through a flock of geese into the river.

II

THE morning was very beautiful, and the air was cool but prescient of rain. The sandy road was very good and followed the river's brim, skirting meadows and corn-fields and wooded spurs and cliffs—threaded with delicate vines, green with moss, shining with trickling water, and lighted above with riotous blooms of rhododendron. Often it crossed the river in which the sorrel's feet would scatter minnows in a sun-break of terror, and now and then it would climb across a spur where a quail would run like a ballet dancer across it: and always the calls of ploughmen rose clear from the deep valley below. Seven miles down such a way was the mouth of

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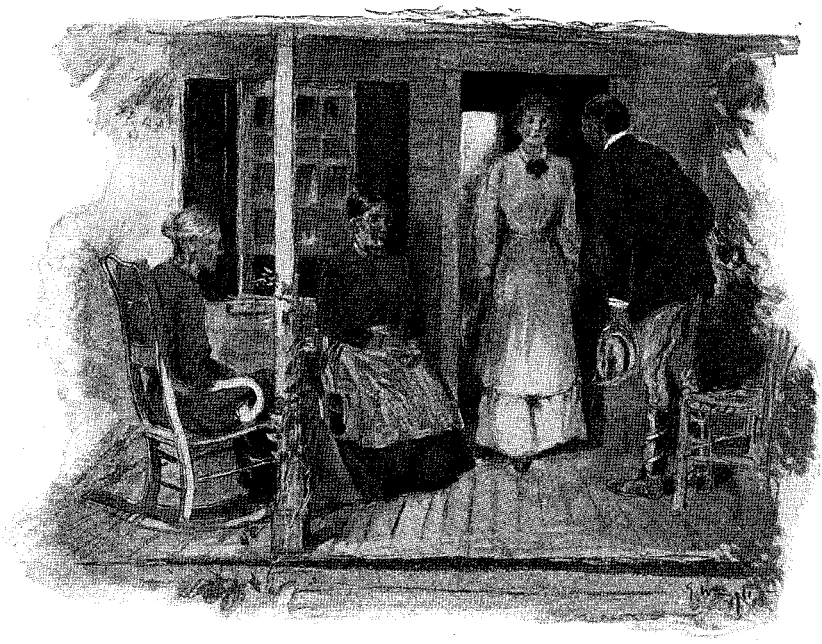

A white vision appeared . . . and I rose to greet it—startled.—Page 184.

Kingdom Come, and it was as hard as salvation getting there. Thrice I was baptized by sudden fierce showers of rain, and when from a hill-side I could see the ravine from which the stream issued, the way was still devious, for no path led from the road. Around the hill and quite out of sight, I rode to a cabin on the river bank, and a voice from the porch directed me around a barn to the river's bed, up which I had to ride. There were quicksands in that river-bed and rocks to make the sinner stumble, and one water-hole more than saddle-skirt deep—indeed, no element, no symbol, was lacking in that orthodox way to Glory Everlasting on Kingdom Come. But I got there at last, and among the pebbles on that shining shore I pulled up short with a little prayer for the mercies that thus far had been mine. I suppose that every writer of stories, having learned that fact is too strange material for fiction, acquires in time a faculty in selecting the usable average that seems like an instinct. It was, of course, because the mouth of that creek was so like the mouths of other creeks I had seen that I had a poignant sense of actually having been there before. There were the logs on the sand waiting for the tide, when they would be bound together by the Turners and float Chad down to his adventures in the lowland Blue Grass. The wooded hills were the hills I had known in the story, and right then I could hear Jack on his way after the scattered sheep up the spur to my right, Chad hieing him on, and old man Turner bellowing from the river bank. To my left ran the road to the old school-house, and over the hill ran the road along which came Chad's tired feet on his return from the Capital. And there was a living Melissa peeping for one swift instant at me from a little out-house a hundred yards away. One thing only I should have had to change to hit the facts of the fiction. There was a hill instead of a valley where the Turner house stood, but perhaps that had been upheaved there recently. Indeed, so real was

Typical of the grim, taciturn mountaineer. —Page 185.

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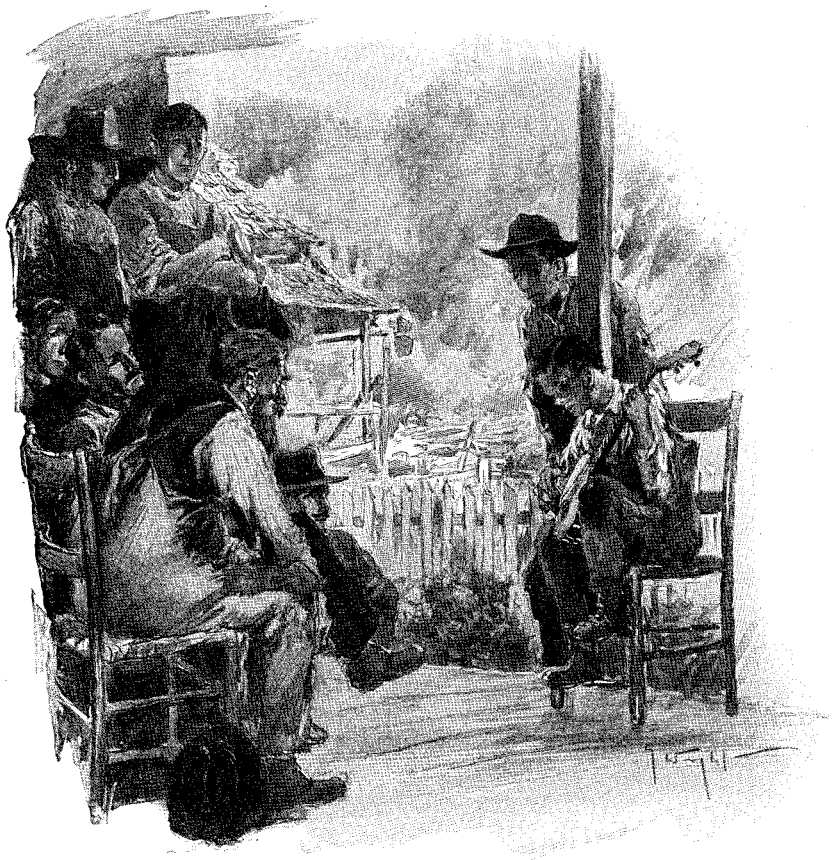
it all that, when I started on, I found myself with a heartache as keen as though I had come back to a place where I had once lived, and from which had gone forever real people whom I had loved there many years ago. I rode by the out-house to get another glimpse of Melissa, but she showed her face no more. I shouted "Hello!" and, as the rest of the family was doubtless out in the fields at work and I feared to frighten her, I rode on and left her crouched hiding on the floor. The bed of Kingdom Come down which Chād had helped to float logs was surprisingly broad, and though there was little water now—and that was shallow, indeed—the banks showed marks of the torrents that could come down. Kingdom Come, too, wore a prosperous air. Here, too, the houses were weather-boarded. Sometimes a porch was latticed and decorated with scroll work, and painted, too, with trimmings of vivid blue. Kingdom Come was also thickly populated for a mountain stream, and there was such a house every few hundred yards. Six miles up was the head of the stream where lived such a family—the Fraziers—as Chad fell among, and there I was bound. Narrower got the stream and closer together came the hills, so that I was obliged to ride for hundreds of yards along its shining pebbly bed. I passed an ugly puffing little grist-mill, run by steam, instead of the dreaming, dripping old water-wheel of other days. At almost every house I shouted an inquiry and still I was not asked my name. In front of every house geese were plentiful in the creek, and once I got down to pick up a beautiful goose quill which I brought home with me, but the folly of sentiment is not leading me to



The tunes were the same old tunes that Chad had thrummed.—Page 185.

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try to pen these words with it. Instead, I am plucking them out with two fingers from a typewriter (perhaps they read that way), for other things than Kingdom Come have changed. The sun was high now, I was close to the last upward flight of Pine Mountain, and I was getting hungry. From a hill-side came the faint clanking of chains from a plough mule being led to the stable for his mid-day meal, and through the green little defile ahead I saw an orchard—the Fraziers' at last. Little did I guess that I should find Mother Turner and Melissa and Chad, too, waiting for me there—not as they were fifty years ago, but as they would have been now.

III

THE green orchard was surrounded by a picket fence with sharp palings—sharpened by hand. Within was a row of bee-gum hives. Beyond the orchard was a log stable—a very old one. Above the green showed the roof of the house—the shingles so cut and bevelled that for a moment I thought the roof was tiled, and I almost gasped. The ravine was narrow, the hills about were precipitous, and one was cleared for corn to the very top. Passing the orchard I came upon the house, weather-boarded, neatly painted, with scroll work and vivid trimmings. At the gate which led into the stable yard I shouted "Hello!" to an old lady who sat on the side porch.

"Can I get something to eat here?"

"Yes," was the unhesitating answer. "Come right in." A boy came to the yard gate to meet me and took my horse.

"He's not used to being fed in the middle of the day," I said.

"Oh, I'll give him a little," said the lad. The garden was full of flowers—old-fashioned ones, chiefly roses, two bushes of which clambered in profusion around the corner of the neat house—old and built of logs. Mother Turner's face was kind and patient and creased with shrewd humor. I told my name and the place I hailed from and she looked at me afresh with mild curiosity.

"I've heerd o' you," she said simply.

Grandmother came in from the room, in which, Spirit of Progress, I saw a brass bedstead, and she, too, had the same face, with the listening look of the blind, the weariness of years, and dim eyes pathetic with the onward look to another world. About both of them was the same brooding silence that encompassed the hills. Presently there was a light step on the back porch, a white vision appeared in the other doorway, and I

She came out to open the outer gate for me.—Page 186.

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rose to greet it—startled. The hair was of pale gold, the brow broad and serene, and in the step was the strength and lithesomeness of her eighteen years. Without shyness or embarrassment she held out her hand. Her throat was a proud column of alabaster, and her eyes were frank and straightforward, big, and violet blue. Melissa I had never imagined lovelier than this mountain girl standing before me at the head of Kingdom Come, and Melissa would have been lovelier had I seen this girl first. But there was an atmosphere about her that had come from outside the hills, and I was not surprised to learn that she had been six months away at school. Indeed, Mother Turner had spent two weeks at some Springs beyond the Blue-grass only two months before. The small boy came back and leaned against the porch and we sat there talking—asking questions and answering them mutually. To my astonishment I soon discovered that this pale Lily of Kingdom Come had a copy of "The Little Shepherd"—given to her by a young man from Hindman, far over the mountains. Mother Turner had read it and liked it, but the Lily was non-committal as to the favor the book had found with her, and I suspected that any value it had came from the donor and not the humble author thereof. Soon she disappeared to her household duties, and presently down the steep hill came men who had been working in her father's cornfield, with mules clanking trace chains interspersed among them—men and boys, a dozen of them. One by one they filed in at the gate and each with a glance of faint curiosity gave me a grave "How-dye" as he passed. They were a patriarchal group of sons and nephews and grandsons and neighbors, I soon learned, and I could tell which were the neighbors by the little courtesies that were shown them by the members of the family, even if I had not been able to pick the latter ones out by the pale yellow hair and blue eyes that evidently were family characteristics. Among them was a new atmosphere, too, for the pall of silence had been lifted by the spirit of newer times and more contact with the outside world, though several of them—one tall, gaunt, dark fellow particularly—were typical of the grim, taciturn mountaineer I had always known. After a wash-up, we all trooped through the room where the brass bedstead was and along the back porch to the kitchen, which was a separate house, where we sat down at a long table and were served by the Lily, her sister, and an older woman who was doubtless a daughter-in-law of the house. And a good meal it was. Everybody ate heartily and hurriedly, though not one but was watchful of the others' wants, and as one man finished another came in and took his place. I looked in vain for a sign of sentiment from some one of the younger men toward the Lily, but I saw none at all, and doubtless her beauty and her experience outside the mountains had lifted her to a point, or her ambition had taken her there, where none dared lift his eyes so high. Though she had been away to school she had dropped back, apparently, into her old life, and I wondered what her dreams and longings might be in the loneliness of it all and the hard work that was plainly hers. As it looked like rain, the hands gathered in the porch after dinner and somebody asked somebody to pick a tune. One boy straightway looked shy. He was a sturdy, good-looking lad with a nice face, and he might have posed for Chad except that there was no suggestion of the waif about him, his hair was neatly parted in the middle, and his banjo was modern and new. But the tunes were the same old tunes that Chad had thrummed—"Sourwood Mountain," "Turkey in the Straw," etc.—and he surely made the instrument hum. After a while eyes were cocked weatherward and everybody rose to go back to work while I was hospitably bidden to stay and rest and, if possible, to spend the night. All said good-by and several urged me to come over again and go to a dance and have a good time.

Thereafter, the Lily showed her fair head only as I was getting ready to leave: Mother Turner gathered some flowers for me and put them in a paper box so that I could take them back home. She brought out some twisted tobacco that she had had for eleven years and which was for sale at five cents a twist. She did not want me to think that I must purchase, but she did think I might like to have some. I took some and paid my bill which was absurdly small, for, said the old lady, it wasn't much of a dinner (I'd like to have one that she thought was good), and my horse had eaten so little. Grandmother and Mother

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Turner said I must come again, and so did the Lily when she shook hands, looking steadily with her frank blue eyes. And when I mounted my horse at the yard gate, her mother spoke in a low voice to her, and she sprang from the porch and came out to open the outer gate for me, and her first faint blush was perceptible when perhaps I overdid my thanks:

"Don't you find it pretty lonesome here since you came back?" I asked.

Her lashes drooped and she nodded with a faint smile. Then she looked up again.

"You must come back to the mountains again."

I said I would, and I wish I could. Straight up a steep path I rode and at the edge of the woods I turned in my saddle and saw her golden head at the edge of the porch, but when she saw that I was looking she withdrew it and, though I looked back again, she was visible no more.

A few hundred yards further up I could see the head of a ravine into which, from other little ravines, the rain-drops trickled to start the little creek of Kingdom Come. There I turned over a spur, down a creek, and started up Pine Mountain, homeward bound. In less than two hours I was crossing the Cumberland River and climbing the Big Black by a long disused bridle path which was rocky, steep, swarming with flies, and where it wound the edges of rain-washed cliffs, almost dangerous. The sun was sinking when I reached the top, and there I hurried southward along the rich loamy crest of the Big Black so far that I began to get uneasy with the fear that I had missed my way, for it would be no fun to be lost in that wilderness even for a night, but at last I heard the welcome tinkle of a cow-bell and, passing through a little bunch of cattle, fat, sleek, curious, I emerged into the Richmond Old Fields—bare of trees, grassy, uplifted, and still luminous from the afterglow. For a moment I stopped and turned for a parting look back over the wild Kentucky hills—two hundred square miles of them through which ridges and streams flowed north-west, and the only regularity of which is a gradual diminishment in height toward the Blue-grass and on to the Western plains. Blueblack they were, solemn and wildly suggestive of dark deeds done and come to light, of others known but never leaking into the outer world, and still others that will be mysteries until, like the sea, they, too, give up their dead.

Down I dropped then by a trail that was steep, winding, and obstructed by stones, roots, and fallen trees; down at last to the head of a little creek, down through a sylvan dell that was heavy with wood smells and riotous with laurel and rhododendron—down until, below me, coke ovens flamed like a pit of hell.

I had seen Kingdom Come but I had learned little about the stream. A forefather of the family that dwelt at its source was the first settler there, in 1816—that was all: for nobody even knew how the creek had got its name. But if, like Chad and Jack, any homeless waif and his dog, as well may happen at any time, should be wandering along the top of Pine Mountain, I could wish no more for them than a haven in the hospitable little home that shelters the Lily of Kingdom Come.

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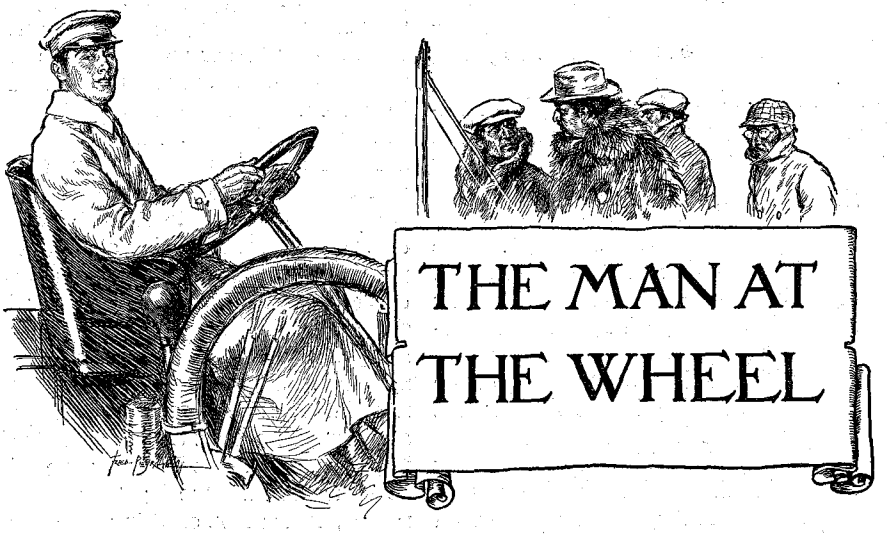

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL

By E. W. Hornung

Illustrations by Fred Pegram

OSWALD ALFRED SMART had been christened (by permission) after the suburban magnate to whom his father was coachman at the time of the urchin's birth; and the two names went so well in double harness, as the coachman said, that they were never heard singly about the stables, although Mrs. Smart was very particular to say "our" Oswald Alfred, even when employing the vocative case, in respectful contradistinction to the master. Both Mr. and Mrs. Smart seem to have had their work cut out with the boy, who often had a stick about his back for his hot yet sullen temper, which was not cured by the treatment. He had, however, from his earliest years, when his better side was uppermost, a smile so sunny and so sudden as to transmute his leaden look to radiant gold. And it was largely this smile which got Oswald Alfred his engagements when, as a son of the house remarked, he "put the lid on" a consistently unfilial attitude by turning chauffeur at the first opportunity.

The old coachman, who knew the lad's temperament, though his knowledge of motor-cars was confined to keeping his carriage out of their way, enjoyed a gloomy view of the venture from the first. His confident misgivings were amply realized. Oswald Alfred's hot head lost him more than one situation in the first year, but not before he had cost successive employers large sums in fines and repairs, because they liked him for his eager alacrity and always hoped he would improve. His smile never failed to secure him a fresh start elsewhere; and as his sins were not due to lack of skill, but were purely a matter of nervous temperament, he went on better than he deserved until a really bad accident got into all the papers and ought clearly to have closed a dangerous career.

Old Smart was sanguine that it had, and made dogmatic computations as to what was not worth fifty bob a week; his attitude was one of chastened superiority on half that preposterous wage. But Oswald Alfred had not gone home after his other vicissitudes, and he was not going now to afford an object-lesson in accurate parental prophecy. He preferred to eat his heart out in his Shepherd's Bush lodgings, as long as his savings lasted, and sometimes even to squander them in defiant jaunts involving a very high collar and a rakish cigarette. But his luck held

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good, by returning before his pockets were quite empty, in the shape of a promising reply to his own reply to an advertisement for a chauffeur who "must be young man."

The young man invested in a higher collar than any in his now shabby stock, and slept on his best trousers before betaking himself to a Bloomsbury hotel to meet the gentleman with the funny name who had written to make the appointment. The gentleman had rather a funny face as well, dark and sallow, with eyes like chocolates; but there is never much light in Bloomsbury, at any rate in the month of February, and Oswald Alfred was not going to belie his stable upbringing in the matter of a gift-horse; for he had a shrewd suspicion that it was "all right," from the first funny accents in keeping with the whole personality of the advertiser, and of a piece with the curious locution (which the applicant had not noticed) in his advertisement.

"So Smart is your name, young man! Smart of name and smart of nature, is it not? Mine, as you know, is Ghum; by Ghum it is, like you say in the classic! I am very glad of you to swear by me, young man."

Oswald Alfred was merely embarrassed by these familiarities, for he had the instincts of a British servant in every vein, and had no desire to be treated otherwise in his new employ. His skin turned a dusky red, which deepened when Mr. Ghum displayed a startling knowledge of the accident which had cost him his last place.

"We spot it in the morning rag," the dark gentleman explained, with a show of teeth and an increasing air of idiomatic mastery; "we remember your name, and have wonder if we might hear of you. How have come you to meet such serious accident, young man?"

Oswald Alfred leaned forward from the edge of his chair, and stated his case to the lining of his cap as even he had never stated it before.

"It was like this, sir: I'd been to meet my lady and gentleman at Victoria Station (London, Chatham and Dover, sir); and the boat was very late, you see, and they'd brought over a new French maid who'd never been in a car before; an' that's 'ow the 'ole affair come to 'appen, sir. It was a limousine, sir, forty-'orse Feeut, an' that piled up with luggage we was absolutely top-'eavy; but my gentleman, 'e was always saying 'is car cost 'im quite enough without cab-fares over and above. I used to tell 'im 'ow it'd be some skiddy night, but he wouldn't take a word, though he'd a rough enough side to 'is own tongue, and I'd decided to give 'im notice when it 'appened in Sloane Street on the way 'ome that night. I was coming along at a good pace, but not exceeding, an' the only other thing in the street was a tradesman's van same way; 'im on the near side, sir, and me coming up on the crown, and blowing my horn. Suddenly he pulls right across me without ever 'olding out 'is 'and; right across me into Pont Street, without showing a finger! There was only one thing to be done, and I done it; took the corner myself, instead o' crashing into 'im, an' beat 'im round it, too! But with all the grease on the road and all that luggage on top we skidded somethink cruel, and took the pavement and smashed our near door against one o' them posts that are there to smash you. My lady and gentleman weren't hurt, they can't say they were, nor yet the worse off anyhow, being insured. But the girl, she'd never been in a car before, an' there she set beside me in front; it wasn't 'ardly right, sir; she didn't know enough even to 'old on. Out she went an' got concussion, and I lost my place for that!"

"A thing you could not help?"

"A thing I could no more help," declared Oswald Alfred, "than the babe unborn."

The chocolate eyes regarded him with sleepy benevolence. "It was hard on as young a man like you," said Mr. Ghum.

"It was very 'ard, sir."

"You deserve another opportunity."

"I should be very grateful if you could give me one, sir."

"And you would not find awful traffic our way," Mr. Ghum added, as though the statement contained a joke; but the subject was no joke to Oswald Alfred.

"I'm not afraid of traffic," he boasted with perfect truth; "but when 'orse-van drivers don't 'old out their 'ands they ought to be put in prison."

"On the other end of the equation," continued Ghum, soaring high over his hearer's head, "you would have a very invalu-

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able life committed to your keeping. I would not be your master, but your master would be mine. I am not interviewing with you on my own account, but as the representative of one of the native bigbugs of my country, who is spending a little holidays in your old one."

Oswald Alfred had pricked up the ears of a keen and catholic sportsman; in fact, the newspaper of that name was even then folded carefully away in the pocket in which it was least likely to spoil the cut of a coat.

"Kind of Jam, or something?" he inquired with interest.

"Exactly! Quite! You hit it on the nail! His Highness the Jam Sahib of Boavista—my royal master and yours who is to be!"

An ill-concealed levity rather spoilt the effect of this descriptive mouthful on Oswald Alfred, but was soon forgotten in his joy over the terms that he succeeded in making for himself. It was wonderful how amenable Mr. Ghum proved to reason and Oswald Alfred's best smile. The lad had been getting fifty shillings in his last place, but of course keeping himself; in the new one he was promised forty and all found. It was not perhaps quite the kind of arrangement that a more independent chauffeur would have been so ready to entertain, but the financial improvement was such that he would soon be in a position to pick and choose again, unless he went and got into fresh trouble through the criminal negligence of others on the road. He was determined it should be through no fault of his own; and the old coachman himself could not have excelled his son in distrust of other drivers on the day that Mr. Ghum called for him with the car in Shepherd's Bush.

The car, a sound second-hand Cleland-Talboys, had been driven thus far by a chauffeur from the works in Notting Dale, where it had been some days undergoing repairs. Oswald Alfred very properly sought particulars, and the works' chauffeur was saying that so far as he knew there had been nothing at all the matter with her, when Mr. Ghum closed a promising discussion by inquiring if Smart could find his way to the Portsmouth Road.

"Then the sooner the better we are on it," he said curtly on getting an affirmative reply. "The car has been tune up for you, like they say in the classic; let me hear her melody without delay. Straight along the Portsmouth Road—but mind you traps—and when we arrive near Guildford I will give you direction."

It was one of those bitter afternoons which make the early spring for days together as cold as the depths of winter, and even colder to the eye. There was no sun in the bleak sky, and no rain in the clouds that flew there, but the trees looked black and brittle against both, and ploughed fields cold as new graves behind the trees. Telegraph posts stood along the side-strips of bleached grass, like sentinels frozen at attention, but here and there a live scout saluted with his reassuring grin. Mr. Ghum sat and shivered behind the windscreen in a coat like a dancing bear's; and the warm young blood at his side did dance with the delight of rattling along an open road again, and that without interference or complaint. Mr. Ghum raised no objection to thirty-five miles on the speedometer, nor yet to taking a corner on the wrong side or bucketing over patches of new metal, all of which were old tricks of the new chauffeur. If the Jam himself was as sensible it might be a pleasant place both on and off the car.

And a pleasant place it proved, at all events in the way of creature comforts and letting a man alone at his job; but Oswald Alfred did speedily find himself lonelier at other times than suited his habit as he liked to live. This again was a mere effect of causes in themselves both strange and disagreeable. There wasn't a female in the house, for instance; dusky heathen shuffled about the kitchen, and the newcomer's was the one white skin on the premises. Dusky heathen jabbered and guzzled in drawing-room and dining-room, and fresh relays were always being taken to the station or met there by the car. So it all seemed to Oswald Alfred. There was room for any number of the savages, as he himself was savage enough to call them in his heart; for the house had been formerly a preparatory school, and there were beds still in the dormitories, whither and whence the chauffeur was too often prevailed upon to carry weird bits of baggage. There were empty class-rooms, too, that gave him a chill when he passed their neglected windows. Yet it was a pretty house when the sun shone on its red brick

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and tiles, and its modern leaded casements, all so racy of the Surrey soil that surrounded it with sombre cedars and with yew hedges no longer of rectangular cut. The chief drawback was that it was a long way down a lane, which was a longer way down another lane; in fact, a more precious-spoken Oswald Alfred might have characterized the place as an oasis of bricks and timber in a wilderness of bracken and gorse.

Our Oswald Alfred confined himself to phrases like "the back of beyond," except on the subject of his never being allowed out anywhere alone, which moved him to the ruder eloquence of his old stable days. He never knew when his car might not be wanted, and was always expected to be on the spot himself in case of emergency. Of course he would never have stood it, had it not meant a steady saving of two pounds a week, and a "chit" (which was Mr. Ghum's synonym for a "character") whensoever he elected to leave of his own accord. But the youth was so well boarded and lodged (in what had been the sick-house of the departed school), and such was the consideration shown him in smaller matters, that he wisely resisted any inclination to make another change before the summer.

His Highness the Jam Sahib of Boavista (a name painted, curiously enough, on the garden gate) was the only member of the strange establishment to whom the new chauffeur took a real dislike; and it was not justifiable, inasmuch as the Jam never vouchsafed a word to him in praise or blame. He had a lean, mean face and figure, in striking contrast to his courtier Ghum, who was gross and genial; but it was the subdued ferocity with which his Highness would let his followers have it, in their own lingo, that made Oswald Alfred bustle before the ruthless lips had time to open fire on him. He gathered from Ghum that the potentate was leading his present quiet and modest life under doctor's orders and the sympathetic ægis of the Imperial Government.

Motoring was stated to be part of the treatment, and yet they did not motor daily, nor on the likeliest days, nor yet always when the chosen day was at its best. Often it would be the latter part of a dismal afternoon before Oswald Alfred went skidding through the muddy lanes with the burly Ghum beside him, his Highness and minor satellites abreast behind, and the acetylene head-lamps duly primed by order; for the Jam and his suite did not dissemble a natural kindness for dusk and darkness. Neither did the white youth object to either, or even to the crew he drove, when he was driving them; for they none of them interfered with him any more than Mr. Ghum had done, but let him go like the wind in the shortest of clear spaces, and cram on the brakes to his heart's content at the corner; so refreshing was their freedom from the little knowledge which is the abominable thing from a chauffeur's point of view. Ghum, however, was by way of acquiring some, but only from Oswald Alfred, who gave him indifferent driving lessons with little method and less regularity.

The party usually drove one way; but it was the most obvious way in the geographical circumstances. Guildford and Godalming ought to have been able to pick out the second-hand Cleland-Talboys even from the band of cars that flows over the fly-wheels of their main streets from dawn to dark; it was never quite dark when they clattered through to fly Hindhead like a hurdle; but they always lit up about the same place, just off the Portsmouth Road in the neighborhood of Liphook. Here may be found one of those impressively extravagant, because solid and interminable walls, which are by no means such a feature of the home counties as of the shires. Yet there was a point of this noble circle which was no great distance from the worthy pile within; the drive was not a long one; and a side gate, which came first, afforded a still shorter cut to the house.

It was through this gate that the motorists, on foot for the purpose, were peeping, one lighting-up-time at the beginning of March; and Oswald Alfred, attending to his own business with a box of matches, was taking as little interest as usual in theirs. He had gathered, from remarks dropped in Ghum's English, that H.H. had his royal eye on the place as a more fitting English seat than the deserted school; but he had no idea to whom it belonged. Suddenly a bicycle bell rang out between him and the peeping gentry at the gate, startling them more than himself, and causing an obsequious pantomime on their

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part in honor of the elderly gentleman who had jumped off the bicycle. Oswald Alfred was particularly impressed to see the Jam Sahib making as deep an obeisance as the youngest of his followers; he could only suppose they had been surprised by some very great personage indeed.

"Good evening, my friends!" cried the cyclist in a rich, kind voice. "Come to have another look at my kangaroo, have you?"

"Sir," replied the Jam, bowing lower than before, "some of these gentlemen had not the felicity of being present on the occasion to which you graciously refer. I was therefore taking the audacious liberty——"

"Nonsense!" interposed the cyclist, heartily. "You take 'em in and show 'em anything you can by this light, and I'll trundle on to the lodge and join you at the sub-tropical kennels with the keeper. My poor beasts have felt the winter as much as you and I have, I'm afraid; but we shall go back to the sun refreshed, and they never will, poor devils! Hurry up, or I'll be there before you!"

This in a genial crescendo as the four forms debouched through the gate and melted fast into the gloaming. Meanwhile Oswald Alfred was marvelling to find that after all his Highness could speak better English, when it suited him, than any of his retinue, and yet that his tone did not sweeten with his words. His tone had been bitter and truculent in some curiously subtle degree, which incurred no snub yet could penetrate the patriotic hide of a British coachman's son, and inject the virus of a vague resentment. Next moment the cyclist was giving his natural enemy the chauffeur a kindly word as well, and in the twin cones of acetylene gaslight the chauffeur recognized his great man at a glance.

"Good evening, my lord!" returned Oswald Alfred, with ready salute and the smile which had lain fallow at Boavista.

"Have we met before?" inquired the other in a tone both puzzled and amused.

"No, my lord, but I see it was Lord Amyott as soon as ever you come in front of the lamps. I seen your lordship's portrait many a time when you was out at the war."

There was genuine enthusiasm in this speech, for Oswald Alfred had a nice capacity for discriminating respect, inherited from the parent who had insisted on so christening him after the master. Lord Amyott, however, did not seem particularly flattered, and his wiry white mustache looked closer-cropped than before on its granite pedestal of chin.

"Ah, well, I'm in another part of the empire now," said he, "and only home for a few weeks, like our friends from the same place." He jerked his head toward the gate through which they had gone, and then stared harder at Oswald Alfred. "You ain't the chauffeur they had the other day?" he added.

"I've been in my situation a fortnight, my lord," was the considered reply.

"Do you know what happened to the other fellow?"

"I never 'eard, my lord."

"No more did I, and I should like to know. Nice lad, I thought him." Lord Amyott stepped up nearer to the bonnet, and lowered his voice. "Do they ever let you out of their sight?" he asked, grimly, but as though it were rather a joke as well.

"Never off the premises, my lord."

"They never let him! I suppose he couldn't stand it. But I should like to know."

Oswald Alfred was not to be outdone in dramatic undertones. "It's all the Jam!" said he sepulchrally.

"All the what?"

"'Im that spoke to your lordship; his Royal Highness the Jam Sahib," explained Oswald Alfred, feeling that he was indeed moving in exalted circles, and unconsciously adding to the altitude. But Lord Amyott only burst out laughing under his breath, after catching it in sheer surprise.

"Does he really call himself that?"

"Only in fun, my lordship, only in fun!" urged a silky voice; and the oleaginous Ghum stood fawning between the speakers in the acetylene rays; how he had returned without a sound, or whether he had ever gone off with the rest, neither knew.

He was the man, however, for an awkward moment, with his sleek and supple tact, and his engaging idiosyncrasies of speech. Oswald Alfred, for one, was easily convinced that the whole concoction of the title, unwittingly suggested by himself, as he was bound to admit, had been all along

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an elaborate joke at his own expense. Perhaps, however, it was Lord Amyott's laughter that carried most conviction, despite a grim note of its own; but when he really had mounted his bicycle, and disappeared round the bend in the direction of the main gates and the keeper's lodge, the unhappy young man was quickly and quietly informed of the enormity he had committed in speaking of the Jam as such.

"Did you not know," cried Ghum, "that he was in this country incogs? If I should tell him how you have given away, you go same way as last chauffeur without moment's hesitation."

"And what way was that?" asked Oswald Alfred, remembering Lord Amyott's inquiries; but the question made Ghum angrier than anything else.

"Never mind you!" said he. "You know what happens to servants who do not take satisfaction; let him be a warning to you. I will not tell his Highness what you have done. I dare not. It is more than I am worth."

"But *is* he 'is 'ighness?" demanded the young man. "First you say it's all a cod, and then you talk as if it wasn't."

"Of course it isn't!" the other declared in all solemnity. "He is exactly what I said him; the title is not invention or beastly lie. It is the whole truth, and nothing but the whole, only his Highness want it kept up the sleeve."

This was not quite good enough for the young man; he had heard Lord Amyott's first and loudest laugh; and his faith was shaken to its base. His imagination was stimulated, which was worse; it fastened on the last chauffeur and his fate, in which even a world's hero like Lord Amyott V.C. (and ever so many less popular letters of the alphabet) had shown such interest. Oswald Alfred was in fact a good deal disturbed by his conversation with his lordship; but it was an experience that left him still more proud, and he was seriously thinking of drilling a hole through the sovereign a noble hand had slipped into his.

His imagination, however, was strengthened in its hold on a disagreeable subject by a little circumstance which occurred on the way back that evening. On Hindhead a tire bumped heavily, and was discovered down; and the dark crew disembarked while the young white man jacked up his wheel and put on the Stepney. The spot was close to the famous Gibbet, and the quartette not only strolled on to the memorial stone by the roadside, but one of them returned for a side-lamp with which to illuminate the inscription. Now the chauffeur knew parts of this by heart, having bought picture post-cards of the stone "erected in detestation of a barbarous murder" when putting up at the Huts in his last employ. As he wrestled with his wheel he heard an uncouth clucking of alien tongues; but it was not this that made him look up, and left the bad impression on his mind; it was the sudden chorus of cacophonous merriment, and the spectacle of four human beings leaning back in a patch of lamplight, on the grassy brink of a black abyss, and holding their sides before the record of the cruel deed once done there.

"They want tipping into it," thought Oswald Alfred; "the Devil's Punchbowl's just about their mark."

Their heathen behavior might not have struck him without Lord Amyott's previous inquiries after the last chauffeur, and those inquiries might not have stuck in his mind if the heathen had not behaved so that evening. The unfortunate sequence formed a vicious circle in a mind not used to coping with unpleasant fancies, and spoilt his night for as good a sleeper as a very young man should be. Nor was it quite nice to lie awake, wondering about one's predecessor, in his very bed, and that the only one in a separate building containing several locked rooms or potential Bluebeard chambers.

That night he thought of giving notice in the morning, and perhaps making off before his week was up, but a series of fine spring days hardened the lad in his original determination to "stick it" till the summer. He was no coward, when all was said in his disfavor, and as a rule he showed your real road-hog's plentiful lack of imagination. He was not going to be a fool and forfeit a clear two pounds a week, and no silly complaints. Even the now formidable Ghum made no further allusion to the indiscretion about the Jam, did not hold it over a fellow, but seemed to have forgotten all about it, and only redoubled the ardor of his own efforts to learn to drive the car.

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But you may teach a man to drive like an arrow when there is nothing else on the Ripley Road, and yet never know when a wobble of the wheel or a foot on the wrong pedal may spell instantaneous disaster. It was only a wing and a step that Mr. Ghum damaged to the like detriment of a passing car; but he was seen no more at the wheel, and it was Smart Sahib (as the menials sometimes called him with rolling eyes) who took a select load in the favorite direction about a week after their last encounter with Lord Amyott. This time, however, it was the middle of the evening before they started. And no secret was made of their intention to see Lord Amyott again, and as it certainly appeared to Oswald Alfred, by appointment.

Over Hindhead hung a skyful of stars, and if there were fewer to be seen from the lane near Liphook, it was not the fault of stars or sky. This time no wistful peeping into Paradise, but confident entry at the side gate on the part of that powerful Peri Mr. Ghum and his serene master. The white youth scarcely noticed that a dark one quietly took the vacant seat beside him, that another leant as quietly against the Stepney wheel, or for that matter that there had been four of them seated behind instead of three. It was not a night on which you noticed all you ought; the stars were too beautiful, sparkling to the eyes as the keen air did in the mouth and lungs. And for long enough nothing was to be heard but those small noises of the country night, which can mean so little individually to a cockney soul like Oswald Alfred's, yet perhaps so much in the mass. At all events he was not feeling frightened, or mean, or particularly anxious for further relations with Lord Amyott, or to give notice before he was given it, or to drive a six-cylinder at sixty miles an hour, when the new note of a lumbering gait and laboured breathing recalled him to his motor-self.

It was old Ghum blundering through the side gate. "They have sickness in there!" he called excitedly. "The lordship—the ladyship—I no breath tell you. The doctor—they want you! Straight on—hard you like!"

Oswald Alfred had heard of strokes and seizures, and naturally conceiving either Lord or Lady Amyott the victim of one, had leapt out and was winding up before these stertorous ejaculations had merged into native patter. Ghum was assisted into his old place, the driver climbed over him into his, and off they went with clanging gears and clashing lever.

"Wait till I let her out!" muttered the man at the wheel, and gave the second-hand Cleland-Talboys gas enough to drive a motor-bus. The gray lane wobbled under her lamps, plucked out of darkness in brilliant ovals, and the low wall wavered on the edge of the halo. Lane and wall bore continuously to the left, but Oswald Alfred took no heed of the obtuse corners, and only blew his horn when a couple of figures appeared like motes in the advancing gas-beam; they had plenty of time to get out of the way, but they both jumped for their lives in a style that made the heathen squeal with joy; and only at the last moment, which was the next moment, and the worst in all his life, did Oswald Alfred see who they were.

One was that villainous Jam, showing nothing but his teeth and the whites of his evil eyes; the other was a white shirt-front with pearl studs in it, a black tie, a collar, and a cropped mustache of which every silver bristle stood out as Lord Amyott reeled and stumbled in front of the car. There was a horrible impact, but no bumping over the mass of black and white that whirled out of the halo like a wounded magpie.

Meanwhile, at the ultimate or penultimate moment of recognition, Oswald Alfred had applied his brakes with such reckless violence that a less heavily-weighted car might have completed the tragedy by turning a somersault on the fatal spot; but the overcrowded Cleland-Talboys ground itself to a shivering standstill in its own length. And the white driver started to his feet behind the wheel.

"He done it! He's murdered 'is lordship! I saw the swine give 'im a push with both 'ands!"

So he began on the trio behind, flinging an accusing arm after the wretch who was already stooping over his mangled magpie in the bracken. A patch of white shirt showed through the fronds; and to his unspeakable indignation the chauffeur saw a kick dealt it, and the white roll over into black, before the brutal leader rejoined his grinning band.

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"I saw you!" cried Oswald Alfred, in inadequate greeting; "I saw you give 'is lordship a push at the last moment! You'll swing for it yet, you dirty nigger!"

"On the contrary," replied the Jam, with bestial suavity, "it is you who have taken this valuable life, and you who shall answer for it with your own!"

The young man could not tell whether the fiend meant then or thereafter—by violence or by perjury—but he believed his last moments had arrived when Ghum screwed the muzzle of an automatic pistol into the flesh under his left ear.

"Down on your seat," hissed Ghum, "and drive like the devil where I say you to drive, or I blow in your brains this minute!"

Instantaneous surrender was the only answer to that. Yet the gibbering coward heard his own abject words but faintly, as at a distance, and not as his own words at all, only to grind his teeth when he knew they were, and what a coward he had lived to be! He sobbed to think he could have fallen so low, to be first hoodwinked by a lot of murdering niggers, and then to beg for his life at their dirty hands; and yet even while he sobbed he was out and busy with the starting-handle, and more than busy, with a zeal so ignoble that he felt its poison in every vein.

He a coward! He had never been such a thing in all his days; he would have struck the man or boy who had dared to call him one before to-night. Besides, it was absurd; a man who could drive as he could in the traffic, in and out with his eyes half-shut, or at his rate by night on a twisty road, was no coward whatever else he might be. He carried his life in his hands, that was what he did and had been doing ever since he learnt to drive a car. And yet he was driving one now at the absolute will and pleasure of a black fat fool with a pistol in his hand!

Right, left, right, and right again at that blackguard's bidding; and now they were back on the bleak main road under a full company of stars; and those were the lights of Hindhead in the distance, and here were a pair of enormous white-hot eyes scorching down the hill to meet him. If only he had the pluck to run into them! They would not all be killed, some of these murderers would live to hang, and a turn of the hand would do it . . . would do it now . . . even now . . . no, now it was too late.

"And a good job, too!" said Oswald Alfred to himself. "Jolly hard on the other coves!"

But in his heart he knew it was not "the other coves" he was considering, but his own miserable skin. Well! Try again; the Hindhead lights were quite near now; why not dash into the middle of them and wreck the car against the stout old wall of the Huts? He could hear the crash, could see the *débris*, and himself picking himself up, to live and tell the tale if there was a God above! He would do it; this time he would; he got so far as lifting his right foot ever so little on the accelerator, as dropping a speed an instant later on the hill. But that spoilt it; nothing under thirty-five an hour would make a job of it; and after all that was impossible at the top of a long hill.

He caught himself breathing again.

Ghum came to his assistance at the same instant. "Faster! faster," he hissed again, with his barrel against the young man's ribs. "Come to stoppage this side Boavista, and you join the lordship this very night!"

The brute's breath was on his cheek, deep-dyed with shame in the zone of light outside the Huts; a few loiterers were left idly gaping, neither more nor less interested in the carload of criminals than in the hundreds a day it was their fate to suffer from; and once more the oval searchlight danced ahead in the darkness.

There was light, too, in Oswald Alfred's brain, where the sullen embers had been fanned to passionate flame by the vile breath on his cheek and the succulent threat in his ear. The wretches behind were keeping quiet in the silent company of their crime and its risks; he was glad Ghum had spoken, to remind him what wretches they all were. Was it likely that they would spare his life in any case after that which had been done before his eyes? What had happened to the last chauffeur?

His successor thought of him for the first time that night, and the wind in his face felt warmer than his blood; he thought of the locked doors in the deserted sick-house, and would his own be locked to-morrow? He saw certain death awaiting

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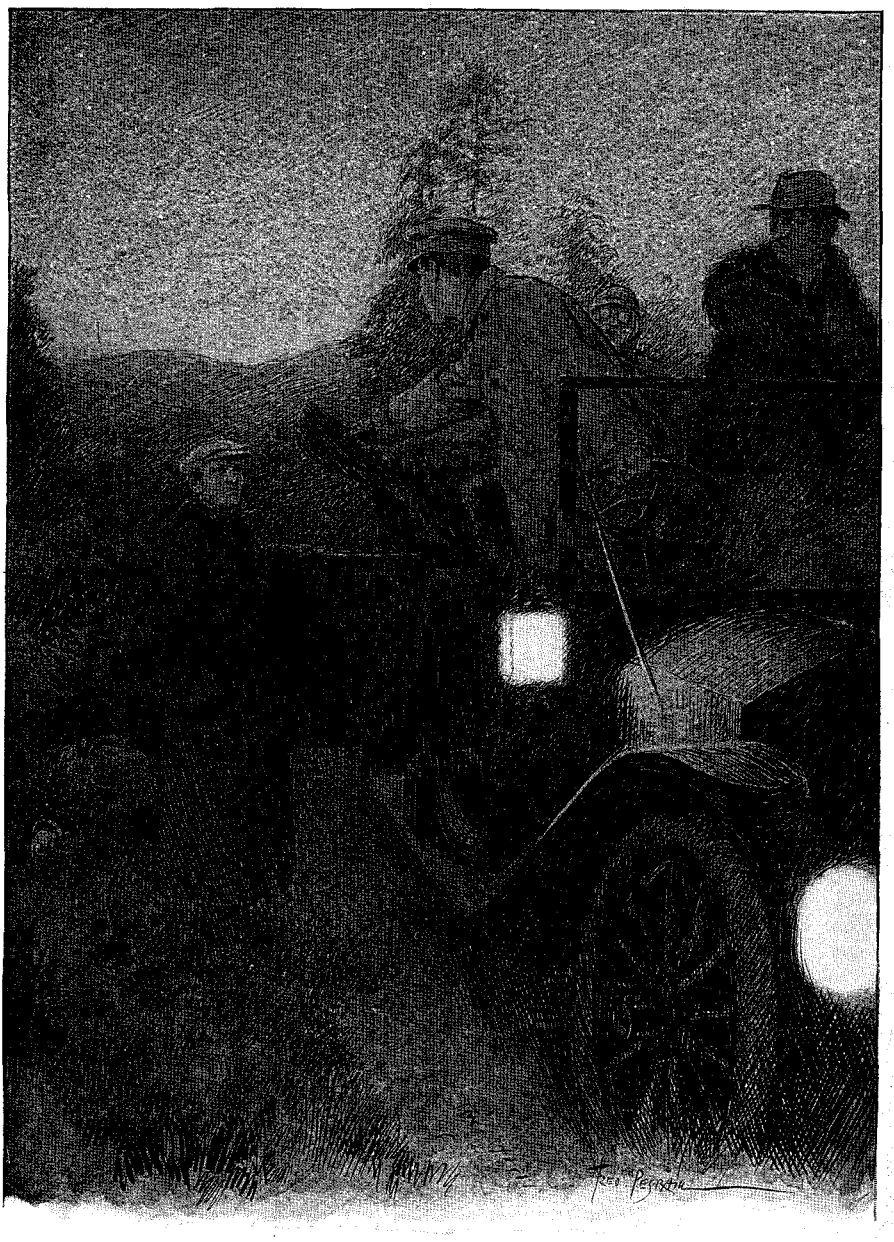

"I saw you give 'is lordship a push at the last moment!"—Page 194.

him under the sheltering cedars and the warm red tiles of Boavista; and simultaneously with the outward eye he saw the memorial stone marking the scene of that other "barbarous murder"—the one at which these hounds had laughed! No wonder, while they hatched its infinite superior in barbarity!

There stood the stone, over the crest of the hill and down the timely slope, on the edge of the oval halo; on the edge also of a wide abyss with lights twinkling only on the opposite rim, and in the sky that seemed somehow nearer at that moment. If that was the Devil's Punchbowl, it looked full of boiling pitch as Oswald Al-

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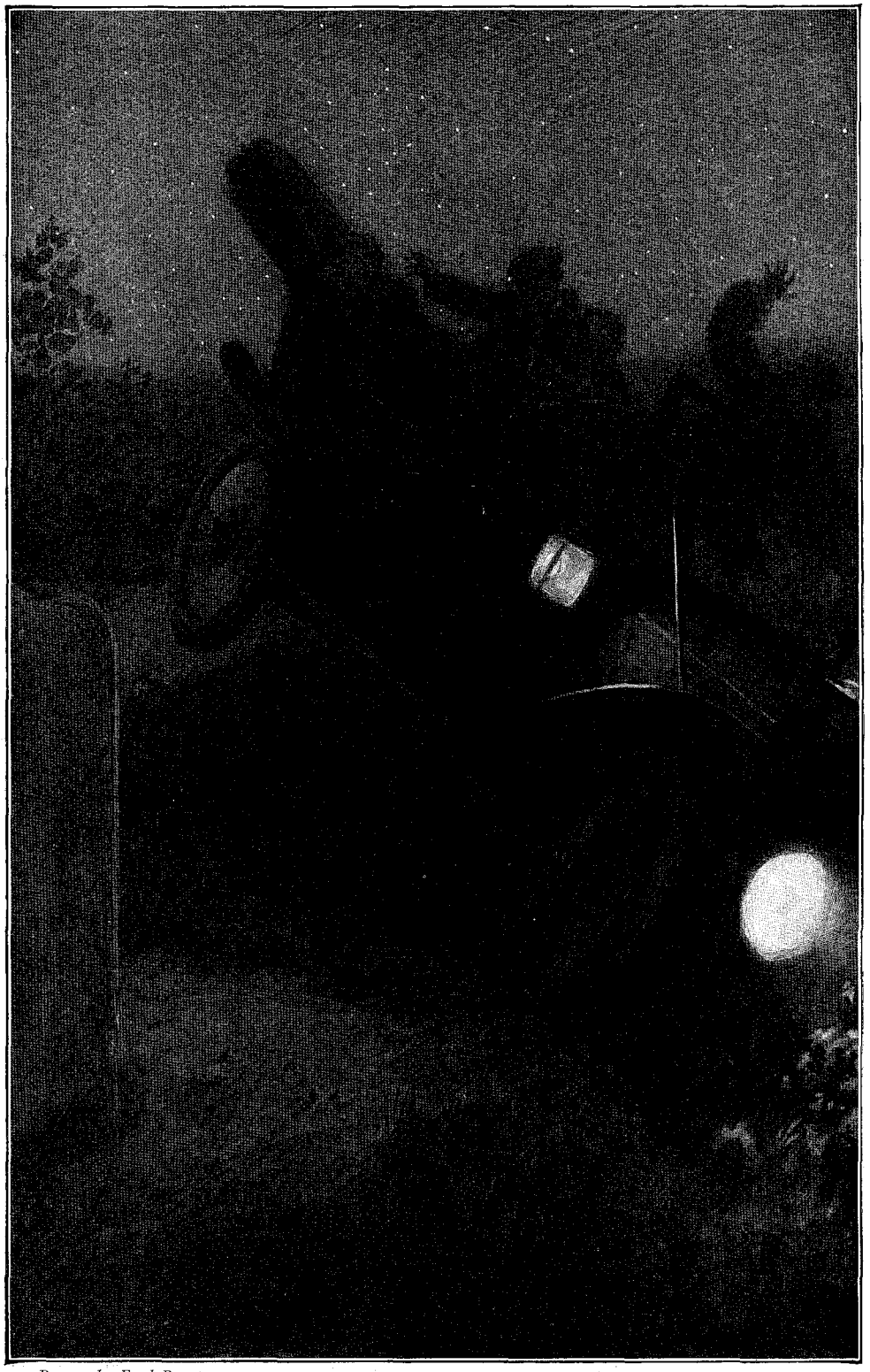

Drawn by Fred Pegram.

There was a whir of wheels in the air, a lurch into space.—Page 197.

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fred turned set teeth to his infamous companion, and shouted through them:

"Look out!"

Ghum looked that way as intended; for the young man was curiously determined not to die by a bullet, and this time his hands did not fail him at the last. Round went the wheel, and round came the storied stone, clean across the headlamps; a fringe of limelit gorse rose vividly between them and the pitchy void; there was a whir of wheels in the air, a lurch into space, and so the chapter ended for the occupants of the second-hand Cleland-Talboys.

Yet not for all, because by day the place is not what a dark night paints it, and there are always some who fall clear of a car.

There was one great unscathed scoundrel who stood his trial at Guildford, who insisted on giving evidence in his own defence, and who nearly succeeded in getting the court cleared by reason of his strangely individual locutions. Fourteen years was his portion; but a young spectacled coffee-colored student, being crippled for life, was more leniently handled.

Between these extreme cases of survival came a third, which was treated for a long time, and with ultimate success, in a nursing home near the scene of the catastrophe. It was summer, however, before Lord Amyott was admitted there, on two sticks, and ushered into the patient's presence, to be immediately rewarded by a wan but unmistakable edition of the very brilliant smile which had taken his fancy by night outside his own side gate.

"There are only two things I want to know," said Lord Amyott, in his kind rich voice. "I know all about most of it, including what happened to myself, so please hold your tongue about that, my good fellow! What I want to know is whether the final thing was another accident, so far as you were concerned, or whether you went mad and did it on purpose as that rascal Ghum declared in the witness-box."

Oswald Alfred did not hesitate long.

"I did it on purpose," he muttered "but I never went mad."

"In plain English, you absolutely meant to send the lot of them to hell—and to go with them so far?"

"That was it, my lord," said Oswald Alfred, finding more voice under the encouragement of a look and tone that rather astonished him in Lord Amyott.

"You sat tight and turned your wheel as though you were going round an ordinary corner?"

"Yes, my lord," replied our hero, as though he had never hesitated for a single unheroic moment; but a sharp twinge of remorse caused him to qualify the boast a little. "You see, my lord," the lad explained, "I felt they'd send me the way of the last chauffeur—and now we know what that was—but I'd a pretty good idea then, and I preferred my own way."

Lord Amyott hobbled between his two sticks into the balcony, and bent his brow over the darkling pines; perhaps he would have liked a little less complacency in the performer of the particular feat under discussion; and he thought that on the whole he would not put his skilled opinion of it into so many words.

"There's only one other thing I want to ask," said he, returning as far as the French windows. "We're a pretty pair of cripples, but I'm assured that it's only a matter of time in both cases, and I've booked my own passage for September. I've got a new car on order to go out in the same boat. Would you like to come out with me to take the wheel?"

And Oswald Alfred lay transfigured by a smile which, it is to be hoped, was not Lord Amyott's only reward for being braver than he knew.

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AN APRIL MASQUE

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

IT was spring in Versailles, one of those golden April days when the last of the violets are still in bloom and the first lilacs are opening, when the old pleasure-ground of the Bourbons is the loveliest spot in all the lovely world. There, in that corner of the park which is still called "The Garden of the King," sat Jules Dorival, his spirit thrilling with ecstasy. Because he was a painter, not a historian, he thought not at all of the political upheavals that had thrown open to the poorest citizens of the republic the favorite promenade of Louis the Magnificent; but because he was a painter the beauty of the visible world filled him with a joy so piercing that it was almost unbearable. He closed his eyes, and being of Latin blood, wept for joy at the revelation of the soul of the lovely old garden, shown to him in a shimmering vision of colors, odors, lines, such as, he thought passionately, only angels—nay, archangels! —deserved to see.

He opened his eyes again, and noticed that he was no longer alone. Some one had come up and now sat on the other end of his stone bench. It was neither an angel nor an archangel, but a small old man, dressed poorly in black, very forlorn, very drooping, a doleful little blot on the splendor of the day. He cast a deprecating glance at the superb young swell from Paris, and edged around shyly to conceal the poverty-stricken noon-day meal which he took out of a paper bag. Jules Dorival, the success of that year's Salon, with the ample proceeds of a prosperous sale still in his pocket, had just lunched on squab smothered in mushrooms, asparagus, and hot-house grapes, all washed down with Sparkling Saumur. He looked with a pity that was almost horror at the lump of bread on which the old man was now munching, and felt instinctively for his purse.

Even as his fingers touched it something about the fineness of the other's thin old profile moved him to caution before he offered alms. He moved along the bench and began a casually conversational investigation. "A fine day, Monsieur."

The old man admitted the truth of this statement in a small, sad voice.

"And a heavenly spot," Jules went on.

The other nodded, and after he had swallowed with difficulty a large mouthful of dry bread, ventured the observation that it grew finer every year.

"You speak as though you had known it long," angled Jules.

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"For nearly forty years, my young friend."

"Oh, most fortunate of mortals!"

The old man looked up quickly as if in fear of a pleasantry, and said nothing.

Jules explained himself. "My profession is such that I am, perhaps, more moved than another might be by the great beauty of the park at this season."

"Your profession is—?" asked the old man in black.

"I am an artist." The young man might have been announcing that he was a reigning sovereign.

His statement had a singular effect on the cheerless little figure at the other end of the bench. The old man sat up straight, brushed the crumbs from his tie, pulled down his threadbare waistcoat, and offered his hand with a grand gesture. "Sir, we are comrades-at-arms. I too am an artist."

II

It was three o'clock before they rose from the bench. "I have not had in years so long a break in a working-day," averred the old gentleman, "nor so agreeable a one as our talk together has made."

Jules did not answer, but allowed the other to take his arm and lead him along to the Grand Canal, and then up the stone steps toward the château.

"It is indeed a rare privilege to introduce such a painting to such an artist," the old man went on, "and you must not reproach yourself that you have overlooked it heretofore in your inspection of the grand art treasures of Versailles. It is but a small canvas. Its greatness lies in its subject; a greatness I have not begun to exhaust, after my lifetime of study of it."

Jules nodded. He was trying to conceal the fact that he had never in his life been inside the château, regarding it, with all of his sophisticated and knowing generation, as a chamber of horror of bad paintings, bought and preserved by political demagogues because of the cheap patriotism of their subjects. Not only was he a painter of the last hue of modernity, but he was a Socialist of the latest hue of Internationalism; and he found immensely diverting the fate which thus dragged him forward to admire all that was anathema to him.

"Pardon me," said his old companion. "I—I—" he hesitated, looking down at his feet. Long before this Jules had been shocked to notice that they were encased in heavy wooden shoes, such as the poorest workmen wear. "I—to a fellow-artist, M. Dorival, there can be no shame in admitting the shifts to which devotion to our common profession has brought me. Wooden shoes are not allowed in the gallery—the fine floors you know—and I have no others. The list slippers to which I change are kept for me by an obliging custodian, but as he is not yet returned, I shall be forced to wait a few moments." He was in a fidget of impatience at the delay to the other's pleasure. "Pray do not wait for me. It is the third small room after the long gallery. My easel with a half-finished copy stands before it, and as I am, alas! the only copyist here——"

Jules went forward alone, cheering himself with the reflection that after all the pictures could not be as bad as—his mouth fell open at his first glimpse of the long gallery. He traversed it in an absolute silence, looking faithfully at each of the huge canvases. He went into the first of the small rooms. He went into the second. He went into the third, and passing rapidly to the window leaned his forehead against the pane. "If I had not seen the first small room, I would have upheld against any man, with the weapons of his choice, that nothing could be more dreadful than the long gallery. And if I had not seen the second small room, I would have sworn that the first was—and oh! Apollos and the Muses! here is the third!"

He faced about and resolutely took in the picture-covered walls. His eye fell on the canvas, its face turned to the easel. He went bravely across the room and stared at the painting before which it stood. Then, raising his right hand above his head, "The worst painting in the world," he said solemnly, "I have seen it!" He turned, knocking with his elbow the canvas from the easel. He picked it up, held it at arm's length, and leaned against the wall for support as he palely gazed at it.

A quick, shuffling step came down the long gallery and through the two small rooms. "You are looking at my work, I see," said the old copyist, with a shy haste to know the other's opinion. "Dare I ask you how it seems to you?"

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Jules looked at the old man, his emaciated little person at once shrinking and eager, his lips dropped apart like a wistful child's. He took his hand and pressed it hard. "I think it," he said with generous emphasis, "I think it the very most faithful copy I ever saw in my life."

He perched on his high stool, . . . gazing ecstatically into space.—Page 203.

III

SEATED around a table at Laveille's, blowing the foam from their bocks, rolling their cigarettes, abusing the pictures in that year's Salon, and light-heartedly delivering themselves of the last cry in incendiary socialism, eight of "The Immortal Nine," as they called themselves with an artless candor, welcomed the returning Jules with shouts of affectionate derision.

"He would play the poet and see spring in the country, would he?"

"No more tawdry boulevard trees for HIM!"

"The only man in Paris sane enough to leave it!"

Jules dropped into a chair and took off

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"I sold them to two soldiers of France . . . such as patriots dream of."—Page 204.

his hat. At the sight of his face they were silent. He began to speak. They listened. Their cigarettes went out. After a time they drew their chairs closer to where he sat. At this sign that his listeners were with him, his voice warmed.

"This day, while I idled, full-fed, in the sun, this day he ate his bread seasoned with despair—with an old man's hopeless despair. I asked him, 'Can it be you do not know of the Lavignac Home for Old Artists? Surely there would be a retreat for you there.' At that it all came out with a rush. Yes, he knew the Home—knew much more about it than I. For many years he had planned to spend his days there, in the pleasant and honorable company of others who had devoted their lives to art. But the number is limited, vacancies come seldom. There was one now, and the director had stretched the rules to hold the place open for him. It was of no avail. A thousand francs are required for entrance, and he could not begin to make up that vast sum. No, it was impossible. To-morrow is his last day of grace, his last opportunity to escape—ah, everything that old age fears the most.

" 'But my dear Monsieur,' I said, 'What will you then do when your failing eyes compel you to stop painting?' And he answered, 'I could be one of the old men who sell post-cards before the door of the château—and I could eat less bread.' I ask you, my friends, have you *seen* those old men?

"I went with him to his garret," he sketched it in quick, picture-making gestures; "a bed—such a bed!—a table—a chair—and everywhere else, copies, copies, copies, copies of that horror. He said no one had bought one for—he would not tell me for the honor of Young France for how many years. He has been living on what he had saved for entrance to the Lavignac Home, and now that is gone."

The cigarettes were not relighted, the foam on the bocks sank down and disappeared, no one moved. Jules's voice went on and on. A handkerchief appeared, and then others. Lachrymose Gallic noses were blown resoundingly. Sure of his au-

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dience, Jules now let himself go. "It is as a service to his country—to our country!—that he has spent a lifetime copying that nightmare of a—voyons! I've told you what the picture is from our stand-point of paint and brushes. But listen! This is how he described it to me. 'There is the grand symbolical figure of La République,' he took off his dreadful old hat at the name, 'lifting up France, crushed and despairing, as the last Uhlan, loaded with French gold, rides out of her territory. La République points ahead, above. France raises her head, her eyes kindle, she strides forward on the stony path to rehabiliation. And behind her come the French, soldiers and bourgeois, young and old, men and women, all worn, pale, draped in black, but animated with indomitable courage, struggling forward, the strong helping the weak—ah, M. Dorival, a dream of France, as every Frenchman would have her!'"

Jules drew a long breath and flung out his hands. "Oh, I know we are all moderns, and have no belief in frontiers, and laugh at the old-fashioned jargon of patriotism." Without transition he passed swiftly on: "Why, every drop of French blood in me burned as he told me his story. For longer than any of us has lived he has toiled incessantly, not for gain—he was so proud to tell me that even in the days of the picture's great popularity he had never sold his copies for more than would barely support him. This he has done so that he might go on sending out over the country that he adores—what? Mediocre copies of an execrable picture? No! His vision of the ideal! 'I am but a dull and commonplace person,' he told me. 'In that black hour of France's need I could help her in no other way. This one thing I could do, and I would.' He is seventy years old. Mes amis! Frenchmen all!"

A little black-bearded youth from Gascony sprang to his feet, snatching off his hat. "A collection, comrades!" he cried.

Jules stopped him with a gesture. "He is not a beggar, but a member of our own profession, not to be helped with alms!"

They turned disconcerted and inquiring faces to him.

"I will tell you what I want of you," cried Jules, and embarked upon the second half of his plea. The chairs were still drawn close, the cigarettes were still unlighted, the listeners were still breathless, but this time no handkerchiefs followed Jules's eloquence. Instead there were nods, quick gestures of understanding, outbreaks of delighted laughter, and, at the end, a storm of hilarious and voluble acquiescence. Jules rose, hailed a taxicab, and stood with one foot on the step, calculating rapidly: "Eight I leave here—the copies are fifty francs apiece, admission to the Lavignac Home is a thousand francs—twenty are needed. I must find twelve more before to-morrow, and I must select them with care! With *care!*" He gave an address in Montmartre to the *cocher*, leaped into the cab, and was off.

IV

THEY were startlingly diverse in character, united by no visible principle of selection, the interiors visited by Jules during the next four hours. A big, bare studio in Montmartre, with a famous name on the door, where a magnificent old man and his magnificent old wife laughed, when he entered, at what they called his "prophet-in-the-desert expression," but who did not wait for him to finish his story before they pushed him out into the street with a "Hurry! Hurry! Find the other ten!"

A rose-tinted little salon, near the Parc Monceau, where a rose-tinted little lady in white lace struck her pretty hands together and said, "Off with you to get the other nine!" A quiet little room in the St. Sulpice quarter, the abode of an old priest who went back to his interrupted writing saying, "But yes, of a surety, my son. Waste no more words on me. There are eight more needed." The long dormitory of a barracks where two young men, addressed respectively as Vicomte, and Red Jean, shook his hand in parting with the most correctly English gesture. They were laughing a great deal. One said, "You must make my peace with my royalist family for me!" The other, "A pretty rôle you pick out for your anarchist friends!" but they both called after him, "Six more, remember!" A laboratory in the big Sorbonne building, where two Russian girl chemists, in the midst of a smell that was almost visible, looked up from a test-tube to listen, and went back to it, calling after the departing

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An elderly priest came into the room and began a leisurely inspection of the pictures.—Page 204.

young man, "We will bring Olga too, so you need but three more."

He had a rebuff when he pounded in vain at a studio door in a dark hall in the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs. A card on the door, which he finally deciphered, told him that Achille and Eugène has gone to the country for a week, and that Maurice owed so much money that he was obliged to hide, even from his friends, his temporary abiding-place. He turned away from this disconcerting information with an apprehensive look at his watch, but a flying trip to one of the boulevard theatres found a dressing-room still inhabited by a tiny creature, all big black eyes, fluffy tulle, and spangled wings. She stopped laughing with another fairy as the young man began his story, and she was crying honestly into a large, red-checked handkerchief when he finished. The other fairy was crying too, so that as the cab rolled away, Jules wiped his forehead. "Nineteen—and I make the twentieth!" he said, and drew a long breath for the first time that evening.

At his hotel in Versailles he left strict orders for an early call at Number 43, but as the garçon conscientiously delivered this to the exasperated occupant of Number 45, it was late when he finished his breakfast and hurried to the château. The copyist was already at work. That is, he perched on his high stool, with a brush in his hand, but he was gazing ecstatically into space.

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When Jules appeared, he climbed down, hung his palette carefully on his easel, and offered two trembling hands to his young friend. "I have misjudged Young France!" he said fervently. "Her heart still beats true!"

Jules looked a lively interest.

"I have sold two copies of this immortal work!" cried the copyist, his voice quavering. "But that is only a small thing compared to—I sold them to two soldiers of France, two young soldiers such as patriots dream of, full of heartfelt devotion to their country. It broke from them, at the sight of that superb allegory, like a flood-tide! I wished to *give* them copies! But no. They would buy."

"How do you manage?" asked Jules, "about delivering copies?"

"These young men asked me to bring them to-night to the Soleil d'Or."

"To the—?" asked Jules.

"That name is not on it, but all who know Versailles call thus the restaurant at the head of the Grand Canal. The soldiers are to dine there."

Jules nodded, and pulling out of his pocket a long string, proceeded to tie two knots in it. Then he tied a third and announced that he was ready to take that day the copy he had ordered the day before. Even as he spoke, an elderly priest came into the room and began a leisurely inspection of the pictures. Jules retired to the window and waited. After a time he was obliged to step forward to the rescue of the copyist, who was so overcome with pride and pleasure that he could not articulate. "I happen to know, my father," said Jules courteously, "that M. the copyist is to deliver several other examples of his fine work this evening at the Soleil d'Or. If that would be a satisfactory arrangement for the one you have bought—?"

The priest bowed, smiled, and passed on.

When he could speak, the copyist burst out, "And they say the clergy is not loyal! Did you hear—did you *hear* what he——"

"I heard," said Jules. He was tying a fourth knot in his string.

The copyist took up his brushes with a dazed air and stood staring before him. A big party of Cook's tourists trampled in and out of the room under the guidance of a vociferously explanatory guide, and he did not stir. A group of school-girls from the Lycée down the avenue came through demurely without arousing him. The little room was quite silent again, when he turned and came uncertainly toward Jules. "M. Dorival did I dream it—I have dreamed such things so many, many times—if this should turn out a dream, I—" he looked piteously at the other.

Jules forced his voice to a cheerful matter-of-fact tone as he confirmed the good news, and added: "I think I will sit here in the window recess and make a sketch. The glimpse one gets of the Grand Canal is charming." He felt that to look at the old man's face was an intrusion.

He turned his back to the room, the pictures, and the sight-seers who came and went. Across his knee lay the knotted string. After a time, hearing a man's voice in the next room, and a woman's answering it, he made two more knots and smiled. A magnificent old couple came in together. Jules sketched industriously during the conversation which followed. After they had gone out he ran over and slapped his old friend on the shoulder. "Do you know who that was? The great M. ——!" he pronounced the name with reverence. "What would I not give for such praise from him!"

There was a rustle of silk, and all April seemed breathed about the room in the odor of lilacs. Jules, at his window, heard a silver voice exclaim over the beauty of the symbolical figure of La République—and he made another knot. The silence which followed this was broken by no word from the copyist, and the young man did not dare to look around.

Another loud-footed tourist party went through. After them came feminine voices talking sharp-pointed Russian. When they suddenly began to use French, Jules added three to his knots. There was still no comment from the copyist.

At noon the young man rose, stretched himself, and asked if the other supposed he could leave his sketching materials with one of the custodians until he returned from lunch. The old man was sitting on his high stool, his face in his hands. When he looked up, Jules saw that he had been weeping.

"You will pardon me, M. Dorival," he scrambled down apologetic, "I—it was too much when the Russian young ladies said

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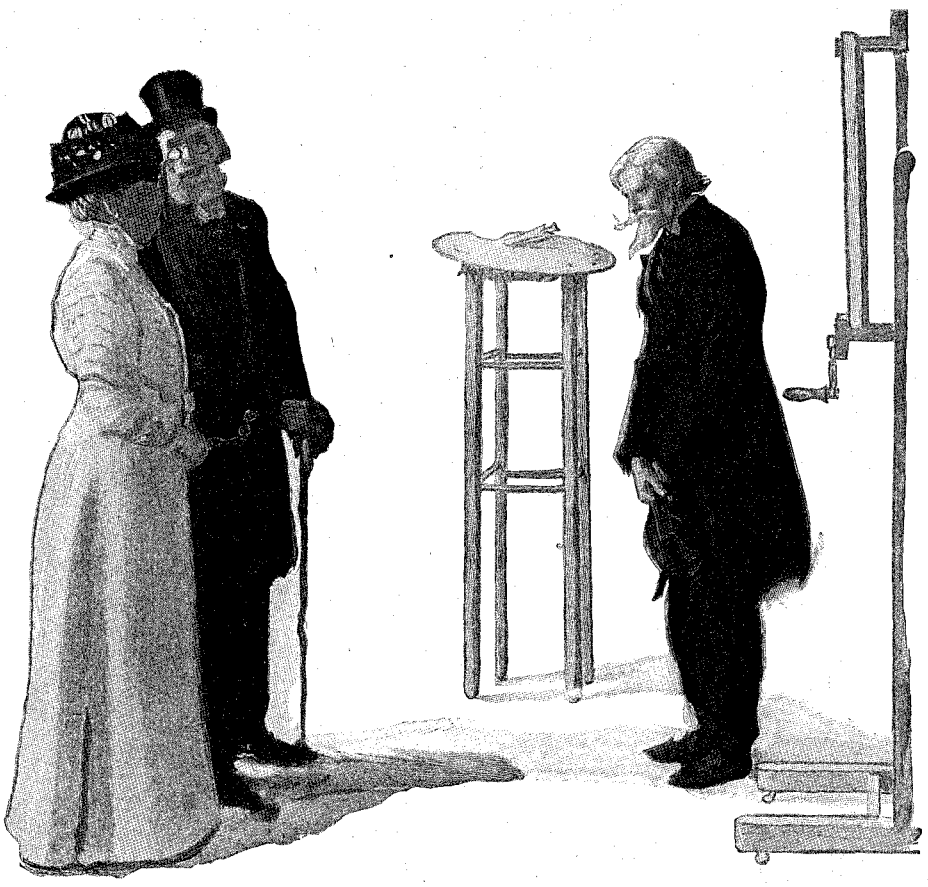

A magnificent old couple came in together.—Page 204.

they would take their copies home to aid in the establishment of a republic like ours." He was breathless. "That is an honor—a privilege—that I never dreamed—" He put on his hat wildly askew. "I need air!" he cried and disappeared.

As Jules was returning from his lunch, an automobile passed him at full speed. It flashed by in a whirlwind of smoke and dust, but he caught the wave of a tiny hand and a flashing salutation from a pair of black eyes. He found the copyist working like mad, though at the appearance of the young man he flung himself from his stool and across the room at him. "I have sold two more!" he shouted. "Think! That makes more than half of what I need! Perhaps if M. le Directeur knew, he might wait a little longer—" He clutched at his white hair and looked around him with a distraught air. Then without another word he scurried across the room, scrambled back on his stool, and began painting with feverish haste. Jules read dramatically in this the story of his life. He knew no other outlet for his emotion than to paint faster than usual.

Jules took up his sketch again, and the two worked silently. Cook's parties came and went, groups of school-boys trudged apathetically through under the guidance of bored instructors, and none of them paused in the third small room. The hours slipped by. Jules looked at his watch uneasily and glanced out of the window at the Grand Canal. Before the distant Soleil d'Or he could make out a group of waiters setting up an arched canopy over a long table. He smiled. Then he consulted his string and frowned.

"It is almost closing time," said the old copyist. His eyes had the dazed brightness of a child bewildered with joy. "I leave promptly to-day, for I—did you speak?"

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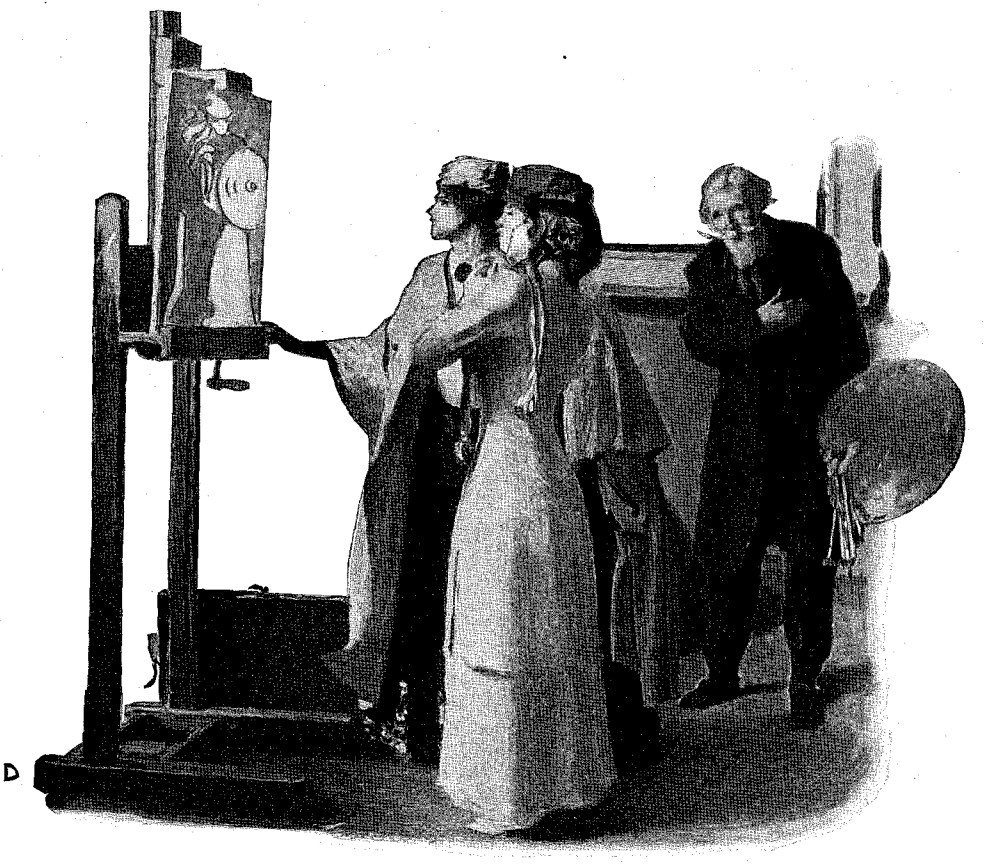
Jules had given an exclamation. The next room had been suddenly filled with the scuffling of feet and a loud voice. He drew a long breath and put the string into his pocket.

"That must be a new guide," murmured the copyist. "I do not recognize his stories."

The party of sight-seers entered the room, a group of seven young men, evidently art-students, listening respectfully to the explanations of a very young professor, a little, black-haired youth with a strong Gascon accent. Before the painting of La République raising up France he paused, took an attitude, and began. Jules felt that there were limits to his self-control and went hastily out into the long gallery. All alone in that great hall he laughed inextinguishably as the reverberations of the little man's impassioned oratory reached him. There was a pause, a colloquy, then a babel of voices bore down on him, with a clatter of feet.

They were coming back, all of them, and they were dragging the old copyist in their midst. At sight of Jules he broke away from them and ran to him, his thin old legs shaking. "M. Dorival, they—all of them—eight—" It did not seem possible to Jules that the sad, wizened little countenance he had seen the day before could be the same as this radiant face of astounded joy. "And when I told them so," the copyist went on incoherently, "they—" he could not go on, but beckoned the leader to him with, "M. Dorival—an artist also——"

The little Gascon rose to the occasion. "Being all of us devotees of art, M. Dorival—I trust I have the name correct?—we seized upon the opportunity to acquire, each of us, a copy of Monsieur's fine work.



Jules . . . heard a silver voice exclaim over the beauty of the symbolical figure of La République.—Page 204.

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They were coming back, all of them, and they were dragging the old copyist in their midst.—Page 206.

Being also devotees of gayety we had arranged for a dinner at the Soleil d'Or. Monsieur the copyist happening to mention that our purchases were the last which made it possible for him to retire honorably on the proceeds of his industry, we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of making our dinner a festal one in honor of the happy ending of our older comrade's admirable career—a pleasure we would be pleased to have you as a fellow artist share with us."

Jules accepted gravely, and added that he happened to know that several other of the copyist's patrons were dining that night at the Soleil d'Or, and that they would doubtless consider it a privilege, as he did, to join in honoring so faithful a servant of their glorious country. With that he tucked the old man's arm into his, and bowed profoundly. The Gascon bowed profoundly, the eight burst into cheers, escaped the wrath of the custodians by prompt flight out into the park, and laughing, singing, prancing, swept down to the Soleil d'Or.

V

THE dinner was a memory—a memory which the copyist declared fervently was beyond anything which Paradise might have to offer him. He still sat under the awning of the Soleil d'Or, at one end of the long table, with the eighteen dismantled and deserted places. A wreath of ivy had slipped to the back of his head and framed his tired old face, set in a white beatitude which was almost stupor. Jules, at the other end, silently reviewed the evening, his black eyes sparkling with reminiscent hilarity. It had been beyond anything he had hoped. Different incidents of the improvised programme of celebration rose before him with a vividness which sent him into fits of inner laughter. That he should have lived to hear the Vicomte de Presle declaim an ode to the tricolor! Had it all been a tipsy hallucination or had the Princess Olga Karakoff eulogized the glory of the Republic in the past, and Jean La Cloche, that reddest of anarchists, responded with a prediction of the Republic's future lustre! That the most famous champion of the Church against the State should have been toast-master and should have called for such speeches! And that moment when the undisputed head of their profession had advanced to crown with a wreath the white hairs of a man who had spent a long life in scattering abroad—Jules bowed his head in his arms and shook with mirth at the recollection of the face of the magnificent old painter when he looked at the twenty copies standing all in a row.

But nothing—nothing!—could equal the finale. Jules was almost of the opinion of his old friend that Paradise itself could offer nothing more delectable than the spectacle of that motley assemblage of ultra-sophisticated and disillusioned sceptics, adorned lavishly with red, white and blue ribbons and flags, standing about the table, hand in hand, shouting out the "Marseillaise" at the tops of their voices.

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A wreath of ivy had slipped to the back of his head and framed his tired old face.—Page 207.

He looked down the table at his old beneficiary who, quite exhausted, had fallen asleep, with his head on a bouquet of violets presented by the two Tanagra figurines who, as France and La République, had so delighted the company in an improvised pantomime dance. Jules grinned widely at the recollection. He went around the table and took the old man's purse out of his pocket to count the money in it. There were fifteen hundred francs. He slipped it back again with a nod of appreciation. "They are good souls, all of them," he said aloud, and stood looking down in a sudden musing reverie. A gust of warm air brought to his keen young senses the pungent aroma of awakening life. He stepped from under the awning, out of the glare of the lights, and found himself in the midst of that silent miracle, a night in spring.

Above the tracery of the trees, misty and veiled with opening leaf-buds, the innumerable stars gazed down at their reflection in the quiet water. There was not a sound, but he was breathed upon by a thousand faint odors and wandering breezes that shook him like little twanging touches on his heart-strings. At first, with his painter's instinct, he matched himself arrogantly against the incredible harmony of the night's black upon black. "Thus! Thus!" he thought, "could I reproduce that effect, this shadow, that lessening of the dark's opaque mass." He flung his challenge to the night with a sweep of his sensitive painter's hand.

The night answered nothing, holding its breath in a pause so expectant that the young man heard his heart beat loudly. Then there fell about him suddenly the final benediction of his genius, that exalting, humbling divination of the whole, which transforms the thinker into the philosopher, the painter into the artist. He did not sink to his knees, but he took off his hat and gazed up at the stars, his face as white and radiant as they.

He looked back at the copyist, asleep in his chair, his old face still ecstatic. "Ah, who are we to judge of good and bad?" said Jules lightly, although his voice was not steady. "Perhaps—who knows—if one knew all—perhaps one might see that the old man's work has been as good as—the best!"

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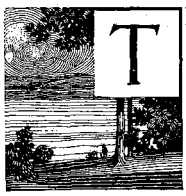
HIS QUEST, AND THE END OF IT

By Gerald Chittenden

Illustrations by F. E. Schoonover



THE Hudson's Bay Company's factor stood on the pier at Bear Island, and looked at the stringpiece. He was experienced in his business and knew his people, which was the reason that he did not look directly at the old Indian, who seemed part of the birch canoe in which he was sitting, nor ask him a direct question.

"Goin' north?" queried the factor.

"Áh-hah." Jacques Lefebvre sat with his paddle resting across his knees while his slight craft bobbed about on the waves.

"Goin' far?" continued the factor.

"Gowganda way," responded Jacques.

For an appreciable interval both of them smoked and looked at the stringpiece.

"They're gettin' a lot of silver up there," volunteered the factor uninterestedly.

"Guess so," answered Jacques. "I go fin' out."

"Goin' to get rich, are you?" asked the factor's Cockney clerk.

Jacques paid no attention to this remark, but placed his pipe carefully on the bulge of the pack that lay in front of him in the boat, nodded his head the least bit in the world, and dipped his paddle. He seemed only to caress the water, but the little birch shot forward as if there was life in it.

"Look at him," commented the factor. "Sixty-five if he's a day, and he'll keep that rate up till he gets to Gowganda."

His age was what worried Jacques. He had become conscious of it in the last year or two, had perceived an occasional stiffness in his joints, an infinitesimal loss of catlike litheness, a certain proneness to fatigue. Men were growing rich over night in that mining district, and with the coming of wealth to the country the possibility of a destitute old age had become a spectre to him. Ten years more on the trail—certainly no longer than that—and the spectre would become a reality. After that, for perhaps ten years more, he would sit in a sunny spot in the Company's reservation, and make baskets and moccasins—women's work. Then, if he were unfortunate enough to live so long, a few years of helplessness, during which the Company and the little Roman Catholic mission would share the care of him. The prospect was scarcely more pleasing to him than the chance of starvation. Yet all around him were rocks heavy with silver and cobalt—men even talked of gold—and he did not know ore from sandstone. Possibly he had passed a rich deposit a thousand times in his wanderings, and had pegged down his tent with stones worth a small fortune. The thought had taken possession of him, occupied his mind to the exclusion of everything else, and came over him with fresh force whenever he found a day too long or a load too heavy. Finally, it had forced him out of his lifelong habits; this winter he would neither trap nor hunt, but would go to Gowganda and work in the mines. In the spring, when the ice had gone out and canoe travel was once more practicable, he would leave, and would find—what he would find. If the factor had not been inquisitive Jacques would have drifted into the bush as silently as a moose. He was not secretive; that was merely the way of his race.

Eight days of silent, steady travel lay between him and Gowganda; travel such as would have brought an unseasoned white man, however young, to the verge of exhaustion, and would have taxed severely any white man, however seasoned. It did not trouble Jacques in the least. By paddle and portage he covered about thirty miles a day between sunrise and sunset, and would have smiled in mockery if any greenhorn had suggested that he was going fast. On a little lake about sixty miles from Gowganda his eyes caught the glimmer of a squared stump on the shore, the usual mark of a claim. He swung his canoe toward it and went to pass the time of day with the prospectors. He followed

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the trail up the hill until he came upon them at work; they, glad enough to see anybody, laid down their picks.

"Bo' jou," said Jacques.

"Howdy," replied the prospectors.

Jacques finished shaving tobacco from his plug, filled his pipe, and held his thumb over the bowl.

"Silver?" he asked.

"Yes—lots of it," replied the younger of the prospectors, "and cobalt."

"Áh-hah."

Jacques lit his pipe and squatted on his heels. This, when done at all in civilization, is stiffly done; Jacques came down easily, with a little springy rebound, as if he had sat gently upon a wire mattress. The prospectors, eager to talk and new to the woods, asked him direct questions.

"Where did you hail from?"

"Temagami."

"Goin' far?"

"Gowganda."

"Lookin' for work, are you?"

"Áh-hah."

During this cross-examination Jacques remained motionless, his pipe in the hollow of his palm to keep the wind from smoking his tobacco, one hand hanging loose between his knees, with a fragment of stone in it, and his eyes fixed on his interlocutors.

"They want men up there."

"I hear so."

"Do you know much about mining?" The younger of the two was growing a little impatient with the Indian's taciturnity.

"This rock—good ore?" Jacques queried.

"It mostly is here. Toss it over and let's have a look at it."

Jacques did so, and picked from the ground another piece like it, which he crumbled with a callous thumb.

"Soft, eh?" he said.

"It's all like that," said the younger prospector. "You can pick it out with a knife. See that purple stuff—purple and bluish with the red bit below?" He pointed at the ledge that rose in front of them. "That's cobalt bloom."

"Means silver, eh?" said Jacques.

"Pretty often. There's a little copper in it, and plenty of iron pyrites." He knocked out his pipe. "Well, we've got to be working."

Jacques rose as lightly as he had squatted.

"Goo'-by," he said, and moved off down the trail.

They did want men at Gowganda, and all winter long he worked in the drifts, silent and unperturbed, but using all the power of observation that the woods had bred in him, and storing away what knowledge he acquired with the accurate visual memory of the illiterate. Six times he changed jobs, and the workings in every mine of the six were different, adapted to the lie of the land and the character of the ore. Now and then Jacques asked questions of his fellow laborers, but, for the most part, he had no need to do so, for engineers came through almost every day, and he heard them talk of minerals as they passed him or paused beside him and took specimens of the ore. There was also McFarlane, superintendent of one of the mines, a man wonted to the forest and the ways of the forest, who came now and then to Jacques's tent and spent an evening with him. From him Jacques learned much, for McFarlane was not long in discovering the Indian's object, and was not unwilling to help him in the attainment of it. Jacques cared nothing for the names that bristled from the body of McFarlane's speech—diabase, diorite, quartz, syenite—for these meant nothing to him; but he learned the difference between rock that looks as if it held silver, and rock that really does hold it. Sometimes prospective buyers came through the mines, but these were not frequent in that iron winter. One of them brought his wife.

"Who is that?" she said, as Jacques passed her in the dusk of the tunnel.

"An Indian, Mrs. Walton," answered McFarlane, who was showing her about. "The only one in the mines."

She paused and looked after Jacques.

February passed and the March winds hurried through the sadly depleted forest about Gowganda. Heavy, gray clouds crept over the chill blue of the winter sky; the thermometer rose, one day, till the snow on the log roofs came sliding down in avalanches, and fell the next till the breath froze in the nostrils. April came, and with it a ripple of melting snow that continued night and day. Toward the middle of this month Jacques took his

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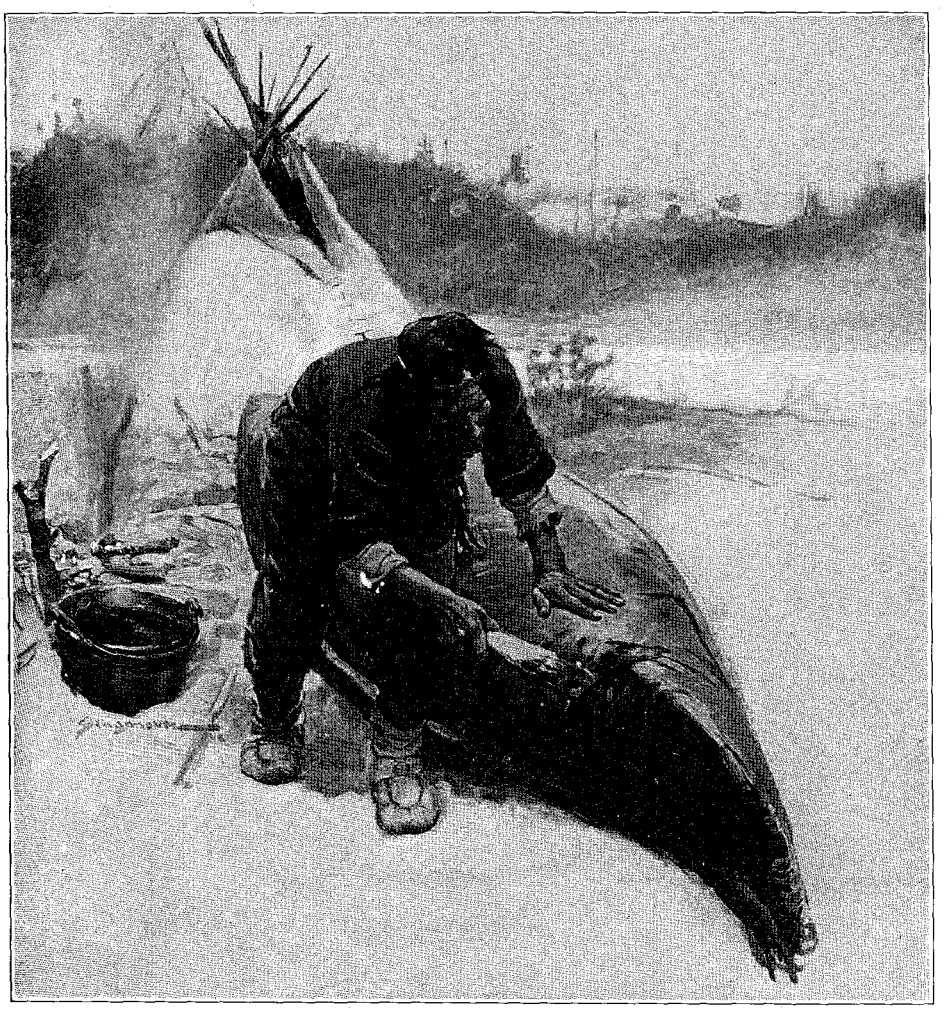
canoe out of the bark shelter that he had built for it near his tent, and worked all day over it with a flat stick and a pot of boiling pitch. The ice would not go out for nearly a month, but the warm weather made him uneasy; something within him that was far stronger than he

"'Morning, Jacques," he said, and added, pointing to the dump heap, "poor stuff, this."

"Áh-hah," said Jacques, with a falling inflection.

"I've got some first-class samples in the office," went on McFarlane.



Jacques . . . worked all day over it with a flat stick and a pot of boiling pitch.

was forcing him to prepare for the trail, as his ancestors before him for countless generations had done. Work irked him sorely; he gave up his job, and spent whole days moving about upon the piles of discarded low-grade ore, picking up a piece here and there and crumbling it. McFarlane once came upon him while he was thus engaged.

"Áh-hah," this time with a rising inflection.

"I'm on my way there now, if you care to come."

Jacques followed him, wasting no words. In the office, McFarlane pointed to some narrow, open shelves, and swung back the doors of the cabinet where he kept his more valuable specimens.

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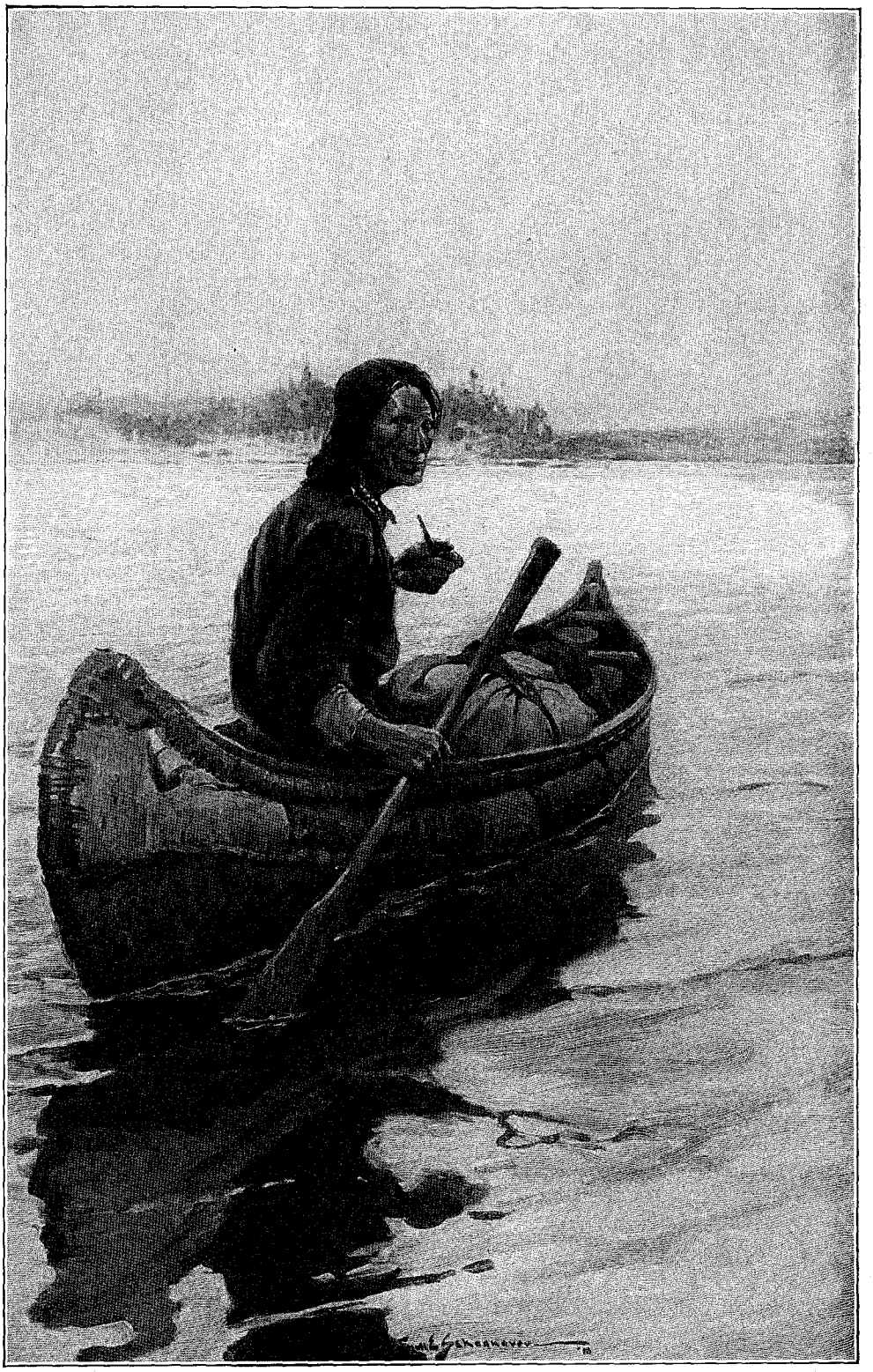

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

It was a still paradise that he looked upon, free from any trace of man.—Page 214.

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"Look at 'em all you like," he said as he sat down at his desk and began the routine of the day.

For perhaps half an hour Jacques moved quietly about. The cabinet took the better part of his attention; he picked up the specimens one by one, examined them carefully, and replaced them exactly in their places. McFarlane, absorbed in his work, became presently aware that Jacques was standing beside him, with a piece of peculiar mineral in his hand.

"You've picked the best of the lot," he said, smiling.

"It don't belong Gowganda, eh?" asked Jacques.

"No." McFarlane took the stone in his hand; the light caught its surfaces at a new angle, and brought out fresh hues from the incrustations. He looked at it half angrily, twisting it about in the sunlight. "No. That's a Nevada bit. I'd be a rich man if I owned that mine. It's partly cobalt bloom, but there are crystals of all sorts in it also."

He handed it back to Jacques who looked at it intently before he put it back.

"When do you leave Gowganda, Jacques?" asked McFarlane.

"In two days."

"Hunting, or guiding, or what?"

"Prospectin'."

"Look in before you go, and say good-by."

"Áh-hah." And Jacques was gone.

That night the spring quickened the air more imperatively than ever. The trees rustled a new call; the sweet, damp odor of thawing came up from the ground; the river gave out once again that indescribable smell of fresh water, which resembles to some degree the taste of flat Apollinaris, yet is pleasant, and to some the most alluring smell in all the world. As it grew dark, Jacques threw a couple of logs on his cooking fire and sat beside it. It was Saturday night; some men on the way to the dance-hall about ten o'clock saw him there, and greeted him as they passed; if he heard them he gave no sign. Lake by lake, range by range, valley by valley, he was going in his mind over the trails of fifty years. Some of them he had trapped over many winters in succession, to some he had guided campers in the search for game, some of them he had visited but once in the half-century. One and all, he knew them as a scholar knows his library shelves, and the trails of his boyhood were only a little less distinct than the journeys of last year. Unhesitatingly he could have travelled them all again—nameless lakes and nameless streams—but the one thing for which he was now grasping kept eluding him, and was always just beyond his reach in some cobwebbed recess of his brain. He knew that he had seen rock such as McFarlane had shown him; somewhere, sometime, long ago, he had seen it, and the picture that hovered mistily as the goal of his search was the presentment of a quiet lake, red-gold under the sunset. Patiently, for half the night, he tried to locate it, eliminating now this, now that almost untrodden path, pondering and rejecting a hundred mirages that more or less closely resembled it.

The next day he laid in his supplies and said good-bye to McFarlane; the day after, at dawn, he left Gowganda.

He went as a man does who knows whither he is going. His route took him in a north-westerly direction; after the first few days he saw no one. It is unlikely in the extreme that he completely sensed the content of those sixteen days of lonely travel, but the content was there, keen as the wind-blown lands that were a part of him, and the keener for his winter in the bare and squalid mining town. It was a home-coming; he had never before been in a town for so long a period. On the sixteenth day he pitched his tent on a little lake, in the bight of a rocky point that had a color of its own beside the color that the sunset gave it. The dawn of the next day seemed to tarry about it; broad day came, and the deep shades still lingered in the stone. With his after-breakfast pipe still in his mouth, Jacques went after firewood, for it was in his mind that this would be a long camp. Two hours later he sat upon the woodpile beside his tent, and kicked the sizable stone with which he had anchored one of the ropes. It moved under his foot, and a piece dropped from the corner of it, leaving a clean surface of cleavage. Jacques did not bend to examine it more closely. For the remainder of the day he wandered about upon the point, here and there knocking off a piece of the rock with the back of his axe, and contemplating it.

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McFarlane had presented him with a prospector's pick as a parting gift, but old habit was strong in him and he held by the axe. The find was rich, almost beyond belief; in three places a broad, tarnished, metallic band slashed across the face of the rock, and showed bright under the attrition of the axehead. Once before, at Cobalt, had Jacques seen the like; it was the sight of the town, and men showed one the dents that hobnails had made in it.

Toward evening a slight interruption of the shadow on the opposite shore, half a mile or so away, caught Jacques's eye. He launched his canoe and paddled across the lake as silently as a shark goes through the sea. When the deer lifted its head, Jacques sat motionless; when the nose dropped again into the grasses, he drifted on again. In the end, one shot killed it.

That night a cow-moose called for an hour in the same marsh. In the morning, a little way from his tent, he found bear tracks, and there were signs of marten and fisher on the banks of the little stream. Never before had his manifold inheritances so stirred in this man. It had needed absence to bring him so completely into harmony with his background; in these days all the changes that had been wrought in him by his tangent contacts with civilization fell away from him. Time and again he laid his axe gently down, and sat motionless upon the summit of the incredibly rich outcrop, his eyes far seeing, his ear attuned to every whisper of sound from the woods behind. All his senses, made dull in the chill damp of the mines, grew sharp again; smells in particular meant to him almost as much as they do to a dog. The sun and the air were tightening his slack perceptions and putting them in tune again. Nevertheless and for several days he went about upon the rock, making certain of the richness of it, and taking specimens to show to possible purchasers.

From day to day he postponed his departure, and every day he worked less long upon his claim. He took to spending long hours in the bush, marking down haunts of otter, beaver, and marten; occasionally he came close to one of the animals, for they had seldom, if ever, seen a man and were unafraid. He could get fresh meat almost without moving from his tent door; the place was as God meant certain places to be till the Day of Judgment. So, as June grew big with the young year, the forest claimed his allegiance as it had never done before.

Three weeks after the day of his arrival he *cached* all save two of his specimens, made his pack, and loaded his canoe. Where the stream debouched into the lake he turned and looked back, allowing his canoe to drift broadside before the light breeze. It was a still paradise that he looked upon, free from any trace of man, for even the place of his own late camp was invisible at this distance, so small was the scar it had left on the face of the wilderness. The many-colored rock dominated the scene, and in the marsh two moose were feeding.

"Sometam,'" said Jacques, speaking for the first time in twenty-four days, "sometam' I come back, mebbe."

He dipped his paddle, and the birch slipped through the water on the long return journey to Temagami.

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REST HARROW

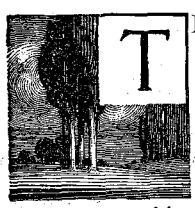
A COMEDY OF RESOLUTION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

BOOK IV—(Continued)

VIII



THE scattered party was suddenly strung to tensity; Morosine drew himself up, stiff as steel, but stood his ground. Here was the man he had waited for, who was necessary to him. Lady Maria, blinking her little black eyes, Melusine, hers in a blur of mist, Gerald Scales, level and impassive, joined the other three.

Ingram, with a stretched smile, was volubly explaining. "I've been in London a week—to-day's the first glimpse of the sun I've had. I do think they might make better arrangements for a man home from Africa. I met your mother last night at a play. She told me that I might see you here." He turned, without effrontery, to greet Melusine. "Ages since we have met. Ah, Scales, how are you?"

The tall Melusine stooped her head; Scales nodded, then, by an afterthought, shook hands. "I'm very fit, thanks," he said. "Been travelling?"

Sanchia sought the side of Lady Maria, to whom she named Ingram. His exaggerated bow was accepted. "So you've arrived, I see," said Lady Maria.

"One does, you know." Ingram shrugged at the inevitable. "All roads lead to Rome."

"Most roads lead to Lady Maria," Morosine said to Sanchia, who replied from her heart, "I'm very glad that mine did." Moved either by loyalty to his friendship, or touched by his recent words, she then brought him bodily into play. "Mr. Nevile Ingram; Prince Morosine."

The two men inclined; Morosine lifted his hat, Ingram touched his brim.

Ingram, whom Morosine judged as a hard worker just now, supported his part with great gallantry. If he was naked to all these people who knew him, he appeared quite unashamed. Morosine, watching him carefully, believed that he had devoted a night's vigil to getting word-perfect. He described Khartoum with vivacity—the English drill-sergeant reigning over mud-heaps, flies, and prowling dogs, getting up cricket-matches for the edification of contemptuous blacks. "They judge us, those fellows, you know. They are measuring us with their glazed eyes. The cud they chew has gall in it. I don't suppose anything offends them more deeply than our idiotic games. Is there a more frivolous race in the world than ours?"

Lady Maria suggested that the Boers might ask that question; Morosine that the Germans might answer it. Sanchia, standing between these two, faced by Ingram, kept silent. She was conscious of being closely under observation. Morosine did not once lose sight of her. Whatever he said was addressed to her. Once, when she looked at him, she saw the gleam of knowledge in his eyes. He and Ingram never spoke to each other directly; indirectly Morosine capped whatever Ingram

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said. It was these two who maintained the talk, through her sensitive frame.

Melusine and her husband exchanged glances—she in obedience to his fidgety heel. He had dug a hole in the gravel deep enough to bury a kitten. Her curtsey—it was almost that—to Lady Maria was very pretty. She drew in her suffering sister, almost embraced her. "Dearest, dearest!" she whispered. Sanchia, who was very pale, made no answer, and hardly returned the salute.

"Insufferable beggar," was Gerald Scales's outburst. "I could have shot him at sight. But you women will go through with it, I suppose."

"Oh, Gerald," faltered Melusine, "it's dreadful—but what can she do?"

"'Pon my soul, I'd take Morosov—the Polish party—what's-his-name—first. I would indeed—on the whole."

There was nothing to say. Melusine knew that could not be.

Lady Maria, however, who never made a fuss over spilt milk, lost no time in ladling up what might be possible. She asked Ingram to luncheon, and was accepted with a cheerful "Thanks, most happy." It may have been malice which turned her to Morosine with the question, "And you? Will you join us?"

Morosine promptly excused himself. He had guests, and must consider them. He took ceremonious leave. "You remember, I hope, that I am to see you on Thursday, Lady Maria. And Miss Percival?" He looked at Sanchia, who did not turn him her eyes.

"Perfectly," said her ladyship. "What's your hour?"

"We will dine at half-past eight." He named the restaurant. He turned to pay his farewells to Sanchia. She looked him No, being unable to speak to him. Her eyes, deep lakes of woe, were crying to him. He answered.

He held out his hand and received hers. "Thursday," he repeated, and left her with her fate.

Lady Maria, at luncheon, made what she called the best of a bad business. She treated Ingram to a brisk curiosity. "So you're a wanderer, I hear—like the Gay Cavalier of my childhood. Your mother may have heard the song. Mine sang it. I believe that that kind of thing was considered heroic in her day; in ours heroism is more difficult, and much more dull. You might try heroism, Mr. Ingram."

"I might, no doubt," Ingram said. "Hitherto, I've preferred to travel. But I'm home for good now, so far as I can see."

"We all hope so," said Lady Maria. "But that remains to be seen."

"Of course it does," said Ingram blandly, and turned to Sanchia. "I thought your mother looking very well. Your father wasn't there. I saw Philippa, by the way; but I suppose she didn't remember me. That was her husband with her, I take it. Stiff old boy." So he went on, letting bygones be bygones. It was after luncheon that her ordeal came.

Lady Maria having departed for her siesta, he came instantly to Sanchia with his hand out for her. "Sancie, I couldn't talk before all those people. You must forgive me, my dear. You are too good a sort—you must forgive me."

He had to wait; but slowly she lifted her hand, and let him take it. "I have forgiven you," she said. He stroked her arm.

"That's nice of you—that's like you. I know that I behaved like a brute. I was awfully cut up about it afterwards—but, as you know, I had great provocation."

"Not from me, I think." Her eyes were upon him now.

"No, no," he admitted, "certainly not from you; but—well, perhaps I may say that I had some ground for thinking that you—possibly—No, I don't think I ought to say that. At any rate, I thought then that I had. As for that young friend of yours—but he's nothing. It's you I want to make my peace with."

"It's not difficult," she said. "I tell you that I don't bear any malice. I bore none at the time. I wanted to go."

He let her hand slide from his, and plunged his own into his pockets. "I know you did; I felt it at the time. That hurt me a good bit. I had come to rely upon you so much—oh, for every mortal thing. I expect the whole place has gone to the devil now. You had your hand on the tiller, by Jove! You kept a straight course! You see, I'd got into the way of

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thinking we were—married, don't you know, and all that——"

"I think you had, indeed," she said. He saw her wry smile.

"I know what you mean by that. You mean, if that's marriage—many thanks! Well, my dear, all I can say is, you were absolutely wrong. It was *not* marriage—it never had been, and you know it couldn't have been. But if it had been, Sancie, you'd have been as right as rain. You know you would. Your own place—everything to your hand—society—all that kind of thing. Why, you'd never have thought it amiss in me to go off tiger-shooting for a bit. You'd have had your whack of travelling, playing the grass widow; you'd have entertained, had all sorts of little games—and both of us been all the better. No! But it was just because our relationship was so infernally irregular that you felt those separations—took them, if I may say it, so hard. Depend upon it, that was it."

Her lip curled back, though she said nothing. She wondered if he had always been quite so fatuous as this, quite so sublimely unhumorous. If he had, what under heaven had she been about? That she could have believed this smug cockscomb to have loved her—to have been capable of anything but hunger and thirst for her—incredible! It made her out precisely as fatuous as he. And yet she said nothing. With the likes of him nothing seemed worth doing except to forget him.

And she was to marry him, to live in his house, to see him daily—ah, and more than that; and yet she said nothing of what her curled-back lip expressed. She was in the presence of her Fate, and, as ever, was dumb before it. To make him shrivel under scorn, to wind her tongue about him like a whip till he writhed; to play the honest woman and tell him quietly that she did not love and had nothing more to say to him; or to ask him urgently for release—she did none of these things: none of them entered her head. She had never shirked the apportioning of the Weaving Women. Destiny was unquestionable. She felt that she abhorred Ingram. What she was to suffer from him she knew but too well. And yet she knew also that she was going to marry him, to be neglected by him, put to scorn, betrayed. All these things she would undergo, because they could not be avoided. She was bound as well as gagged. Her destiny was before her, as her character was within. The one had begotten the other. She had sowed, and now she was to reap. Her stony mind contemplated the harvest, and saw that it was just.

Therefore she said nothing, but stood with her foot on the fender, shading her face from the fire with her thin hand. In this attitude, though able to see sideways what was coming upon her, she stood nerveless to his approach. "Sancie, my own Sancie," he said, and put his arm about her, and drew her bodily to his side. She stiffened, but allowed it.

"Dearest girl, tell me that you forgive me—tell me that. I am wretched without you—I can't go on like this. It's not good for me: my health suffers. Darling Sancie, forgive poor old Nevile. He was once your boy—you loved him so much. For the sake of old times, Sancie, my dear!"

She could only say, "I have forgiven you—you know that. I have told you so." He pressed her closely to him, feeling his urgent need to make the most of what she had to give him. Her apathy struck him mortally chill; he wooed her the more desperately.

Holding her to his heart—an inanimate burden—he kissed her lax lips, her eyelids, her hair; called her by names whose use she had long forgotten, whose revival caused her pain like nausea. If he could have known it, this was the last way to win her. It was like pressing upon a queasy invalid the sweets which had made him sick. But he, remembering their ancient potency, seeing himself the triumphant wielder of charms, felt secure in them still; therefore she was his darling, his hardy little lover, his Queen of Love, his saucy Sancie, his lass. On fire himself by his own blowing, at last he fell upon his knees and clasped hers—"Dearest, most beautiful, my own, I love you more than ever. Comfort me, be my salvation—I pray that I may be worth your while. Marry me, Sancie, and save my soul alive."

Honestly, for the moment, he believed himself irresistible, and so far succeeded with her that her disgust hid itself in a cloud of pity. She felt pity for a man abject at her feet, and could speak more kindly to him.

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But she could not bring herself to touch him. Looking down at him there, her eyes were softer, and her lips took a gentler curve. "You mustn't be down there," she said. "I don't like to see you there—and can't talk to you till you get up. Let's sit down and talk—if you will." He rose obediently and stood with heaving chest, while she drew a chair to the fire and seated herself. Then he took to the hearth-rug, and possessed himself of her hand.

"What a cold hand, my dear! Oh, Sancie, how I could have warmed you once! Is that never to be again? Don't tell me so, for God's sake."

"Oh, how can I tell!" cried she. "Surely you can understand me better than that? Do you ask me to forget everything that has happened in eight years?"

"I asked you to forgive me, my dear."

"And I have forgiven."

"But do you store these things up against me? That's not too generous, is it?"

"I don't store anything," she assured him; "but it wouldn't be honest of me to pretend I am what I was—once. I was a child then, and now I'm a woman. You have made me that. I am what you made me."

He stared into the fire, dropped her hand, which she instantly hid under the other.

"You mean to tell me, then," he said, "that I have made you cease to care?"

She tried to soften the verdict. "You seemed to me not to care very much yourself. You left me for a year together——"

"Once, my dear. I left you for one year."

"One whole year, you know," she replied, "and for other times too."

"I never ceased to love you," he vowed. "You must be aware how much I depended upon you. You were always with me."

She could have laughed at him. "I don't pretend to the same state of mind. During those absences of yours I learned to be happy alone—and I was happy, too."

This seemed horrible to him. "I could not have believed it of you," he said aghast. "You must have changed indeed."

"I have changed," she owned. He started to his knees and clasped her.

"Beloved, I can change you again—I am the man who had your heart. I must do it—it's my right as well as my duty. Trust me again, my own; give me your dear hand again—and you shall see. If you are changed for the worse, I am changed for the better. You have redeemed me—What is it they say in the Bible? By your stripes I am healed. Yes, yes—that's precisely it. Kiss me, my own girl; kiss me." His eyes implored: she stooped her sad head that he might kiss her. He strained upward and held her until she broke away with a sob. "Oh, leave me, leave me for a little while," she prayed him brokenly. "I can't talk any more now; I assure you I can't."

He begged her pardon for his vehemence. "I'm pretty bad myself, you know. This kind of thing plays the deuce with a man's heart."

She could thank him with a woman's for this naïve assurance. "I don't doubt you for a moment," she said. "You have been rather eloquent."

"Eloquent, my dear!" He raised his eyebrows. "You might spare me congratulations upon my eloquence. I don't deserve very much, perhaps—though God knows I tried to make you comfortable; but perhaps I deserve credit for sincerity."

She was not to be drawn that way. "I don't doubt your sincerity in the least," she said. "But I wish you to allow for mine. I am changed, and have told you so."

"I can see that you are. Heaven knows that. Perhaps I deserve it: I don't know. It's hardly for me to talk about my own points, is it? Criticism, from whichever side it comes, does seem to me out of place in a love-scene. And you found me eloquent in spite of it! Surely I may congratulate myself upon that."

She looked at him standing before her, his arms folded; she showed him a face too dreary to be moved by sarcasm. "You may congratulate yourself on lots of things, I'm sure."

Annoyance began to prick him; he showed spirit. "You are tired—and I may have tired you. I won't do that any longer. I think I'll go, if you'll excuse me to your Lady Maria. Sensible lady, that. She goes to sleep. . . ." He took a turn over the room, then came back and stood over her. "I have not had my answer yet. I'll come for it in a few days' time. May I hope you'll have it for me—say, to-day week?"

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"What is the question I have to answer?" She looked up for it, though she knew what it was to be quite well.

"Do you wish it repeated?" He was perfectly cool by now. "I'll put it categorically. I have wronged you, and wish to repair my fault: will you allow it? I love you more than before: will you permit me to prove it? I believe that I can make you happy: may I try?"

She had scarcely listened, and when she answered him, did not lift her head. "I can't answer you now, Nevile. Don't ask me."

"I have not asked you. I have simply put my questions fairly. I will come for my answer next Sunday afternoon. Good-by, Sanchia."

He held out his hand and received hers—which he kissed. Then he turned and left her alone.

"I should swallow him, if I were you," was Lady Maria's spoken reflection upon what her young friend was able to tell her. "I should swallow him like a pill. You won't taste him much, and he'll do you worlds of good. The world? I'm not talking of the world. I never do. He'll put you right with yourself. That's much more to the point. He's in love with you, I believe. From what you tell me, that's new. You suppose that he was in love with you before. I do not. He was in love with himself, as you presented him. Most men are. Now you are to occupy that exceedingly comfortable position of a woman out of love with her husband, extravagantly beloved by him. Next to being a man's mistress there's no surer ground for you than that, with respectability added, mind you. No mean addition. Take my advice, my dear, and you won't regret it."

But Sanchia knew at the bottom of her heart that Ingram was not in love with her. He wanted her—restored to his collection.

IX

On the Monday morning, after a night of broken sleep, she received a letter from her mother.

"My dear child," Mrs. Percival wrote, "I met Nevile Ingram, *quite unexpectedly*, on Saturday evening. Yesterday he called here, after he had seen you in the house where you choose to remain. Our interview was naturally distressing, and I should be glad to feel sure that you could spare me a *third*. I need not remind you of the first.

"But I feel bound to own, from what I could learn from him of his *discussion* (as I must call it) with you, that I am most uneasy. If I were to say *unhappy*, tho' it would be less than the truth, you might accuse me of exaggeration. That I could not bear. Therefore, let uneasy be the word. Is it possible, I ask myself, that my youngest child—my latest-born—can find it in her heart to *torture* the already agonized heart of her mother? I put the question to you, Sanchia, for I am incapable myself of finding the answer. I blush to write it—but such is the terrible fact. I can only beg you to put me out of suspense as gently as may be. I am growing old. There are limits to what a gray-haired mother's heart can bear.

"Mr. Ingram's proposals toward a settlement of the untold *ruin* he has wrought in a once smiling and contented household, were (I must say) liberal. That they were all that they should be, I must not declare—for how could that ever be? He put himself, however, and his extremely handsome fortune unreservedly in my hands and those of your father, who was not present at our interview. He was *resting*, I believe—his own phrase. Philippa came in to tea, with her trusty, honorable Tertius, and was more than gracious to N. You know her way. She *stoops* more charmingly than any woman I have ever met. Her manners, certainly, are to be copied.

"His position in the county—I return to Nevile—I need not dwell upon. It may be *brilliant*. A Justice of the Peace at thirty-two! I leave you to imagine what he might become, building upon that, if he were blessed with the loving companionship of a *tender, chaste and Xtian wife*. Such an one could guide him into Green Pastures—and such an one only. Secure in the gratitude of his inferiors, the respect of his peers, reconciled to the Altar, and his God: one sees before Nevile the upright, prosperous, honored career of an English Gentleman. There is no higher, I believe. But it is clear to all of those who truly love you, my child, that you only can ensure him these advantages. He is sincerely penitent now—of that I am sure. Who can tell, how-

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ever, what relapse there may be unless he is taken in hand?

"You have been his curse, but may be his Blessing. You have my prayers.

"I beg my compliments to Lady Maria Wenman if she condescends to recognize the existence of

"Your affect^e. Mother,

"CATHERINE WELBORE PERCIVAL.

"P. S. Nevile assures me that his cousin, the Bishop, would perform the rite. This would be a *great thing*. One must think of N.'s position in the county."

"Venus, wounded in the side . . ." is the opening line of an old poem of Senhouse's, one of those "Greek Idylls" with which he made his bow to the world—old placid stories illuminated by modern fervid fancy; nursery-rhyme versions, we may call them, of the myths. "Venus, wounded in the Side," recounts how the Dame, struck by a shaft of her son's, ran moaning from one ally to another seeking Pity, the only balm that could assuage her wound. To the new lover, to the old, to the fresh-wedded, to the long-mated: from one to the other she ran—hand clapped to the throbbing heart. None could help her. "Pity! What's that?" cried the first. "I triumph: rejoice with me. Is she not like the sun in a valley?" The second cursed her for a procuress. The bride stirred in her sleep, and whispered, "Kiss me again, Beloved." As for the fourth, he said, "All my Pity was for myself. It is gone; now I am frost-bound." Venus wept: Adonis healed the wound.

Sanchia, reading long afterwards, saw in it a parallel to her case, when she, stricken deep, ran about London ways for a soothing lotion. She saw herself trapped; felt the steel bite to the bone. Tears might have helped her, but she had none: pray she could not, nor crave mercy. It was not Ingram who held her caged, but Destiny; and there's no war with him.

She thought of Vicky, of Melusine. Their kisses would have been sweet, but she knew what they would say. Melusine's sideways head, her sighed "Dearest, how sad! But life is so serious, isn't it?" She saw the gleam in Vicky's eyes, and heard her "Dear old Sancie, how splendid! Now you'll be all right." Then she would clasp her round the neck and whisper in her ear, "Do make me an aunt—I shall adore your baby. Quick, darling!" She turned her back on Kensington and Camberley, and went into the city—to The Poultry, with her griefs.

Poor Mr. Percival's rosy gills and white whiskers, his invariable "Well, Sancie—well, my dear, well, well—" called her home. She ran forward, clung to him, and lay awhile in his arms, short-breathing, breathless for the advent of peace. To his "What is it, my love? Tell your old father all about it," she could only murmur, "Oh, dearest, what shall I do?" He urged her again to tell him what the matter was—"What has hurt you? Who has dared to hurt my darling? Show me that scoundrel—" but she was luxuriating in new comfort and would say nothing. Into her false peace she snuggled and lay still; and the honest man, loving her to be there, let her be.

Presently she opened her weary eyes, looked up, and smiled, then snuggled again. He led her to his office-chair, and took her on his knee. "Lie here, my bird, make your pillow of my shoulder. That's more comfortable, I hope. Why, Sancie, you've not been here, in my arms, since you hurt your foot at Sidmouth, deuce knows how long ago—and I kissed it well! Do you remember that? Ah, but I do. I'm a foolish old chap with nothing else to think about but my girls. And you're the only one left—the only one, Sancie. And I always loved you best—and behaved as if you were the worst—God forgive me!" She put her hand up and touched his cheek. "Hush, dearest. We don't talk about that."

"No, no, my darling—that's over, thank God. You have forgiven me, I know—my great-hearted Sancie. Now, if you feel stronger, tell me all your troubles." She murmured what follows.

"He came to see me. Nevile came."

"I know, my love. Your mother told me."

"She wrote to me. Rather a dreadful letter. She's on his side—she talks about his position in the county."

"I dare say, I dare say. But you know, your mother thinks a great deal of that kind of thing. She says we owe a deal to our station, you know. There's something in it, my dear. I'm bound to say that."

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"Papa, he—wants me again. He thinks he does."

"Oh, my dear, there's no doubt about that—none at all. He proposes—well, it's *carte blanche;* there's no other word for it. A blank cheque, you know. We must do Master Nevile justice. It is the least he can do: but he does it."

"What am I to do, papa?" The poor gentleman looked rather blank.

"Do, my dear? Do?" He puzzled—then, as the light broke on him, could not help showing his dismay. "Why, you don't mean to say—Oh, my child, is that what you mean?"

She clung to him convulsively, buried her face.

"God help us all!" His thought, his pity, his love, whirled him hither and thither. He shivered in the blast. "'Pon my soul, I don't know how we shall break it to your mother. I don't indeed." He stared miserably, then caught her to him. "It breaks my heart to see you like this—my child; it cuts me to the heart. Sancie, what are we to do?"

She sat up, and brushed her dry eyes with her handkerchief. "I know. There's nothing to do. It's my fate."

This was rather shocking to old Mr. Percival, who shared the common opinion of matrimony, that it should be marked by champagne at luncheons. It was a signal for rejoicing—therefore you *must* rejoice. White stood for a wedding all the world over, black for a funeral. To go scowling to church, or tearless to the cemetery, was to fail in duty.

"We mustn't look at it like that, my darling. I don't think we ought, indeed. Fate, you know! That's a gloomy view of an affair of the sort. I don't pretend to understand you, quite, my love. You see, a year or two ago, you would have asked nothing better—and now you call it fate. Oh, my dear——"

She could not have hoped that he would understand, and yet she felt more like crying than at any time yet. "My heart is cold," she said. "It's dead, I think."

He echoed her, whispering, "Not dead, Sancie, not dead, my child. Numbed. He'll warm it asleep, he'll kiss it awake. He loves you."

She moaned as she shook her head. "No, no. He wants me—that's all."

"Well, my dear," pleaded good Mr. Percival, "and so he may. We do want what we love, don't we now? He's come to his senses by this time, found out the need of you. And I don't wonder at it. You're a beautiful girl, my dear—you're the pick of my bevy. But I must bring back the roses to those cheeks—Mildred Grant, eh? Jack Etherington used to call them that: he was a great rose-fancier—old Jack. Do you remember our tea-party last summer? And how happy we were? Let's be happy again, my lamb! Come, my child, can't you squeeze me out one little smile? You'll make the sun shine in this foggy old den of mine." He pinched her cheek, peered for the dimple which a smile must bring—then he drew her closer to him and whispered his darling thought. "Shall I tell you something, Sancie? What your old dad prays for when he's by himself? I want another grandchild, my dear—one I can spoil. I ought to be a happy man with what I've got—I know that. But you were always the pet, my love; you know you were—until, until—ah, Sancie! And one of yours! Aren't you going to indulge your old father. He's only got a few years left, mind you. Don't want any more. To see his darling happy, smiling down on her baby—bless me, I'm getting foolish." He blinked his bravest, but had to wipe his glasses. She rewarded him with a kiss, and did not leave till she could leave him at ease.

X

SANCHIA, after many nights' stony vigil, decided that she must fight her beasts by herself. She was going to make her parents and sisters happy; she was going through with her bargain; but there was no need to tell them any more about it. In her hard mood she told herself that that was the only wear. If she should be wept over she might well recant. When the fatal word was once spoken, she would write to her mother—that was all that she could do. For the same reason—that she dreaded a tender moment—she did not go to church with her griefs. The Gods there were too human—the Man of Sorrows, the Mother with the swords in her bosom. It was Destiny that had her by the heel. As ye sow, ye shall reap. Vaster gods, heartless, blind, immortal shapes, figuring the

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everlasting hills, were her need. She was going to her fate, because the Fates called her. There's no war with them.

There had been one who would have had it all out of her in a trice. But he was remote, part of her childhood. She hardly called him to mind at this hour. It was dangerous work to think of him, she knew—and her old fortitude stood by her, which said, Turn your mind resolutely away from that which may influence your judgment. Senhouse was not a stoic; he was an epicurean, she now considered. She wanted something flintier than Senhouse. He might have tried to dissuade her; but her mind was now made up. She intended to marry Nevile.

She breakfasted alone, and immediately afterwards went upstairs to write her agreement. The thing was to be gone through with, and the sooner the better. "My dear Nevile," she wrote, "if it can ever be right to marry without love, it must be in my case. I don't blame you in the least for what happened. It was as much my doing as yours—and I still think that I was right. And now I think that it is right to fulfil one's bargain—as it would have been if I had married you. If I had been married to you, I should not have left you unless you told me to go, and I don't think that I ought to now. If you really wish it, you shall marry me when you please, and I will do my duty by you always. Whatever arrangements you make will suit me quite well; but the less fuss we have the better. I am sure that you will think so too. Don't come to see me for a few days, if you don't mind. I want to think. Yours affectionately, Sanchia." It was not a very gracious letter, it must be owned. So young, and so untender! One would have said that the man must be a courageous lover who could take marriage on such terms; but either Ingram was very much in love, or honestly hoped to be loved again. I incline to the opinion of Bill Chevenix, to whom he showed it. "Nevile, old chap," he said, "you take her on any terms. You've no idea how set up you'll feel by everybody saying you've done the square thing. I tell you frankly that she's too good for you. Look how she's shaped in Charles Street! As if she'd been born to it. And never once—never once—allowed to anybody that she's been in the wrong. Not to a soul. And neither you nor I believe that she has—nor did old Dosshouse, or whatever his name was." Ingram knew quite well to whom he so airily referred.

"I shall have landed that chap once for all, anyhow," he said.

"Landed him!" cried the other. "Why, bless you, didn't you know? He landed himself two years after you did. He's married."

"Married, is he?" Ingram asked, not thinking of Senhouse in particular. "Who did he marry?"

"He married a rather pretty woman, a widow, a Mrs. Germain."

Ingram looked sharply up. "I'll take my oath he didn't. I met her the other day. She's Mrs. Duplessis."

Chevenix stared at him. "Why, I know the chap. Where did you meet her? Where do they live?" he asked his friend.

But Ingram had other things to think of, and returned to his letter. "I shall take this as she means it, Bill. She wants me to go slow—I can take a hint. She shall have her head. When I get her down to Wanless we shall be all right. The place isn't fit to live in now, you know. I was up there last week—and found everything going to pot. Not a horse fit to ride—not a sound one amongst 'em. Plantations all to pieces—gardens—tenants in arrears—oh, beastly! She'll have it all to rights in no time, and she'll simply revel in it. She'll come round—you leave that to me. If *I* can't get a girl round I ought to."

Chevenix listened, and judged. He knew his Ingram pretty well, and took his confidence, like his confidences, for what it was worth. "Where did you say that the Duplessis lived?"

"I think she's in a hotel. It might be Brown's. I believe it *is* Brown's. What d'you want her for?"

"Think she knows some of my people," said Chevenix, and presently took himself out of the Coffee Tree Club.

But Sanchia, her day's work done, went—not to church, but to Bloomsbury. Entering the portals of the museum, she swam to the portico, full of her cares. But smoothly, swiftly she went, with that even, gliding gait peculiar to her kind, which has precisely the effect of a swan breasting the stream. Past the door, she turned to the

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left, not glancing at the aligned Cæsars, scarcely bowing to Demeter of the remote gaze. In that long gallery where the caryatid thrusts her bosom that her neck may be the prouder to the weight, she saw the objects of her present pilgrimage—beaten, blind and dumb, immovable as the eternal hills, the Attic Fates; and before them at gaze, his arms folded over his narrow chest, Morosine the Pole.

Whether she had sought him here or not, she did not falter in her advance. Smoothly, swiftly, and silently she came to him and stood by his side. He turned his head, looked sharply at her pale face and sad eyes, then resumed his meditation before the Three. Neither of them had a care to speak.

Presently Morosine said, "I knew that you would be here." He kept his face towards the mystery, and so did she when she echoed him. "Did you know that? You know me, I think."

"I believe that I do. You have come here for strength. You will get it."

Ruefully enough she answered, "I wish I could believe that."

"You have it in you already. These great ladies will call it out. I wish you had been here, say, the day before yesterday. They might have helped you."

"But they did help me," she said. "They were with me. I remembered what we had talked about before them."

He nodded his head. "I had intended that you should. I was rightly inspired."

"Without them," she went on, "I don't know what I should have done. It seems absurd to say so, but——"

He interrupted. "It's not absurd at all—to you and me. If it's absurd, then art is pastrycook-stuff: sugar and white-of-egg. The man who fashioned these things had walked with God. Here are his secrets, revealed to you and me."

She followed her own thoughts, not his. "I came to-day because I have made up my mind. I wanted them to confirm me—to say that I was right. If you weren't here, I should go up to them and whisper to them, as I've seen women do to the Madonna abroad. I should tell them everything."

He looked at her keenly. "Do it now. I'll leave you."

She smiled faintly. "No, don't leave me. I couldn't do it now. But I meant to when I came in."

"You didn't think that I might be here?" He watched her.

"No. I remember that you said we were to meet on Thursday. And I have a great deal to think of. I'm in great trouble."

"I know you are," he said. "I fear to be impertinent; but if I can help you——"

She gave him a grateful look. Her trouble was very real, and made almost a child of her. "I should value your advice. It would help me to have it—even if it couldn't change my intentions."

"You shall have it, assuredly," he said. "Shall we find a seat?"

"No, no. I would rather stop where we are. Perhaps they'll hear us." They looked at each other and smiled at a shared sentiment.

"Tell me, then," he said.

"He wants me to marry him," she said hurriedly, "and I think that I must. All my people wish it, and my friends—I mean those who have known me for a long time. I don't mind very much about most of them; but one of my sisters—Vicky—who was always my closest friend, expects it—and it would break my father's heart if I did not do it. The others don't count; but those two do. And there are other things—one other person who would think I am doing right."

"Would you—" Morosine spoke slowly, addressing the statues. "Would you consider the possibility of marrying any one else?"

She spoke as one in a trance. "No—I couldn't—I shouldn't dare. Besides, there is no possibility—there would be papa and Vicky again. That would never satisfy them. And then I feel that it's my punishment—if I deserve punishment, as they all imply that I do. At any rate, it's part of my bargain. I began this thing, and I must go on with it, at all costs to myself. I mustn't think of myself in it at all. I'm only part of the world's plan; but I happen to know that I am; and so I must go where I am called to go. I must follow my destiny, just as I did at first. That time I followed it against everybody's opinion; this time I must follow against my own will. Don't you agree with me?"

Morosine reflected in silence. Then he

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said, "Yes, I agree with you. I recommend you to follow your determination."

Her eyes looked blankly at him; for the first moment he thought her disappointed, but he corrected his impression in the second.

"I'm glad you agree with me," she said. "I should have been disappointed if you hadn't."

He smiled. "You are stronger than you think. You can suffice to yourself. But I hope that I shall never disappoint you."

"I have no fear of that," she said, young again and confident. She thanked the Immortal Three with her eyes, and turning to Morosine, asked him, "Shall we go?" They went together. Passing the Demeter of Cnidos, her swinging hand touched his. He held his breath. Her face, sharply in profile, was as pure and pale as a silver coin. Her breast held her secret. To her own heart she voiced the cry, "Have I done well, dear one? Have I done well? Do you approve me? Do you?" It may be that Senhouse heard her in his Wiltshire hills.

XI

Nevile Ingram was capable of fine ideas, we have seen, and could sometimes carry them out. He had had a moment of generosity, with Sanchia's letter in his hand, and held in the main to his expressed intentions. When he went to see her, at the end of three rigorous days, he behaved like a gentleman. She entered the room where he awaited her, pale for his embrace: he came to meet her, put his hand upon her shoulder, and, stooping, kissed her lightly. "My dear," he said, "I'll deserve you yet;" and he really meant it. She was touched, and quite kind to him. He exhibited his version of her surrender.

"We're friends, eh? We know each other of old, have no surprises, and can take raptures for granted. That's your notion, I fancy? It's not mine, but I'll be thankful for what you give me, and it shall be my fault if you find me backward when you're ready. Bygones are bygones, then? We make a new start?"

She sat staidly under his gaze, not aware at the moment that his steel-blue eyes searched her avidly for a hint of more than he stated. "So far as I am concerned—certainly," she said. "I shall never unlock any cupboards."

"Better to burn the contents, perhaps," he laughed. "I tell you fairly, I had rather they were cleared out. Now, I'll confess to anything you please to ask me. That's a firm offer." He would probably have done it, but she told him that she had no questions to put. "Very well, my dear," he said. "Have it as you will. It's sublime of you—but it's not love. If you don't want to know it's because you don't care."

"No, indeed," she sighed, with such conviction that he was stung.

"Hang it all, Sancie," he cried, "you can't have known me for eight years without feeling something." She looked up at him, and he saw that her eyes were full.

"Oh, Nevile," she said, with a quivering lip, "don't let us look back. Indeed, I can't do it now." He put his arm round her and, drawing her closer, kissed her forehead. "My pretty one, we won't. I had much rather look forward. The future is to be my affair—if the past was yours." Then he went away, and she saw nothing of him for two days. On the second of them he dined with Lady Maria, and met some of the Percivals—the father and mother—the Sinclairs, and Mr. Tompsett-King. (Philippa had declined to come.) He behaved with great discretion, and so continued. After a week or ten days of courtship, she could hardly believe that their relations had ever been interrupted. His reliance upon her was absolute, his confidence no less so. He babbled of himself and his concerns in the old vein of mocking soliloquy, careless whether she heard him or not. Now that he had her promise, he seemed in no hurry for possession. His kisses were fraternal, his embraces confined to a hand on her shoulder, an arm lightly about her waist. She was inordinately thankful to him, and by a queer freak of the mind, poured all her gratitude into Senhouse. She told herself that but for him she would never have brought herself to her duty; but for him, therefore, would never have discovered how little she had to fear. Here was a crown for her "dear obsequious head": shutting her eyes tightly she thought that she could feel his fingers putting it on, smoothing out her hair so that the circlet should fit closely. Night after night she knelt to receive it. It came as a result of prayer.

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The marriage announcement, got into the paper by Mrs. Percival, was accepted for what it was worth. It was partly the price of her crown. A few letters from old friends were formally answered. Sanchia had never been a free writer; nobody but Senhouse had found her letters eloquent—he only had been able to feel the throb beneath the stiff lines. Her handwriting, round and firm, had for him a provocative quality; it stung his imagination. He used to sing her "divine frugality of utterance," and protest that it was all of a piece with the rest of her life. No one, he had told her once, but a sculptor could embody her in art—her chill perfection, her severity and definite outline. A poet might not dare, for he would have to be greater than love itself, greater than the love which inspired him, able to put it down below him, and stand remote from it, and regard it as a speck in the landscape.

"Your sober thought, and your pride
To nurse the passion you hold and hide—"

he had written of her in his day. That austere concealment of her heart, which so impassioned him, chilled enthusiasm in all others of her acquaintance. So her letters were few, and now she was thankful enough. She herself wrote to nobody, and never spoke of her future unless she were compelled to answer questions.

Once a day, however, she took out a writing-block, and traced upon it the words, "My dear Jack, I think I ought to tell you—" or a similar exordium. She got no further. How could she tell him that without telling him more? And how tell him more when, of her own accord, she had sent him about his business, and set her approval upon his marriage, or what must be considered his marriage? An instinct forbade her. She didn't reason with it: her reason was paralyzed. "It's part of the price. It's what he would have praised me for"—and she flew to her text.

"*A great power is in your thin sweet hands, my sweet; you are in the way of being a great artist.*" She looked at her hands, and loved them for his sake who had loved them so well. Her "thin sweet hands"! Could one write so of her hands and not love them well?

But the power, the power that she had! Hear her rhapsodist. "*If you can so work upon your delicate surface as to mould it close to your noble soul; if in the gallery of the world you can unveil yourself for the thousand pair of eyes to see, and praise God for the right to see—why, what an artist you are, and what an audience you have! . . . Like a whiff of thyme on a grassy down, like the breath of violets from a bank, or of bean-flowers blown across a dusty hedge, some gentle exhalation of your soul sighed through your body will hint to the passion-driven wretch things innocent and quiet. The blue beam of your steadfast eyes may turn his own to heaven; a chance-caught, low, sweet tone of your voice may check clamor; an answer may turn his wrath. . . . You can be picture, form, poem, symphony in one. . . . Think of it, Sanchia, before you turn away. Think well whether upon that exquisite medium you cannot express your best.*"

She found herself trembling—in these days she always trembled—as she read these words. That such a power should indeed be hers—and how could she fail to believe it?—was inspiration enough to send her to the fire. She read no more, but used to sit shivering, thrilling through every fibre of her body, with the strength of such splendid praise. For whatever might be her fate, splendid it was to have been so loved, so seen, and so praised. It was well for Ingram that she read her old love-letters—and extremely unfortunate for the writer of them, who anguished for her now in his desert place. Odd situation! that the love-letters of one man should reconcile her to the arms of another.

From Torquay, where she spent the Easter holidays with her father, the two alone and happily together, she wrote two or three times to Nevile. He was at Wanless, professedly getting some order into things there, and protesting to her by every word he sent her upon the need there was of her hand upon affairs. There was not a word of love used between the unfortunate pair. All the love-making, indeed, was done by Senhouse, whose masterstroke was called for by and by.

Toward the end of April she was alone in Charles Street, preparing the house for Lady Maria's return from Rome. Ingram was still at Wanless, grumbling through his duties of magistrate, landlord, and county gentleman. "They seem to think up here

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that a fellow has nothing to do but 'take the chair,'" he wrote. "I can tell you I'm pretty sick of it, and fancy that they will be before long. I'm an awkward customer when I'm bored—as I am now, damnably." She sent him matter-of-fact replies, and wrote principally of the weather.

The Pole continued his discreet and temperate wooing after the plan he had formulated. He strove to interest her perpetually, never left her without having, as he taught himself to believe, impressed himself anew upon her imagination. Watching her as a cat a mouse, he learned to read her by signs so slight that no one who had not the intuition of a woman could have seen them at all. Unfortunately for him, he misinterpreted what he read. The slap-dash Ingram thought all was well; Chevenix, the more observant, thought there was a bare chance; Morosine alone could see how her quivering soul was being bruised, and if he thought that she looked to him for balm, he may be excused. She was drowning, she held out her hands. To whom, but to him upon the bank? How should he know what shadow stood behind him, with praise in his dim eyes for a "dear obsequious head"?

Playing deputy to Senhouse, little as he guessed it, he devoted himself to bracing her for the match, having made up his mind that there was no other way of making her happiness his own. His mistress she might be, his wife never. As he read her, she would keep the letter of the law—since the law required it of her. The rest, he flattered himself, might be left to time and him. His present aim was to interest and stimulate her, without alarming.

He counted greatly upon some sudden emotional stimulus, which would cause her to fall to him; and one came, though it had no such effect.

The opera of "Tristan and Isolde," to which she was taken by Lady Maria—where she sat in his box, by his side, absorbed in the most piercing expression of the love-malady that has ever tormented its way out of a poet's heart—had been a real test of his restraint. He had not once met her eyes—though hers, craving sympathy at any hand, had sought his often; he had not once permitted himself to gaze upon her beauty, though it was her beauty, so carven, so purely Greek, which had drawn him to her from the first. While the great music went sobbing and chiding through her frame, like wounded nightingales, he had sat in the dark, with his arms folded, never looking at her fully, nor seeking to win a glance from her soul to his own. That it stirred her to the deeps he knew. He could watch sideways, listen sideways, both hear and see that she was rapt. Her quick-heaving breast, the whistle of her short breath, the strained line of her head and shoulder—all this he marked and stored without a sign. Even when, on going out, he had been conscious of her overcharged heart, of her breastful of emotion; even when she had told him under her breath that she was happier, though he shivered, he drew away. He had nodded quickly, smiled, blinked his eyes. "I was sure of that," was all he allowed himself in the way of intimacy.

Swift, fire-consumed, intensely sensitive, subtle-minded, this was a man who relished suggestions more than things. He had far rather deal mentally with the lovely image of Sanchia, as he saw it, than actually with the breathing flesh. To picture her longing, straining, trembling—to keep her always so, always holding out her arms, never obtaining what she sought: his bliss lay in that. He knew himself, after much experience of the sort; he had missed so often by blundering in, that now he dared not risk a wreck. Here at last, he told himself, was perfection: let him look to it that he kept it at its perfect poise. He must poise himself to do that, balance himself upon a knife-edge. Little of an ascetic as he was by temper, he could train himself to the last ounce if the prize were worth it. And it was. Never had musician had instrument more sensitive to play upon. It seemed to him worthy of a lifetime of preparation to have her for one moment of time throbbing in his arms.

So Morosine went into the palostrum, and fasted with prayer. His *sang froid* through "Tristan," and the going out with all its cry ringing in him, and in her, surprised even himself, who knew himself well. "My friend," he thought, as he stalked to his club, "you may go far."

But he had not reckoned with the flinty core which lay beneath her fair and delicate seeming. Her frugality of utterance, which charmed and chained him, really implied

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no reserve. She did not speak, because she had nothing to say, did not reveal herself, because she knew of no mystery. She was at once very simple and very practical; she had healthy tastes which she desired to gratify, and a deliberate mind which instructed her how far she might do so. Once in her life that had played her false, when it told her that the pity she had for Ingram was love, and the need he had for possession of her was her own need to give it him. She had been bitterly mistaken, and was now so weary with herself that she seemed to have no desire in the world but that of sleep. Tristan and Isolde, drowning soul and body in music which made love, and love which was the heart of music, were not to be thought of on this side of the grave. The Fates had a sterner way for her. She was never to empty herself in a kiss or to watch out the stars with Jack Senhouse. Homing in the carriage with Lady Maria, she denied him, like Peter his Lord. "I know not the man." Vaguely dreaming at her open window, under the fire-fretted roof of that May night, she suddenly thought of him again—nay, knew him bodily there, alone with her under the sky—and for the first time in her life felt his eyes upon her, seeking of her what he had never dared to seek, and then his arms about her, touching her as assuredly he had never dreamed to do. She had denied him once too often, it seems. Here was a sudden attack, a trick of the sprites. She held her breath, she trembled, her breast heaved, she shut her eyes, and her lips relaxed their hold of each other. "Not yet, my blessed one, not yet!" and "Come, Rose of the World!" Thus they murmured to each other and strove. An expectancy, the shiver and thrill of it, possessed her; she seemed to feel the touch of a beloved hand, which drew her, trembling and panting, closer and closer to some high experience of which she had never dreamed before, to the expression of inexpressible things, to a giving of the utmost, to a wild strife of emulation which of them two should give the most. The dark was all about them like a bed—and closer he drew her, and closer yet. For one wild moment that endured—O Heaven, they two in love under the stars! He was of the Open Country—as free as the wind. Thus he would love her, if he ever loved. Tristan's crying would be his—and Isolde's whimper of hurt would be her answer. Thus, if ever, she might be loved. And then, if ever in this world, peace!

Shivering still, with the sense of an arm still about her, of wild breath beating on her cheek, she looked wonderfully out at the stars which had seen her possessing. They burned steadily in their violet hold—a million kindly eyes welcoming her to the Open Country. The great town lay so still below that but for the glare behind the houses, which told her that it lived, she might have thought herself enfolded in the hills. So sure she was that she had been wedded, she glanced swiftly up and down the street, lest one chance passenger should have seen her naked soul. So a young girl, kissed by her lover, will search the emptiness in fear. Not a soul could be seen; Charles Street under its lamplight showed like a broad white ribbon curving towards the Square, towards the Park. To her heart she whispered, "Dearest, you may love me—we are alone under the stars"—and then shut her eyes fast, and with parted lips breathed quick and short.

Out of the night, out of an empty street a voice came up, "He loves you—none so well. He lies out on the down in a white robe. He watches for you and waits. I have seen him, talked with him of you. Can you refuse such love as his? Goddess though you are, you will get no higher love."

The voice was very real. She knew it well. From the close arms that held her she answered it. "Oh, Struan, I know! I knew before you told me. It's wonderful. Love is a wonderful thing."

"It's all we have in the world. I am here to tell you that he waits for you. Good-night."

"Good-night, Struan," she said. "I'm quite happy now."

She remembered afterwards, with a shock of dismay at her selfishness, that she had never asked Struan of his welfare.

She came to herself with a shudder and envisaged her circumstance. She had had "a rare vision," like Bottom the weaver—and that was all. Jack Senhouse had never loved her so. To him she had been Artemis, the cold goddess, or Queen Mab, whom no man might take. He had said so often—

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and had looked it whenever she was near him. Meantime, she was to be married—and "Tristan" was unprofitable provender. It had given her an indigestion of the mind. She would go to bed.

That she deliberately did—with one ceremony, characteristic of her frugality. She opened a locked drawer, and looked at its contents. There lay three goodly piles of letters, tied with blue ribbon. Each packet was labelled "Jack to Me," and dated with beginning and ending. She contented herself with looking at them, smiling wisely and thoughtfully as she did so. Then, like a child, not trusting to her eyes alone, she looked at them with her fingers; touched them delicately in turn, with a caress. Immediately afterwards she locked them up; and turned to her disrobing. She slept quietly, and went about her affairs of the morrow with a calmness that surprised her.

At a later day, in a conversation which Morosine had with her, he permitted himself a reference to the museum. "You go no more? They've done their work—the Three?"

She smiled upon him. "Yes, they've done their work. I'm much happier now. I've thrown up my arms, you see. I'm drowning." She suddenly blushed, to remember her dream; and he perceived it.

"Drowning?" he asked.

"Drifting with the tide," she explained. "And I like it."

It was on his tongue to refer to "Tristan," but—such was her hardihood—she saved him the trouble. "I was fearfully excited with the opera. During the performance, and after it."

His heart beat high. "You were not more so than I was," he said, looking at her. "I thought of things possible and impossible. I had a vision."

So had she had a vision, whose force was such that she could not continue to talk of such things. She had flashed her eyes upon him vividly for a moment, but was compelled to turn them away. He read in them a wild surmise; he thought that she understood him and was perturbed—perturbed, but not displeased. The bustling entry of Chevenix, unannounced, prevented him from pursuing his campaign.

Chevenix was gay. "Hulloa, Sancie—this is ripping. I say, I have something frightfully interesting to tell you." Then he saw Morosine. "Hulloa, Alexia, is that you? Now we'll sit each other out, and Sancie won't have her news."

"But I hope I shall," she cried. "I haven't got a secret in the world. Don't go, Prince, please. Mr. Chevenix shall tell you the news too. I haven't the faintest idea."

"It's something you want to know very badly. At least, I should think you did. It's not Nevile's address." She took him gaily.

"I don't want to know that at all, if it's a new one. I have three already."

"Perhaps," said Morosine, with a friendly look, "it's to cancel some of them."

She held up a book. "Is that what you mean? Do look. 'Greek Idylls,' by S. Glyde. He sent it to me the other day. Did you mean to tell me of that"?

Chevenix stared. "The poet Glyde? No. By Jove, though, not a bad shot. I referred, my dear, to the poet Senhouse."

She received that full in the face. She paled, then colored. Her heart leaped, then stood still. She spelled with her blue eyes, "Tell me."

Chevenix peered at her. "Thought I should fetch you, my dear. The poet Senhouse is run to ground, and I'm going to see him. That's all."

It was plain to Morosine that she was very much concerned with this intelligence. She simply sat there, staring at Chevenix, shaking, moving her grey lips. She seemed, at the time, all grey; like a figure in *grisaille* in a church window. What on earth—who on earth—? He couldn't for the life of him make it out. He had never heard of the man. It was a shock to him to discover—so soon we flatter ourselves—that Sanchia had any reserve of confidence. He had felt so sure of her!

"Another new poet?" he asked her. She recovered herself, shook her head.

"He's not new—to me. He's the greatest friend I ever had." That was all she could say. She turned to Chevenix, her desire fainting in her eyes. "You're going to see him? Oh, take me with you!"

"Right," said Chevenix.

The wan colour fled before the morning glow which now inflamed her.

(To be concluded.)

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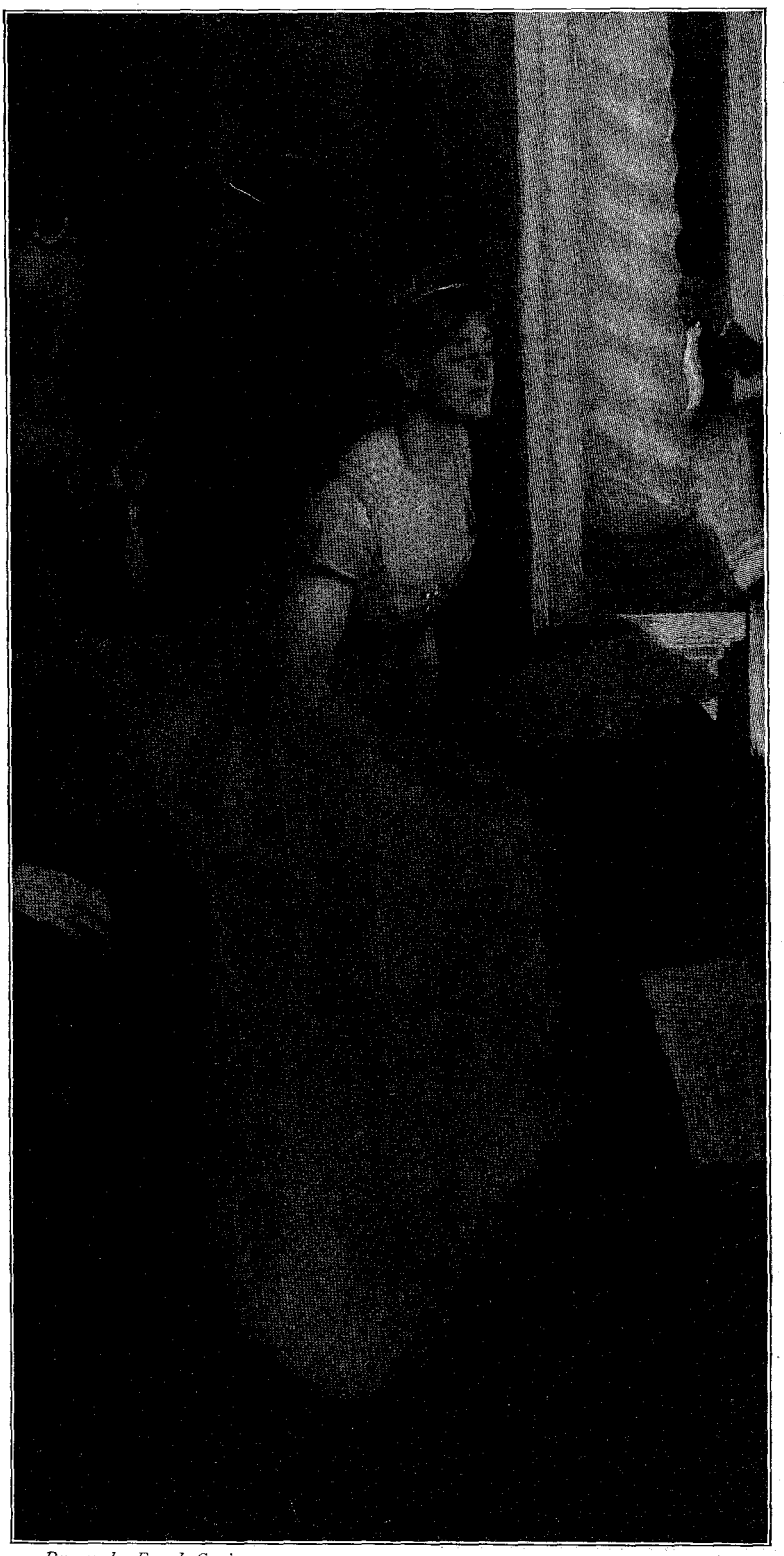

Drawn by Frank Craig.

The great music went sobbing and chiding through her frame, like wounded nightingales.
—Page 226.

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"He came from New York," I said after telling the rancher's name.—Page 231.

STORY OF A TENDERFOOT

By John R. Spears

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

HE was smart enough in some ways—had a lot of book learning and science—but when it came down to doing real business, why either he was plumb loco or else about everybody in Meztizo was. Meztizo, as you should know, is the flourishing young city located where the Red River & Rio Grande Air Line crosses the irrigated valley of the beautiful Rio Dulce, in the heart of the great Southwest. The gentleman of whom I am going to tell stepped off the up train, one warmish afternoon, just after our first boom had gone to seed and before anything had come over the horizon to start a second. Wiping the dust from his eyes with a handkerchief, he began gazing at Meztizo. Neither the four brick business blocks, nor the opera house nor even the school-house, though all were unobscured, seemed to interest him. He just stood there and stared at the quiet and peaceful homes in the foreground as if he had never seen the like before.

I was driving for Hobson & Herrick, our enterprising liverymen, in those days, and seeing that he was a stranger who needed taking in I sidled up and gave him a card.

"If you should wish for a comfortable drive around at any time while in the city, sir," I said, "why we have the best rigs in the Southwest. Mighty fine place for business, this, and well worth seeing. Some of the houses on the other side where the nobs live are equal to anything on Capitol Hill in Denver—that's right. Then there's the opera house that cost $27,580 and the high-school building that cost a cool $75,000. If you're from the East, sir, the ranches are sure to astonish you. The crops raised astonish even those who have seen irrigated land elsewhere. There's the mesa, too," I continued, as I turned and pointed toward Lava Butte. "Lava Butte springs right up out of level plain down south there, and it's a thousand feet high. There ain't a bit of lava anywhere else for miles round about it. I've heard the mine sharps say there isn't another such a formation east of the Divide."

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"Nor anywhere else this side of Tophet," said he, speaking for the first time.

He had faced about to the south for a look and then he'd flinched as if hit in the face. I'd noticed that people who weren't used to the desert found the glare a little trying, but he seemed to take it worse than anybody I had ever seen. However, he said he didn't mind taking a drive around before going to the hotel, so, of course, I pointed the ponies down Main Street. The moment he saw where I was going, however, he said:

"Never mind the village, now. These unpainted shacks make my head ache. Take the short cut to where things grow."

His slighting reference to the city was calculated to agitate a patriot, but I never let sentiment interfere with business. I drove down the upper side of the main irrigating ditch to give him a view of the whole valley.

He kept his eyes on the alfalfa and the grain and the men working water until we came to a fine field of potatoes, when I asked if he had ever seen any to equal them.

"How long since that field was irrigated?" said he; and I judged it at a week.

"Humph! Why don't the owner cultivate it, then?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir," I replied, "unless it is because he thinks they don't need it. The yield on that field, last year, was 217 bushels to the acre."

"So-o!" he said with a laugh.

"Did you ever see a larger one?" I asked.

"Somewhat—say 200 bushels larger," he replied, still laughing.

Of course, I couldn't say what was in my mind—it would have interfered with business—so I turned the conversation. I pointed to a cactus growing beside the trail, and told him that tourists cut the stalks and made canes of them. Getting out he harvested a stem, and then said:

"I've often seen the cactus described as a plant that is all leaf and root with no stalk, but this is the first perfect specimen of a stalk-like leaf I ever saw."

"Leaf, sir?" said I. "That is the trunk of the tree. Cactuses don't have leaves—that kind don't, any way."

At that he looked very sober and replied:

"It's too bad! The schools everywhere—and especially where they build $75,000 high-schools among the shacks of a frontier camp—give all their time to the beauties of literature, and utterly ignore the beauties and wonders of nature, though right at hand. While this bit of cactus is in the shape of a stalk it is a leaf in its structure and function. If I had a good glass it would be a pleasure to show you the stomata in the epidermis."

I saw that I wasn't in his class so I dropped out of the race, as you may say, and he strolled away to look at a cropping lying at right angles to the ditch. It seemed to interest him a whole lot, and as it had been prospected thoroughly by mining men, I quietly asked him if he saw any indications of metal. He laughed good-naturedly this time.

"It's limestone," he said, "and it is folded in a way that is very interesting, but no ores will ever be found in it."

Next he came to the ditch and walked along the bank, looking at the water, as tourists always do, with a glance back at the cropping, now and then, until he came to another cropping of the kind a half a mile or so below, when he got into the carriage and looked across the ditch to the fields of a rancher named Owen Williams.

"He came from New York," I said after telling the rancher's name.

"The farm indicates that he did so," said the tenderfoot emphatically. "Look at the masses of shrubs and trees around the house to shut out the glare of the desert, and see that great bed of flowers. Mr. Williams knows something."

"He sure does," I said. "He's the best judge of cattle in the valley, but as for the trees and posies, his daughter, Miss Susan, is responsible for them. He put them out to please her—he does everything she wants him to."

"That's fine," he replied. "The whole ranch, as you call it, shows that he's about the only man in the valley that don't need kindergarten instruction in farming."

Discreet silence, you may say, reigned after that until we were crossing the Rio Dulce, just below the city limits, where people who owned horses in town dumped the sweepings from their stables. When he saw the heap he said:

"That's a singular place for storing fertilizers. I should think the river might rise suddenly at any time in a barren country like this, and sweep the whole pile away."

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"Sure thing," I said. "That's why they make the pile there."

"What's that?" he asked. "Do people want them swept away—doesn't anybody use——?"

"Not an atom," I said. "I've heard that farmers in the East have to use fertilizers, but here, sir, the soil is inexhaustible. What's more, sir, there are good men of wide experience living in the valley who say that such stuff poisons land in this climate."

"Is that so?" he asked, looking sober as funerals again. "It's too bad. I'm not what you would call a practical farmer but I've made a study of the science, and I'd like nothing better than to take hold of a piece of land here and show people how to do it. Some one ought to do just that, and if it weren't for having the desert under one's eyes all the time, I'd consider the matter carefully. Such yahoos excite my pity."

As I have intimated, his few remarks had touched the raw already, but when he spoke of our ranchmen—men who were able to draw checks for thousands, not to mention their lands and stock—as yahoos, I was plumb amused. Then I happened to think that he ought to be encouraged to put his kindergarten farm idea into practice. It would add to the good money in circulation. So, when I drove up Main Street I managed

Next he came to the ditch and walked along the bank.—Page 231.

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to introduce him to Ben Heatherton, the slickest real estate man west of the Missouri. Sure enough, a deal followed, and this is the way the *Meztizo Citizen* (Ben himself wrote the item) related the facts:

"We are glad to announce to our readers that Prof. Vandam Wheeler, of Wheelertown, N. Y., who, while making a tour of the Great Southwest, stopped off for a look at the famed valley of the Rio Dulce, was so fascinated with the universally admired conditions prevailing here that he has decided to locate in our midst. He has purchased, through the well-known agency of Mr. Benjamin Heatherton, a claim on the railroad land grant opposite the ranch of our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Owen Williams—just above the ditch. This quarter section he will develop as a demonstration farm for the instruction of the ranchmen of the valley.

"The fitness of Prof. Wheeler for this important mission will be manifest to our readers when we say that he has made a thorough study of scientific agriculture. His library includes several hundred volumes relating to the subject.

"As some of our readers are saying that the professor bought dry land because none of his books mentions the fact that water never flows over the upper banks of irrigating ditches, we hasten to state that the location of a demonstration farm is a matter of small moment.

"We shall report the progress of the professor's work minutely from time to time, for while we have travelled much this weary mortal round, we have never heard nor even dreamed of a proposition like this."

Rather neat, eh? Sure thing, but it didn't tell the whole story. When Ben took the professor to inspect the claim I drove. We went by way of the Williams ranch and took Miss Susan along. Miss Susan was the brightest young lady in the great Southwest and as handsome as they grow. Ben calculated on marrying her, some time; and everybody allowed that he was at the head of the procession of those who had hopes in the same line. Of course having a pride in the business, he wanted Miss Susan to see him turn the trick, for he knew there weren't many able to sell chunks of desert to a man right on the ground. And then he calculated that if the tenderfoot was paying more attention to the conversation of a bright young lady than to anything else, why he wouldn't pay quite so much attention to the desert claim as he might under different circumstances. Slick? Sure thing. I reckoned as we drove across the claim, that it was happening according to the blue prints, too, for he hardly took his eyes off the young lady, except when Ben mentioned that we were on the ground. Then he glanced around, said "All right," and turned again to Miss Susan, directed her attention to a clump of the kind of cactus he'd cut for a cane, and began to tell about my views of leaves and stalks.

Miss Susan was a plant sharp—she'd graduated back East somewhere—and they didn't talk anything but botany all the way to the ranch. I saw, then, that the professor was right about the leaf business, and I wondered all the more at his getting fooled into buying desert land. In fact I ventured to ask him if the claim suited him exactly in all respects. We had left Ben and Miss Susan at the ranch, and the professor seemed to be in a brown study at the moment, but he spoke up cheerfully.

"Yes, sir, there's no piece of land in the valley that is better for the purpose in view," he said. He turned on the seat, then, and after a glance back toward the Williams ranch he continued: "Yes, sir, the claim suits me exactly."

So I didn't learn much.

As soon as he took title the professor hired help, cleared the sage-brush from a strip handy to the trail—on the side next to the ditch—spread that heap of stable sweepings as far as it would go over one end, ploughed all he'd cleared, and then at seeding time (September), he sowed it to wheat.

Meantime Ben touched him up, now and again, in the *Citizen*. For instance here is one of the little raspings:

"We are shocked to observe the levity with which our people mention the progress of the work on Prof. Wheeler's demonstration farm as conducted for the instruction of our ranchmen. They even make the farm a show-place—drive out there just to see what he will do next. We therefore beg to say we know that every furrow was turned, and every clod crushed, according to the rules found in the books; and we venture to predict that when he has shown

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everybody how to raise crops without water the value of scientific attainments will receive universal acclaim."

I happened to be in the post-office when Mrs. and Miss Williams got that week's *Citizen* with their other mail. Mrs. Williams opened the paper and turned to the item as if she'd heard about it already. Then she laughed heartily and nudged Miss Susan, but all the young lady did was to wrinkle her very pretty nose at her mother and say nothing.

It struck me that maybe the professor would like to know about that little comedy, so I told him, but I reckoned he didn't see the point. He began telling what a fine crop he was going to raise, and then he said:

"If you are a sporting man just back that wheat to make a bumper. You can get any odds you want from the guys, now. The chap who writes paragraphs for the *Citizen*, for instance, will go you ten to one. That's a straight tip, my son. Of course, you won't plunge any further than you can afford."

I thought I couldn't afford a little bit. Even Mr. Williams, who was about the only man in the valley to take the farm seriously, said that in a climate where no more than twenty inches of rain fell in the course of a year it was impossible to make a crop.

Well, inside of a week, after sowing the wheat, the line storm came with its usual downpour and the crop came up fine. The *Citizen* had just this line at the head of the editorial column: "A fool for luck"—that and nothing more, but we all knew and laughed. As the weeks passed, however, that wheat kept on growing and that, too, although we didn't get another drop of rain for three months! Fact! It grew right along all winter as well as any under the ditch, while the "fertilized plot," as the professor called it, was a far cry better. And when harvest time came—well, just let me skip to the day before the one when "my reapers," as the professor said, "are to harvest my first instruction crop."

I was sitting in the stable office when the 'phone rang and I found our station agent on the line:

"Is this the stable?" he asked. "All right. Get busy and bring up the best of your decrepit rigs—six of them. The general super and some more are coming up the line and they'll drop off here to permeate the vistas, see? Yes. They're to inspect the professor's dry ranch. They're due in half an hour. Come—do."

When the special pulled in Ben Heatherton, who had done a lot of business for the company, was on hand to do the honors. He brought the general super and a big fat Dutchman, with spectacles as thick as an egg, to my carriage, and got in with them. Um! He had to sit there and listen while they talked about the dry-farm proposition—how it would revolutionize agriculture in the arid belt, make a market for the company's land, double the population along the line, and all that sort of thing. It made him look right mournful.

On reaching the claim we saw Williams driving the family carriage up from the ranch, with the professor on the front seat and Mrs. Williams and Miss Susan on the back. I reckoned that the station agent had called them. They greeted the bunch just as if they were accustomed to having general supers dropping in on them every little while, and then they all went inspecting the grain. That is, all but the fat Dutchman did. He went prospecting along the limestone cropping I mentioned. From the cropping he went to the ditch and wandered along the bank just as the professor had done, and finally, when the bunch had seen all the wheat, he came up to the professor and said:

"Has it occurred to you, Mr. Wheeler, that your field might be subirrigated by seepage from the ditch?"

The professor looked at Ben, and then, with a queer little smile around his mouth, he said quietly:

"Oh, yes, I knew the land was subirrigated before I bought it. The first time I visited the claim, as we call it here, I saw the cropping you have been examining, and although I am not a geologist, I was interested in it because it seemed to be a fold in a horizontal bed of limestone, which, as I assumed, was to be found not very far down under all this part of the valley—a fold that had been forced up, perhaps, when the old volcano, out there on the mesa, was alive and shaking things. Then with the limestone bed in mind I came to the ditch and observed that the soil all the way down the bank was as porous as it is every-

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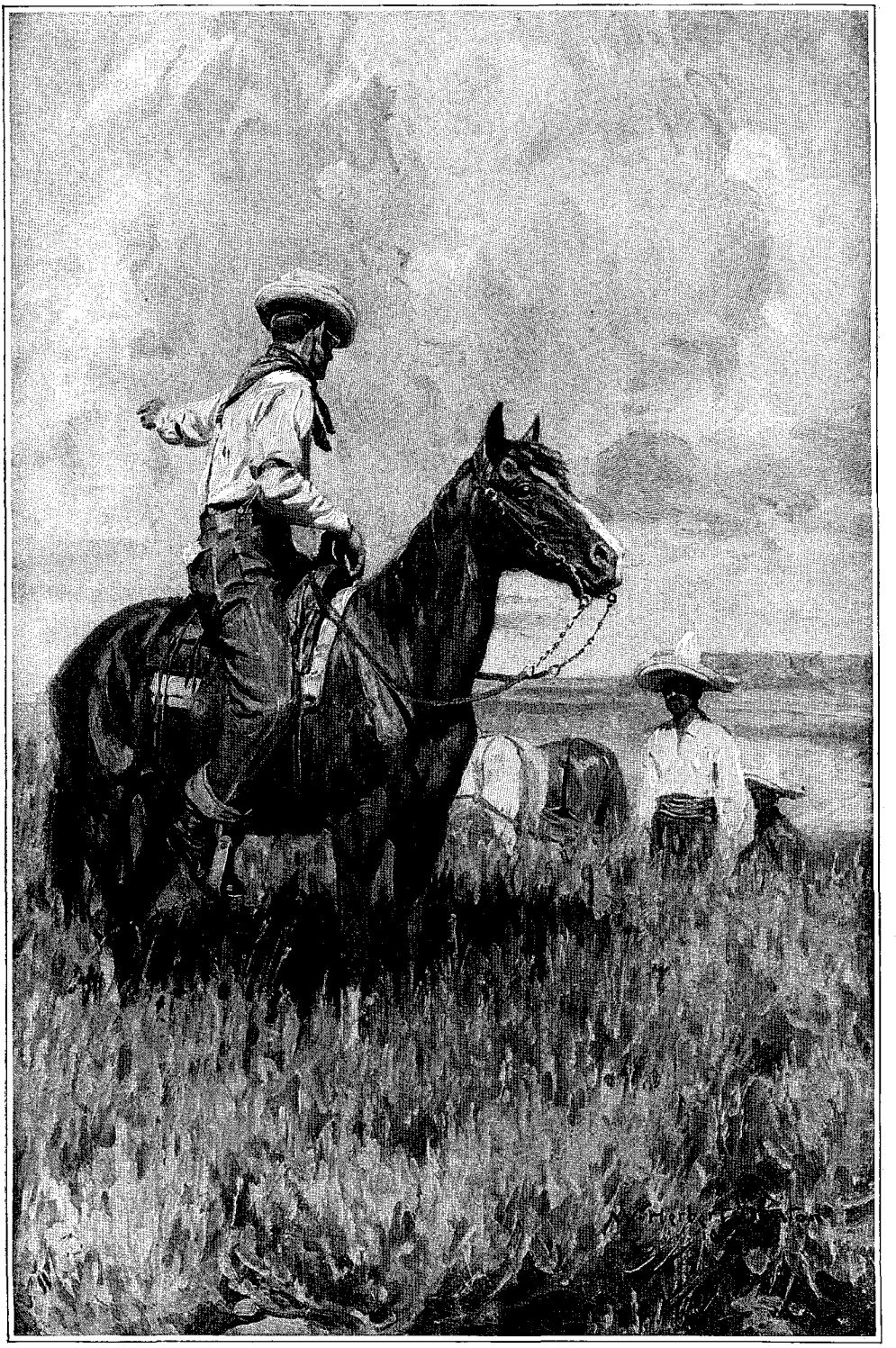

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

As soon as he took title the professor hired help, cleared the sage-brush.—Page 233.

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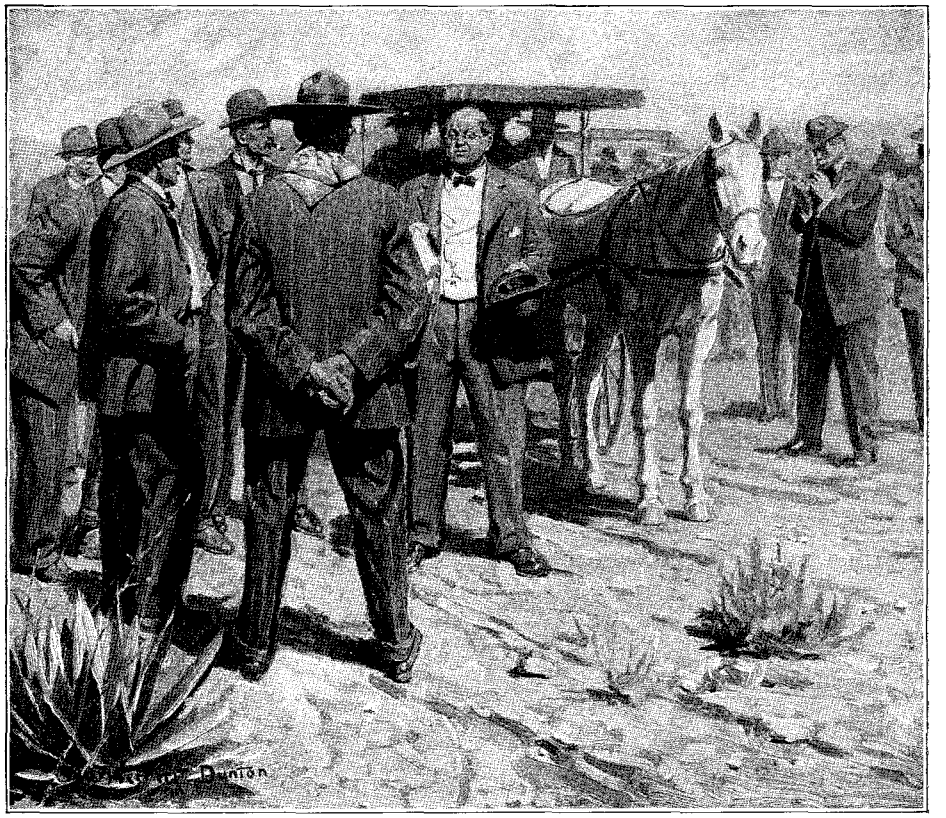

"Has it occurred to you, Mr. Wheeler, that your field might be subirrigated?"—Page 234.

where on the surface. Of course it was then natural to suppose that—ah, while water does not usually overflow the upper banks of irrigating ditches, it was seeping into this bank and soaking through the soil, on top of the bed of limestone, at least as far back as the rise of the croppings. I therefore made borings, when negotiating for the land, and learned that while the water did not show on the surface, there was sufficient moisture well within the reach of the roots of any crop that might be planted on this part of the claim. I have the auger in the carriage there now, and if you would like to see the character of the soil, and measure the distance to the water table, I shall be glad to run it down."

"What's that?" said the general super. "Are you saying you knew all the time this was not a dry proposition?"

"Yes, sir," replied the professor blandly. "Perhaps I ought to tell you a little more of the history of this claim. I was a tourist doing the town, and having learned about the optimistic and—pardon me—somewhat boastful ways of the people of the 'Great Southwest,' I added to the interest of the occasion by offering comments on such defects as came under my eyes—beginning on the driver, there, who showed me the scenery on the first day. My remarks, as I have heard, led Mr. Heatherton to urge me to buy a claim and show the benighted populace how to farm it. Though I had no more idea of buying than I have of buying another claim now, I went with him to inspect the property, and —ah—in the course of the excursion found reason to think I ought to remain in Meztizo for a time."

As he said that, he glanced out of the corners of his eyes toward the Williams carriage, but he kept right on talking.

"On learning that the land offered was this subirrigated patch, I saw at once that it would not only afford an excuse for remaining, if that were needed, but it would give opportunity to carry out my little joke

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about showing the people how to conduct a farm according to scientific principles. So I bought it, but I beg you to believe that if I had known that you and these other busy gentlemen were going to waste your time coming here to look at——"

"Waste nothing!" said the general super heartily. "You know how quick the people of the Great Southwest are to see a point and make up their minds on matters of business. We're all right glad to have seen your experiment. Your methods of tillage have been scientific even if it was a joke, and what's more your ability to discover the subirrigation of the claim shows your training—that's right, sir. Now we are establishing three experimental farms along the line, and we shall be glad to have you help us by taking charge of them. You're just the man we want. What do you say?"

The professor had won out, eh? Sure thing. And what did he say?

For a moment he didn't say a word. He turned around till he faced the south and looked away toward Lava Butte. It made him flinch just as it had done on that first day; for the sand augers were boring their way up into the cerulean, and the heat and glare were blinding. But he shaded his eyes with one hand and then he said:

"Be good enough to look at that, sir. Believe me, I am obliged to you for your offer. I do not fail to see the opportunities it would afford in more than one direction, and I appreciate the honor you do me in expressing your confidence in this way. But if you will look across the mesa you will understand why I cannot accept. We are all going to leave Meztizo—we're going where we can see good green trees the year round, and leaves and grass and flowers everywhere throughout the season—we are going to God's country, sir, and there we are going to live a life worth while. Your company has not got money enough to hire us to spend our lives in the midst of such desolation as surrounds this settlement."

Well, that's about all of the story. He married Miss Susan within a week, and then he and Williams sold out and moved back to New York. It was just as I said: "He was smart enough in some ways, but when it came to a matter of business he was plumb loco."

THE FLIGHT OF THE MOUSE

By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

WE were at Darjheeling, Harry Chiltern and I, he doing some heavy sentimentalizing because that was indicated by the social atmosphere, and fancying he was about to rake in an occasional order for a portrait, and I, as a newspaper man, temporarily retired, snuffing round for material. I had a theory that some of these too civilized and much worn quarters of the globe were not explored to exhaustion by the fellows who had already made their bold rubricated mark, and I thought there might even be a pocket or two at Darjheeling where a cleverish penman could strike it rich. Besides, I wanted to write an article on Kipling's India, and I never can ogle any place to advantage if I just go out with my hands in my pockets and saunter over it. I need to have an ostensible purpose, like the ladies who can't walk a brisk mile without a hank of embroidery cotton at the end of it, and then they can foot it all day.

We were a little bored at last, Chiltern and I, he with the discovery that Mrs. Hauksbee is no better than her type (and the type is common enough, none older), once the gilding wears off, and I discerning that I wasn't squeezing very much juice out of an orange that had been punctured before, when Florence De Lisle came up

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from Calcutta with her most respectable uncle and aunt, and the very best of introductions to the reigning dames. Florence De Lisle wasn't her name. It was a New England name that has considered itself sacred for a long time, as measured by New England, and wouldn't have allowed Krishna or a drove of sacred cows to take precedence of it. But we soon had no use for her name, because we at once christened her, at a mess dinner, where she was mentioned with respectful anticipation, the Mouse, and the Mouse she continued to be among the entirely idolizing circle where, in the teeth of Mrs. Hauksbee, she took up an innocent reign. She was very beautiful, slender as a wand, with a hand like a lily, a pale face inside the particular oval that makes you think of unattainable things, the pointed chin of a Reynolds angel, great brown eyes, and coils of the palest fine blonde hair. It was by chance that any of us knew the color of her eyes. We weren't allowed to see them, for she had, for purposes of mysterious concealment, full white lids, the kind Raphael set the fashion of, and a set of eyelashes long enough to fringe a cloak. There got to be bets, at last, as to the actual color of her eyes, and the number of times a fellow could wile them out of covert. She wasn't using them for their legitimate purpose of hiding and seeking. She looked just innocence, plain innocence and shyness, as if she actually hadn't the grit to meet a world as coarse and headstrong as she'd found everything beyond the shrine of her white arms. As soon as we saw her we knew she was the Mouse, though some drivelled awhile, after St. Bottle had passed, about moonbeams and angels; and we set about wondering what, beyond maiden meditation, had so suppressed her. In spite of her slenderness, she looked athletic, a girl who had some go in her and, to me, the once or twice when I dashed into the bower of her shaded eyes, perhaps unrecognized, untamed desires. Something had subdued her, something kept her veiled.

"I know," said Chiltern one night after he had danced with her twice and been ready to square off at the rest of us for a third, until her uncle came up with re-enforcements of orders from the aunt (called irreverently and universally "Bellona"), and took her away, "it's that kangaroo of an uncle. It's that ambling pad of an aunt."

Now no terms could have been less accurately selected. The uncle and aunt were simply two very large, slow-moving persons, bounded on the north, east, south, and west by prejudice of various colors. They were rather terrible, on the score of insularity, but they looked in no sense like tyrants.

"Oh, rot!" said I. The Indian night was irritating to me with its little circle of safety where we sat and cooled ourselves, and the jungles of manifold sorts beyond, jungles of hatred and tyranny and caprice, and a losing game where good Englishmen think they're dying for civilization, and are really the goods delivered to serve imperial greed. I was tired of it all. "Do you think they abuse her? Is that your idea?"

"I think they've built a little fence of privilege round her, and nobody's coming in unless he's got the mun."

"Well," said I hatefully, "you haven't got it, Chilly, my boy. So don't do any more fluttering round the candle than you feel actually obliged to. It's hot, and—oh, what's the use!"

Chiltern got up and plunged across the room and made himself hotter. I had the sense to keep still, and felt superior to him.

"It isn't all money," he growled out. "They're prospecting for family trees."

I was yawning my head off.

"I guess it's money fast enough," I said. "Don't get Fitch up here, that's all I say. And if he comes, don't tell me I haven't warned you."

"Fitch!" scoffed Chiltern. "Fitch!" And that was all he would say until two days afterward when Fitch actually came.

Now Fitch was a large, middle-aged bachelor of American birth, who wore a watch-chain draped in twin festoons across his semi-circular front, and looked, at every point, as though, if you should cut into him, you'd find cold suet. He was, I think, the most pestiferous bore, the most ponderous, untrammelled bore, that ever took it upon himself, in a massive way, to disgrace his country abroad. And he was incredibly rich. Chiltern had painted his portrait, turned him out a pompous ass in a style that seemed to please Fitch very well, and Fitch had rewarded him for it, and me because I happened to be chumming with Chiltern, by pursuing us, in a pathetic way (if you had any human feeling for such a

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Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

The Mouse.

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semblance of life as he was), eating with us, drinking all round us, densely trying to make it worth our while by offering us a more luxurious line of travel than we could afford ourselves, or accept from any man, and most misguidedly gobbling up our jokes and laughing in the wrong key. We had escaped him at Calcutta, told him we were going to Benares, and fled, hot-foot, *remis velisque*, for Darjheeling. But we were never without a shudder at his approaching aura, and two days after we had evoked him by meddling with his name, he appeared like a fattened ghost at our sides —literally that, because he stepped in between us as we were entering the club.

"I began to have an idea you fellows were here," said he. "Been everywhere for you. Come along in and have tiffin with me."

We didn't want his precious tiffin, but seeing him there, we did find it necessary to talk to him. Chiltern began. He told him Darjheeling was infested with snakes and suttee. The suttees were being shot by the dozen with nine-inch maharajahs, but no man was safe. There was more to the same end, and Fitch stood and gazed at him out of his little pale eyes, and at the end remarked:

"Actually! When are you fellows going down?"

Chiltern told him gloomily that we meant to stay and die on the spot, because we were poor men and Darjheeling offered a field for our professional abilities; but he shouldn't advise any valued citizen with a bank account to do anything so absolutely suicidal and deadly. Fitch listened to him, with the unwinking stare that, as I always felt, meant an effort to understand which would, if measured in static units, have been sufficient to blow St. Peter's into the air and waft it over the Nile, and he said:

"Well, I guess I'm safe so long as you fellows are here. You know the ropes pretty well. When you think it's time to cut, I'll go with you."

Chiltern groaned.

"Got a stitch?" old Proser asked him sympathetically. "I've had a twinge or two myself, spite of the devilish heat."

"No," Chiltern told him, it wasn't rheumatism. It was snake-bite or a forerunner of cholera, he didn't know which. He thought he'd go back to the hotel and turn in. But just as he was getting off, and Fitch was handing him an affectionate good-by, Fitch happened to say, quite by chance it was:

"I see there are some folks here I know. I'll look 'em up, I guess—the De Lisles."

"The De Lisles!" Chiltern turned into a statue and glared at him, open-mouthed, and I felt I was glaring, too. We were humble with curiosity.

"Oh, yes," Fitch said. De Lisle and he were old acquaintances. Started in the cotton-mill together, and had a good many dealings, keeping prices on a level and hedging on strikes. Then he gave us his benignant, flat smile, like the dramatic effort of a garnished ham, and pottered away with that walk of his, as if both his feet were tender. Chiltern looked at me and I at him.

"Well," I said, "cheer up. He knows the Mouse already. He won't marry her, for if he was going to he could have done it before."

"Marry her!" hooted Chiltern. "He? Marry that——"

"Mouse," said I.

But the next day it looked as if nobody were going to marry the Mouse if Bellona and Bellona's bridegroom, as we quite seriously called them, could prevent it—nobody but one: for William Norman Pilkington Hare had arrived, an Englishman of long descent, with manners, money, everything in his pocket, six-foot two, military carriage, fine blonde head, and a hand and foot to charm, and we saw, actually saw Bellona draw bead on him. It was at one of those foolish afternoon teas where the six young ladies then in Darjheeling who hunted in half-dozens, were displayed for sale, suitably chaperoned, and the mother of one of them came in towing young Hare, doubtless for home consumption. He took his cup of tea like a man, gazed all round with his clear blue eyes, and saw the Mouse. She wasn't one of the six, but her precious uncle and aunt contrived to have her look, as they always did, some way or other, as if she were sitting in a special coronation chair and as if her muslin dress had been made out of something mystic, wonderful. Hare's eyes dwelt on her for an instant, as the novels have it, and then he found Bellona at his elbow, saying in that cultivated patois of hers, half middle-class English, half Bostonese, that she'd met his aunt, Lady

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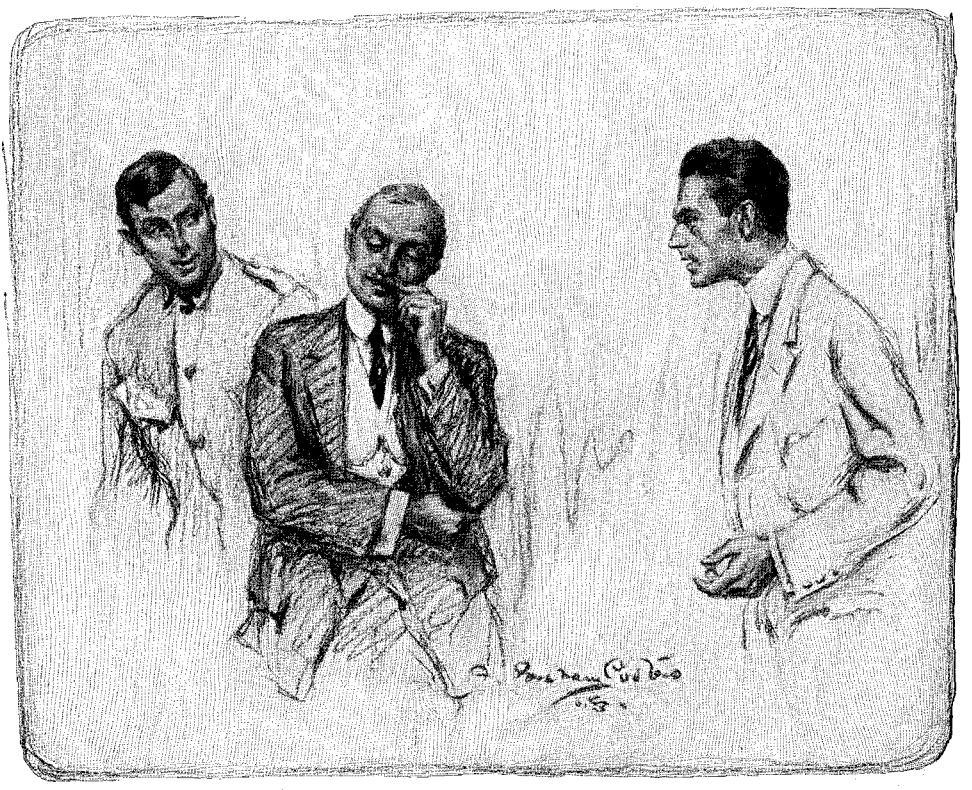

The most pestiferous bore, the most ponderous, untrammelled bore.—Page 238.

Sampleton, and how did Lady Sampleton do? Hare answered civilly, though without showing any warmth—as, indeed, how could he, for Chiltern, who had painted Lady Sampleton's portrait, said afterward she looked like a hickory nut dressed up in the show-feathers of a purple ostrich—and then presently he was being presented to the Mouse, and she was working all sorts of havoc with us who watched, by simply not looking at him. Then he was invited to dinner—we heard that—on the count of Lady Sampleton, and accepted, with some neutrality perhaps, but still he accepted; and Chiltern and I went away among the first, sulking like mad.

"At least," I said, when we were half-way back to the hotel, "it isn't Fitch."

"There are worse things than Fitch," said Chiltern gloomily.

Whereupon I ventured to ask what they were.

"This Johnnie's worse," was his very elaborate reasoning, "because Fitch couldn't get her, and this fellow can."

I felt enamored of justice.

"He isn't a Johnnie," said I, "and it would be incorrect to call him a fellow. He is a very dukelike piece of handiwork, and we're nowhere beside him."

"You're right," said Chiltern, to my surprise. "We're nowhere beside him, especially in the eyes of Bellona."

The Psalmist says he has never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. In that regard I am more correctly informed than the Psalmist, for I have seen both; but the thing I have not seen is a campaign conducted with more circumspection and invincible purpose than the one whereby the De Lisles set a gin for the feet of the dukelike Hare, and limed his pathway, and threw salt upon his shining tail-feathers. Every device known to the hunter of men they used simultaneously and in due order, and it would have been strange if such a mobilization of force had come to naught. One ally was lacking to them—the Mouse herself. She grew every day paler, more spiritualized, and sometimes we

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Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

Bellona actually sailed down on them and quashed it.—Page 243.

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went mad with the impulse to champion her, and again we dashed our impotent heads against the walls of impalpable authority wherein she lived.

"Would you marry her, Chiltern?" I cried. "Would you do it?"

"Would I?" he roared at me. "Would I drink up Eisel when I've got an immortal thirst on me? Would I?"

"Then why don't you dash in and marry her out of hand?"

"Why don't I? Because I can't get within sight of her eyelashes with that brace of watch-dogs guarding her. I can't find out whether she's ever seen me, even. Sometimes I think she isn't a real girl. She's a wraith, a mist maiden. She'll melt if you touch her. Only we can't touch her, and she never'll melt. Why don't I dash in? Why don't I dash into the czar's bedchamber and clap him on the back and offer him a dimitrino? Why don't I dash into the jungle and pull the tiger king's tail?"

This was, of course, hysteria, but at the same time truth. It was also true that we all looked on at the game, and we all, I think, understood. So far as matrimonial desirability went, Hare was a prince of the blood. He brought his reputation with him. All the dowagers knew about him in some mysterious way, as news filters about among savages. They haven't the telephone, but all the same they get hold of things. You can't say how it goes, but information—and as a rule very accurate—is simply there. So it was with these Amazons of a thousand ballrooms. They even knew what advances he'd resisted, not like a cad, but through honest flight once he'd felt the lariat flinging nearer, and they all smiled when they saw America, within the brocaded surface of this New England dame, walk into the arena, throw down the same old glove, and dare him to the immemorial combat. Only it was apparently not the same challenge at all. Bellona was clever, infernally. After that one invitation to dine, instead of pursuing, she kept her ground. And she absolutely seemed to be defending the Mouse, defending her from him, so that whoever took the girl out to dinner, he never did. There were always reams of table linen between them. And once when the Mouse had promised him a dance, Bellona actually sailed down on them and quashed it with the fiat that dear Florence was already overtired. The Englishman's eyes flashed—I saw that—and next day two matrons, by actual count, told Chiltern, who groaned it out to me, that Hare had applied for an interview with Bellona's bridegroom, and got it. And that very night the news swept over us like a special kind of plague that Hare had, in proper form, asked for the Mouse in marriage and been accepted. It was added that the marriage would be hastened, because he had had news that his elder brother, Lord Ormsby, was likely to be at Simla, by way of Bombay, and that Hare had been expected to join him. And then the date was actually set. They were to be married at Calcutta, invited by Lady Sampleton's foster-niece.

When we heard that, Chiltern and I, we were at the club, trying to resist the culinary attentions of Fitch. The man who told us walked away, and Chiltern looked at me in a manner he has when one of his grand passions finds the earth caving in under it. His lip twitched, as if it had been denied some draught, and he said:

"Well, it's over. Let's go home."

I was sorry for him in a measure, but I knew time and change would paint him a cheerful scarlet.

"Do you mean it?" I asked. "Home?"

"To America," said Chiltern.

We both forgot Fitch, who stood there, his little eyes fixed on us with that fatuous acquiescence he felt in our most commonplace acts, and especially our prowess in talking fool talk as he couldn't.

"Actually?" said Fitch. "I'll go with you."

Chiltern turned upon him with what I have heard called the courage of desperation.

"By the way," Fitch continued, "Flossie De Lisle's going to be married Wednesday. You wouldn't want to sail that same day, would you?"

Chiltern was looking him through, thinking.

"No," he said. "Put it off a couple of weeks, Fitch. Take the next boat."

"I'll engage passage," said Fitch, with alacrity. There was no porter's errand he wasn't anxious to do for the reward of being cheek by jowl with such bully boys as we.

"No," said Chiltern, "you engage your own passage, and I'll attend to ours. By-

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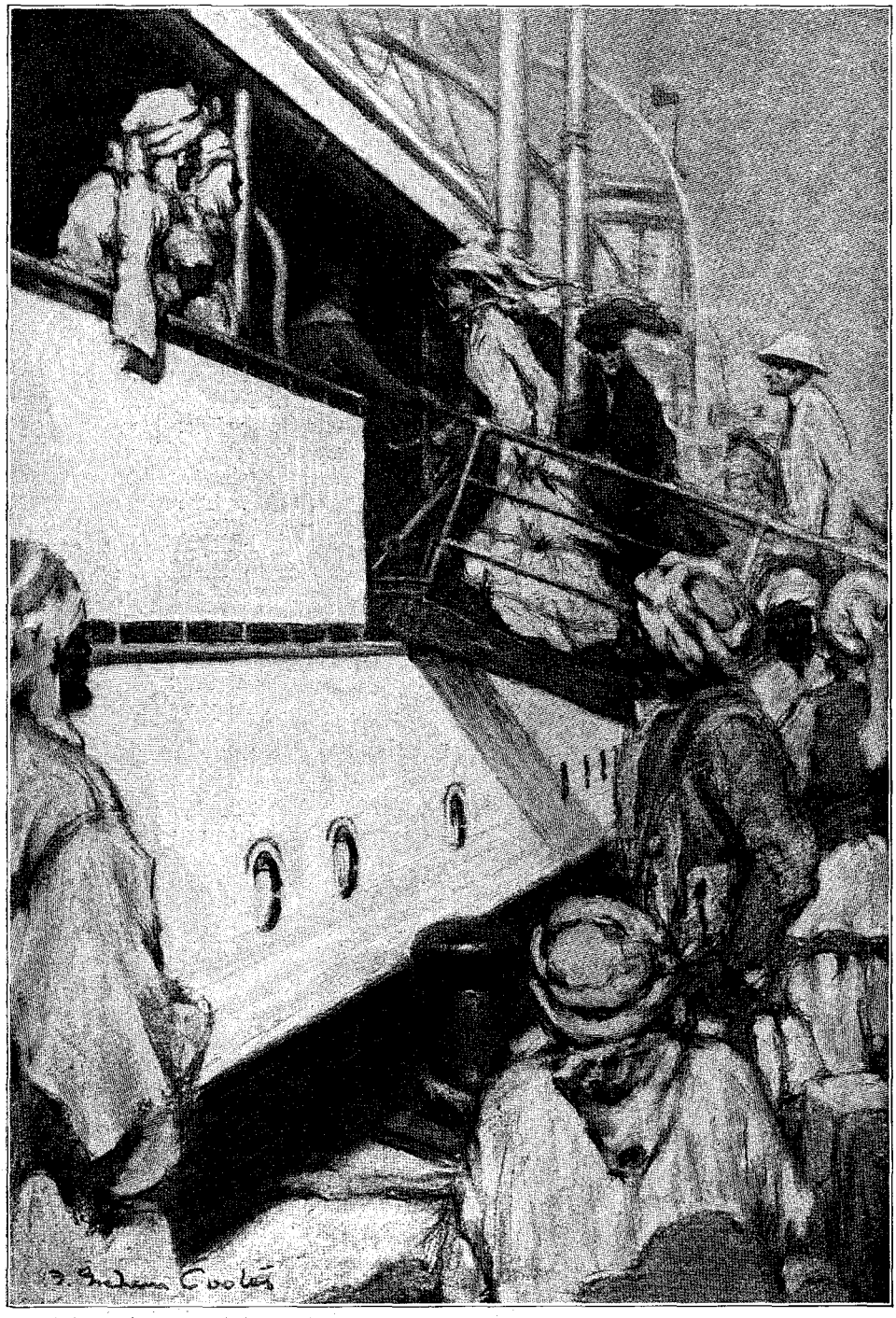

Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

They ran up the gangway with the unmistakable air of flight.—Page 245.

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by, Fitch, see you soon. Got some painting to finish now."

"Painting?" said Fitch, abominably and offensively interested. "Got an order?"

"Yes," said Chiltern, "a group—a rajah and his brandy paunee."

"Sho!" said Fitch, who retained traces of his country breeding. "Actually! Well, do 'em justice, Chiltern, do 'em justice. By the way, Flossie De Lisle and her husband are going up to Simla."

"She hasn't any husband," growled Chiltern, "yet."

"No," said Fitch, with the cheerfulness of the adipose, "not yet."

It was Saturday, and I was on pins to go. I felt it was time to cut the whole connection, Fitch because we couldn't thole him, and the Mouse because Chiltern was monotonously cherishing that idea of loving her. And because he cherished it, and because it was fighting in his system to a horrible extent, I was going to do exactly what he said about time and place, and let his sick fancy go wherever it felt it could heal itself.

"But it's not America, Pete," he said, as we turned away and knew Fitch was gingerly trotting off, as if the pavement scorched him, to engage his passage. "It's Egypt."

"Egypt? We stop in Egypt?"

"We do. We take next Wednesday's boat. We go to Cairo. We interrogate the Sphinx. We ask her what the devil she thinks of this business of upsetting a fellow's nerves because a girl's got a pale face and bright hair. Maybe we go on into the desert. And in two weeks Fitch takes the next boat and steams by us to England."

"Maybe he'll stop at Egypt, too."

"No, he won't. The day we leave here, we'll post him a passionate letter, saying I'm summoned to paint the Lord Mayor of London, and charge him, an' he loves us, to meet us at the Mansion House six weeks ahead."

So he engaged passage under some fictitious name or other, I forget what now, and we were to sail the very day of the marriage.

"Go on board at the last minute," I said. I had a foolish fear Fitch would lime us, and we should see him behind us on the deck. Chiltern's spirits were coming up. Blue water was calling him, and I saw he wasn't going to spend his precious tears on any incomparable she who could commit that last, worst solecism of accepting Another. He burst into his hoot of laughter. I hadn't heard it since he saw the Mouse first and began to wear a lover's melancholy.

"Fitch won't see us," he remarked, as if he had a pretty secret. "If he does, he won't know us. I've laid in some Mohammedan togs, for his sweet sake, and we're going on board in 'em and keep 'em on till she's under way"

"How do you know they'll let us? How do you knew there isn't a prejudice against nagurs on the P. & O.?"

"Do you know who's captain of our boat?" asked Chiltern, with the air of delivering a clincher.

"No."

"Tommy Ridgway."

"Good! Will he stand for it?"

"Stand for anything we take it into our noddles to do."

So the day of the sailing we were on board early, each in a fancy-ball costume where I felt extremely foolish and somewhat parasitic, though Chiltern assured me he'd had the togs put through some cleansing process and strictly sterilized. We were on deck, he in a high state of enjoyment, and I contemplating going below and changing for Western wear, when he quieted suddenly, as if a thought had him by the throat.

"Well," he said, "it's over."

I stared at him from under my turban.

"Over?" I said.

"Yes. She's married."

"Oh, the Mouse! Yes," I said with philosophy, "she's married."

And then as I watched the turmoil of the shore, I saw a carriage drive up and two women get out, one of them veiled. The other was Florence De Lisle's rawboned, sallow maid. The first—I knew her through her gauze, knew her walk, her height, her slenderness—was Florence De Lisle herself. They ran up the gangway with the unmistakable air of flight and came on board. They were near enough to touch us. I grabbed Chiltern's arm, but there was no need. He was looking at her, shocked into silence. The two of them, mistress and maid, went to the rail and stood there. We swung off, and still they stood as if Calcutta held something they feared or loved to leave. I touched Chil-

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tern again on the arm, and he followed me to our cabin. There we looked at each other.

"He must be on board," said Chiltern, voicing the thought of both of us.

"He's not. A bridegroom come on board and let his bride come after?"

"No!"

"She's run away?" I asked, almost, I believe, piteously in the extremity of my wonder.

"Yes. She hates him."

"Run away before the ceremony!"

"Yes. Good God! Peter, here she is on board with us for sixteen days of solitude and the open sea."

"Come back, Chiltern," I charged him. "Think what you're saying. If she's run away from him, there'll be the devil's own row. There'd be row enough if she went alone. But we two are on board, and the world's wife will say she went with us."

He opened his mouth and looked at me as if he could roar down the hatefulness of it all.

"With you, at least," I said. "And that I stood by you, or indecently followed on."

Chiltern halted there looking down on his perfectly cleansed costume. Then his eye travelled over mine.

"We've got to keep these on," he said.

"The whole voyage?"

"Yes. I'll go and see Ridgway. I'll tell him we consider it a kind of a joke—Ridgway knows we're a pair of fools—oh, damn, Peter, damn!"

"You won't mention her?" I called after him.

"Mention her? I'm going to save her from being mentioned."

He was gone perhaps half an hour, and I sat on my bunk and meditated. I felt like a fool in my disguise which seemed well enough on shore, and in for an adventure all primary school folly and neither fun nor glory in it. When Chiltern came back he took his place beside me and also meditated. Then he came to himself.

"Well," said he, "how do you suppose they're registered?"

I couldn't guess, and he added, as if it capped the top of wonder:

"Mrs. Hare and maid."

"Then she's married." That was all that occurred to me to say. "Married and he's not here. Well," I mused, after another soggy moment, "she's run away. As you say, she hates him."

And I could see through the thin veil of Chiltern's quiet, moved only by a breathing like a racing tug, that he was wondering by chance whether there was a man she did not hate.

The tension of that sixteen days' voyage tires me now to think of. Mrs. Hare—the Mouse no longer—was going on to England; then, ten days out, she changed her mind, Ridgway said, and was going to stop off in Egypt. Chiltern and I kept our state-rooms except after dark, and we made the deck our own for the greater part of the night. Even to Ridgway, we didn't own why we wanted our identities sealed as the grave. It was a bet, we told him, and then, in an exuberance of bitter fancy, a bet with Fitch, whom he also knew, that we couldn't or wouldn't travel incog. to Cairo.

Chiltern was torn in two by the aching wonder of it all. He pondered whether she perhaps guessed he was on board—nobody thought of the possibility of her loving *me*—or whether she was just flying for terror of what she'd left behind. He felt himself in the midst of an adventure beside which the tales of Scheherezade are as the babblings of Tupper, and yet like a clear blue sky above his tragedy stage, was the unalterable determination in us both that a good girl should not be compromised. More than that, she should not fall into dangers unguessed by her, as they were as yet by us. Sometimes we didn't more than half trust the maid. She looked like a locked black morocco bag, for silence. What did she know, we wondered, or had she planned the flight? Was the Mouse somehow in her power, and where was the Portmanteau taking her? They stayed in their own cabin a good deal, we found by chance from Ridgway, and it's safe to say the voyage was the stuffiest one the four of us ever had. Then at last Cairo, and we followed them to Shepheard's and heard them make their bargain, with a good deal of dignity on the part of the Mouse, and saw them going to their rooms. We turned out incontinently upon that, though we had apparently been waiting till the English ladies should be served, went to a trustworthy dive Chiltern knew about, and there washed our faces and got into the dress of American men of respectable degree. Then we took rooms

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at the Hotel de Londres, opposite Shepheard's, and again forswore the air of heaven to sit at our windows and note whether or when our mysterious dames came forth. They did, and we followed them at a distance. The Mouse seemed interested in shops, timid about bargaining, but spirited and even happy. She walked differently, with her head up and a certain swing and go amazing to us. Her cheeks, so pale when we had watched her at Darjheeling, had the slightest flush. Whether she ever saw us or not, we could not tell. By that time we were worn and fractious with the queerness of it all, and sometimes there seemed to be no reason why she shouldn't see us. Only, if she did, there was a perfectly understood compact between us that no one should be recognized. But the growing change in her! Every day she seemed to be more buoyant, more intoxicated with something that looked like expectation.

"If this keeps on," said Chiltern one night from the darkness of his chamber where we sat together, "we shall forget she was the Mouse."

"So I thought," I answered, "though it's beyond me what to call her now."

"Me, too," he said, "unless it's the leopard."

"No, the leopard's cruel, when she likes. This girl's not cruel. Only she's alive at last—and wonderful."

"Yes," said Chiltern, sucking at his pipe. "She's wonderful."

So it went on for three weeks, a month, and then another night Chiltern came in to me with business written over him.

"Stir your stumps," he said. "They're going to the Pyramids by moonlight."

"How do you know?"

"Heard the order given. Walked into Shepheard's to ask fool questions and see whether they were in the garden, saw the maid come down, heard the carriage ordered."

"They're going in a carriage?"

"Yes."

"By themselves?"

"Apparently."

"I don't like that. They're safer in the tram."

"Well, you're going too, so you might as well like it."

"Oh, yes," I said absently, "of course I'm going myself, but I don't like that either. I wish we were all at Coney Island seeing the moving pictures—or down at Cuttyhunk."

So when the carriage came round to take the Mouse and the Portmanteau out to the Pyramids the ancient kings seemed to have builded for the special purpose of a scene-setting for all that was to do, two saddle-horses were waiting at our door, and after a suitable interval, Chiltern and I mounted and followed on behind, like a particularly asinine branch of special police.

"I'm thinking," I said, while the leather creaked.

"What?" Chiltern flung at me.

"That somehow this night's the night that settles it."

"Yes." He bit the word off sharp. "It is."

"And I'm thinking if she does recognize you, and you forget Hare, you'll tell her how we've followed her. You'll tell her a good many things."

"I sha'n't forget Hare," said he savagely.

"Don't," I recommended.

If you're going to be in love, which, I contend, is a special curse only ameliorated by the inevitable oblivion at the end, there's no place to be in love like the country where Cleopatra wooed her Antony. Moonlight and the Pyramids, the avenue of lebbek trees, the Libyan hills beyond where we could see, and holding it all, like a sorceress with her lap full of sleepy runes, Egypt. Whole reams of poetry, stuff I hadn't thought of since I was twenty, came rushing into my head, and I swear I don't know to this day whether it was mine or Shakespeare's.

"If I speak," I said, and I knew I said it drunkenly, "I shall speak in verse."

Chiltern understood. He answered with a perfect gravity.

"Yes. Don't do it, though. We couldn't any of us bear it."

By that "any of us" I saw he included in our possible meeting, the woman in the carriage ahead.

We were riding slowly to keep well away, and suddenly we became aware, at the same moment, I think, of a mad rhythm of hoofs behind us. There was one man riding, riding like the wild huntsman at least.

"That's business," said Chiltern.

"Let him pass us," I threw back at him. "We can keep an eye on him and ride him down."

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The rhythm of hoofs came nearer. The man rode with a reckless haste, and no eye for us, save to turn out. He was abreast of us. He passed, and we, by one impulse, started our horses into the same wild gallop and kept on with him.

"You saw!" Chiltern cried out to me.

"I saw," I answered, with, I think, as savage emphasis.

The man was Hare. He was still ahead of us, going like all possessed, and we doubled our pace. We were twenty feet behind him, and he at least twenty-five feet behind the carriage, and he now, as if this were exactly the distance he had determined upon, dropped into an easy trot, and we did the same. So there we were at an even pace, not to meet, it seemed, until we reached some point tacitly decreed, which was presumably the Pyramids. And now the Pyramid was looming up before us, a black bulk of velvet in the dark. Once only I spoke to Chiltern. I reined in beside him.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

He turned his head to me and I saw, or thought I saw, in the moonlight, that his eyes were bloodshot.

"It depends," he said. He was breathing short and hard. "If she hates him, kill him."

But I knew he wasn't armed—or thought I knew it—and wondered, in a dull way, what he would find to do the deed, and thought with distaste of the whole embroilment; and by and by we were there, and the monument of ages was looking majestically down on us and our midget passion. The Bedouins were wrangling for a big party of English that had come to see the Pyramids by moonlight, so that they forgot briefly to wrangle for us, and the English mamma was so exercised over finding at the last minute that Baedeker had implied the young ladies should wear divided skirts (which they had not provided), that she was forbidding them stridently to ascend at all, and that gave the Bedouins matter for more entreaty. In the little outside swirl of peace beside these tempestuous forces, the Mouse had alighted, given her driver an order, and with the Black Portmanteau turned aside to a remoter space where, it was evident, she meant to observe the Pyramids and the heavens for a moment "by the world forgot." While they did this, Hare sat his horse like a statue, watching them; but when it was fairly evident that this was what she meant to do, he flung himself out of the saddle, gave a Bedouin the bridle to hold, the act accompanied by a few terse words wherein I detected the name of the Prophet and "bakshish," and strode off after the Mouse. Chiltern threw himself off his horse, selected another Bedouin, repeated Hare's promise and potential curse, and gave him the bridle. Then I did the same, nailing another son of Egypt, and Chiltern followed Hare and I followed Chiltern. And by the time we reached the man and woman, and halted at a distance of perhaps five paces, we both saw at the same instant that Hare had put out his hands and the Mouse had, with the quickest gesture of entire abandon, gripped them with hers. There they stood looking in each other's faces with a tense, drawn, spiritualized, perfectly happy look, and the moon Cleopatra saw when she fed upon Antony's face was shining on there in the old way, and the desert was whispering outside, and the goddess Hathor walked the sands that night and drenched us all, each with the particular philter conducing to his own especial madness. I had time for a look at the maid, the Black Portmanteau, and I saw she had really withdrawn herself, as if somehow this climax were what she had been expecting all along, and had prepared herself for as something it would be a part of her correct training to ignore. So she looked at the moon, and looked at the Pyramid, and thought, I doubted not, of some glorious *maître d'hotel* who had enslaved her heart in the course of her wanderings, and whom she would see no more. What was the odds, *maître d'hotel* or Chiltern, Hare or Antony? The moon knew all about it equally. While I thought these gibbering thoughts, Hare looked at his wife—oh, I knew it now!—and she looked straight at him. No more veiling of lids, no more retreating into the sanctuary of maidens-all-alone. They looked, and as if they adored each other and were sustained, exalted by what they saw. He spoke, in a rough, broken way that might have made you cry, if you were not, like Chiltern, framed of jealous wonder and, like me, curiosity made man.

"Why?" the Englishman kept saying. "Why? Why?"

Then she answered him, in a voice all passionate pride.

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"Why? Because I'd been thrown at you. They'd hunted you down and snared you."

"Why not have told me?" he raged. "If you were so proud, I'd have been humbler."

"I couldn't tell you," she said, and there she gave a sob. "I was ashamed."

"Ashamed?" That he said as if it broke his heart, too, that he should have to think it of her.

"Of my people, my country, myself. They'd kept me close till I'd died of cold. I'd withered into something I'm afraid to think of. They'd tried to sell me to other men with money, and one with a title, and I'd frozen them out, but you——"

She couldn't go on. No more could she look at him now. Her face turned away a little, and I thought, if it had been dawn instead of moonlight, he might have seen her forehead, even, deep with red. But this was the moment when he understood.

"Dearest," he said, just that one word, and she began to cry, softly, with no sobs or whimpering, only I was perfectly sure the tears were flowing down her cheeks.

"You ran away!" said Hare. He spoke as a very loving person does to a naughty child; and then the Mouse did something no one ever saw her do in the past days of her frozen girlhood. She laughed out long and gay, a warm, bright flood, in the very face of the Pyramid and Egypt.

"I ran away," she said.

"What for?" asked Hare.

"For you to follow." This she said brazenly.

"What for? Why was I to follow?"

"Don't you know? So I could be courted and persuaded as girls ought to be, as an American girl has got to be. Oh, you don't know me yet! Wait till you know me, Englishman!"

We had none of us known her, I saw that; I heard it in her thrilling voice, the strength and will and passion it flung for all the airs of Egypt to carry to whatever ears they would. The Englishman straightened; a quiver ran through him. He accepted, I saw, all her unspoken challenges.

"Was I to meet you here?" he asked. That same dauntless thrill was in his voice, the one we heard in hers. "Was this intended? Does this content you?"

"Why?"

"Because if it doesn't I'll leave you here. You shall go on alone, and I'll follow for as long as you like, and as far as you like. And I'll kiss your footprints all the way."

That was doing pretty well for an Englishman, I thought, and then I remembered that Shakespeare wrote in English, and, for the matter of that, a man named Rossetti. She was answering.

"You were not to meet me here. It was to be longer, England, America, perhaps. But—I got tired of waiting."

Her voice dropped. She had waited for him over one steamer, and she was tired of waiting. And then Hare bent toward her in the face of Egypt and the haggling Bedouins, the skirted English daughters, the Pyramids and the moon, and she made haste to meet him, and they kissed each other, and Hare drew her into his arms and they may have kissed again. But I missed Chiltern from my side, and looked about for him. He was back there by the ruffling tourists, mounting his horse, and the Bedouin was examining the bakshish given him, and apparently thinking it a plenty, for he called upon the Prophet to rain honey upon Chiltern while at the same time, begging him to stay and climb the Pyramid, accompanying his remarks with some grotesque adjuration about Mark Twain. But Chiltern was riding off, and I got my horse in haste and rode after him, though to the tune of curses because my coin had been less abounding. Through the long, sluggish ride back to the hotel we did not speak; but that night I did gather from Chiltern that we were to leave Cairo next morning.

Next morning we did leave, and as we were going down the steps of the Hotel de Londres for the last time that trip, we came full upon a man and woman, she in the most beautiful clothes even an American bride ever clothed herself in withal, yet simple as the sheath round a flower, and he with a bridegroom's proudest sovereignty written on him. This the Mouse? It was a creature with rose-mantled cheek and eyes that looked straight at you, rejoiceful, shining, with things promised in their depths that would take the happy bridegroom a thousand years to learn. She stopped, put out her hand to Chiltern, then to me. She looked at us both, half tenderly, even, half in whimsical confession, the sort where the mouth smiles and the brows are rueful.

"You've been awfully good," she said.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

I HAVE watched numberless persons walk around a great stone near my house—a round stone with a hollow in the top, filled with water, where the birds come to drink—and dilate learnedly after this fashion: "Think how it was carried for thousands of years on the back of a glacier, and how it was rubbed and ground by ice and stones till its angles were worn down into this perfect sphere." All very true were this stone a boulder, but it happens to be quite another thing, a concretion, which grew round from babyhood and never had any angles to rub off. It started perhaps with a bit of shell or fish bone falling into the soft mud of a stream. This nucleus acted like a magnet, attracting to itself little particles of congenial matter which hugged it layer after layer like an onion; while the water above, holding iron and lime and silica in solution, percolated through the growing concretion and cemented it into a solid stone.

On Local History

After such fashion does local history grow up. You take a house or bit of land, a road or a river or Indian treaty, as a nucleus; and as you read old books, newspapers, and letters; examine old maps, plans, and pictures; and as you talk with old residents—your facts form layer after layer around your centre; and as you compare and generalize and let your imagination flow over all, your house or bit of land, or road, or river, or Indian treaty grows and crystallizes into a shapely, lasting concretion of local history.

In choosing some nucleus for a study of local history, one cannot do better than begin with one's house or yard. One should trace back the several ownerships to the original grant; discover what other buildings were ever on the place, with something about the earlier people who lived there; if Indians ever hunted on it or soldiers tramped over it; changes of topography; when adjacent roads were opened; and one's own family traditions. One incident will inevitably lead to another, fascinating facts will peep from every cover, and conversation will follow the trend. All one's finds should be firmly held in place by the little rivets of accurate names and dates.

Take, for instance, my own home in the heart of a busy manufacturing city of the middle West. My garden lies about midway between two ancient "cities of refuge," built by the Neutral Nation about three centuries ago. Warring tribes of the West might enter the Western city, and those of the East the Eastern, but "sanctuary" reigned within. Later my garden was part of a Wyandotte village; and during the War of 1812 two companies of British regulars, veteran troops of Wellington's Peninsular campaign, attacking a local fort, marched over where my cardinal flowers now bloom. Later a small French colony used the plot for a burying-ground. The patent for the first sale of this land was signed by Andrew Jackson, and became part of a family tract. Sixty years ago my mother, from "down East," arrived for a visit, and penetrating beyond the reach of railroads came up the little river by boat. At the landing-place she was hoisted to a seat on her trunk in a wagon to be driven "into the woods." Three blocks from the river the wagon stuck fast in the mud, the trunk was dropped out on a hummock, and she finished her journey on foot. When she married, some years later, and the choice of any lot in town was offered to her for a homestead, she selected this spot where her trunk was thrown off in the mud. After a few years the children of the growing neighborhood needed a school, so a little wooden building was erected in the rear of the yard, and there not a few of the younger grandfathers of the city learned their alphabets. Later, a pair of magnificent eagles being given to my father, the old school-house was converted into a cage. All summer the birds lived there, but one autumn day my parents opened the door and stood watching the great creatures as they rose and soared off westward. These things happened long before I was born, but they add inexpressible interest to the place for me, and are earnest of the story and tradition which linger about your own homes if you but ferret them out.

I like to tell little children who visit me how out in the busy street where now passes an almost constant stream of automobiles ran a clear brook in which I used to set water-

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wheels and catch minnows. Their eyes grow round as my great age presses home, yet two generations in town still regard me as a "girl." Our Western towns grow rapidly. A dear old lady in Cleveland, who died but a few years ago, told me that she remembered her father coming in much elated to tell her mother that they had just finished counting the inhabitants, and there were 876! Ohio's largest city!

Whatever your nucleus, your concretion will rapidly outgrow your locality. The story of my lot enlarges into a history of the town and trails off down the river to old forts on the lake, and in the other direction along the famous Harrison Trail to ancient mounds, the Mississippi, and New Orleans. When a citizen of my town became a President of the United States I was plunged into the very middle of American history. Nor did it stop there, for I have but just learned of a *villa* of three thousand inhabitants in Paraguay, named after this local resident who as President acted as arbiter in a territorial dispute between Paraguay and Argentina. Modestly local, however, do I keep my collection of data, believing that my business in the matter is to edit just that bit of land and lore under my own charge, and make the most of it in the limited time at my disposal.

Thus as the annalist lovingly gleans the harvest fields of home, ruminating on its topographical, climatic, and scenic effects; fingering over the dress and customs of earlier denizens; wandering through rooms which birth has gladdened and death hallowed, where infancy dreamed and where each step is on a memory: little by little she acquires the "idiom" of the place, finding it a far subtler influence in shaping thought and action than the uninitiated suspect.

There is nothing new in all this, but the simple catalogue of it may kindle the spark of a new interest in other quiet lives, leading them to cherish the legends and customs that would otherwise be lost in historic haze. Whatever else may result from such study of "this infinite go-before of the present," it chains the student to that inspiring injunction of old Pindar which Plutarch liked to quote of those, heirs of the centuries, who

> "Do match their noble ancestors in prowess of their own,
> And by their fruits commend the stock whence they themselves are grown."

EVERY one may not know that the Blue-books, which a beneficent government sends for the asking, are most interesting reading. This is not only by the way of their wide range of pertinent topics and expert treatment. Blue-books are first of all records of fact and experience. But these allow for the imagination to play like lightning around their dullest periods, and one sees by flashes the vast intricacies of those wonder-working forces whose impulse comes from the national capital, but whose results reach the antipodes.

Base-ball and the Blue-books

It was after reading one of these Blue-books that I was able to realize how base-ball has penetrated into the very bones and marrow of our national life. This particular book was issued by the Insular Department, with many attractive photographs, for our revered Uncle does his book-making with distinction. It is entitled "The Report of the Philippine Commission on Education in the Philippines," and it sent my mind picking up threads over a retrospective period longer than I care to reckon.

With the relation of base-ball to the finer qualities of speech I have long been familiar and appreciative. In the hey-day of youth I was an honorary member of a base-ball club. It was called, I remember, the Kekiongas, a local Indian name. On Saturday afternoons the club would send "hacks" for the honorary members, that these might cheer on their heroes equally to glory or defeat. Thus we were able to talk fluently of "daisy cutters" and "sky scrapers," and of "romping home"—talking poetry as M. Prudhomme talked prose, without knowing it. Since those days base-ball has developed a speech of its own, but in overlooking the daily events on the diamond, it does not seem that such phrases as "bouncing a roller" and "spunky bunts" compare favorably with the pictorial metaphors we were accustomed to in those earlier days.

We were also in at the entrance of base-ball into the higher mathematics, and learned to recognize the returning curves which were engaging the attention of the professors. To our minds the pitcher who first gave that peculiar twist to the ball which brought to notice new manifestations of force and velocity, seemed destined to go down the ages with Newton and Euclid. Alas! I have forgotten his name. Scientifically base-ball has outstripped its honorary members, and the skill of Matty and Wagner and other famous men is to-day a matter of diagrams and demon-

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stration and only to be fully understood at the universities.

But the greatest triumph of base-ball is not that it engages the professors, but that it consolidates the people. A young Englishman recently arrived finds the pervading interest in base-ball, reaching as it does down to the lowermost stratum of the population, the most extraordinary thing in this country. Cricket as a national sport in his islands rarely gets beyond the yeomanry. The curates and the guests of the manor house may play the villagers, but the factory hands have no more interest in cricket than they have in polo or golf; and as for the submerged tenth, it hardly knows that the game exists.

On the other hand, in this country from ocean to ocean the scene repeats itself; crowds in cities stand cheering and groaning before bulletin boards; factory hands have an inning or two at the noon hour, with the boss and clerks standing by; on Saturday afternoons the farmers' boys play in lonely fields, with mother and the girls in buggies and spring-wagons looking on. Inland Empire plays the Pacific Coast, and at Spokane the air is rent with cheers while Seattle laments, just as Chicago shouts when the Cubs defeat the Giants, while New York gloomily turns on its heel and goes its several ways.

Now for the Blue-book. Base-ball follows the flag. In the Philippines, it seems that base-ball is not an insignificant factor in our educational scheme, for it gets into the government reports among nature studies and manual training. "We first got hold of the Jolo boys through base-ball," writes one teacher of the young untamed Moros. "I have always found base-ball a good way to interest the children in the schools," writes another. A division superintendent informs the Philippine Commission that "base-ball is doing more than anything else to enlist the sympathies of the inhabitants. Among the boys it engenders a spirit of perseverance, determination, of struggling against difficulty and opposition. The base-ball players are the most active and progressive of our students." Again we learn that Mr. Leonardo Osioro has offered a silver cup to the winning team at Cavite. There is to be a meet at Sorsogon between teams from Masbate, Albay, and Sorsogon for a silver cup, known as the Trent base-ball trophy. At the Batangas Normal School base-ball contributes to the study of English, for any player who uses other than an English word must retire from the field. The absorbing interest at Lingayen is which of the two base-ball teams will win, and the inhabitants turn out each week to watch the practice games on the plaza. "One can always raise money for the base-ball team," writes a teacher, alluding to the intention of his district in southern Luzon to send a team to Manila to play the Manila boys. Even the superintendent of public instruction finds it worth while to inform the Commission that "nearly every high school has organized base-ball teams. Interscholastic games have been arranged. Filipenos take to base-ball with enthusiasm, and show remarkable skill at it." Elsewhere several teachers are honorably mentioned as instructors of base-ball. All this in a grave, matter-of-fact Blue-book.

"Blest be the tie that binds," says the old-fashioned hymn; base-ball unites all classes and conditions of men, from the White House through every layer of our cosmopolite population, until it enwraps little Brown Brother in the isles of the sea.

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THE FIELD OF ART

OPPORTUNITIES FOR ART STUDY IN NEW YORK

ONE used to think of the *flâneur* abroad as enjoying opportunities for indulging his taste for the fine arts of which we in America were deprived, and until recent years these did indeed seem peculiarly the privilege of those sojourning in the centres of the Old World. Christie's, the Hôtel Druout, were hailed as little Meccas by the art-loving pilgrim.

The writer well recalls the satisfaction with which, in the Paris of his day, he sometimes started out with an exhibition in prospect at perhaps the Cercle Mirliton or the Galeries Petit. That morning took on a little air of fête, for was he not to see some examples of those experimenters in Impressionism who were startling the world of art under the title of "Les Intransigéants" at a certain dealer's on the Avenue de l'Opéra? This collection was most interesting in its intimations of those problems of light which have been carried so far to-day as to make these statements appear conservative. Those were days of curiosity, of surprise at the audaciousness of this band of Intransigeants; but much of this I say would not now move us to protest, as it then did, would appear rather *démodé* and perhaps a little dull. Even the bold surface lights of Caillebotte, so assured, so confidently placed, would not strike one as unusual to-day; on the contrary, this particular painter as now seen in the Luxembourg, where he and some of his associates have gained entrance, seems discreet in touch and color, and not remarkably interesting, although he possesses fine greys and a charming sentiment of light.

Our *flâneur* would then go on and take in, as a kind of antidote, a collection of portraits at the Mirliton, where he would be diverted by the different renderings of the human individual as portrayed by such differing temperaments as Carolus-Duran, Cabanel, Bonnat, Bastien-Lepage, Courtois, Chaplin, and Dagnan-Bouveret. But this experience of which I speak was at a period of the past when there was no provision for similar anticipation to thrill the amateur in New York.

To-day, however, I dare hazard the statement that during a winter season New York furnishes as rich opportunities for the fastidious art lover as do the capitals of Europe. Times have changed as much in these matters as in more material things, and the wealth that has landed *les hautes nouveautés* at our doors has none the less given us Van Dycks, Franz Halses, Rembrandts, Gainsboroughs, Sir Joshuas, and Romneys; while the innumerable examples of the most precious masters of the Dutch School, as well as splendid canvases by those innovators and renovators of French painting, Monet, Manet, Degas, Sisley, Renoir, and Pissaro, may be had for the stroll down Fifth Avenue and through some of its adjacent streets.

Nor must we overlook those of our own landscape painters who here, often in "one man exhibitions" or groups, show their range and their sympathy with the sights of the outside world that I believe would, in Paris, attract a circle of admirers—those in that unusual city who possess the true "flair" for art, —which would make them the talk of the town. This is no unreflecting statement. I am sufficiently familiar with the temper of observant Parisians concerning art to know that there would be a quick response to the beautiful vision of these painters and their expression of it on canvas; for they are making the love of nature more general, and creating indeed, even here, a considerable constituency of competent connoisseurs. The public is becoming conscious that this is not all virtuosity; and although mere skill is perhaps sometimes too obvious, many are moved by the general serious purpose of these men. It is into rooms along these thoroughfares that I propose to step and, in a leisurely way, note works of really permanent interest that may be found there; for it has seemed desirable thus to call attention to the significance of these advantages—not to New York only, but to the country at large. For it must not be forgotten that there is a whole world of beautiful art lying dormant in somnolent corners of palaces and country houses the which needs but the touch of a Mæcenas to waken, to bring to light and make a living influence on the craft of modern painting. All this stored competency, accessible only to the favored few,

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will soon become vivified and stimulate and give vigor to the artistic output of the present.

It cannot be otherwise; for there is a curiosity and intelligence abroad in the world of to-day that must make this revelation of the past of great significance. Changing conditions, as I have said, are already bringing these treasures from their hiding and placing them where all may see, study, and enjoy.

It is no slight thing to have this treasure-house of beauty opened to us, to be free to note the jolly mastery of Hals through his swift and fluent passages of paint, to study the subtle profundity of Rembrandt, the distinction of Van Dyck, the blazing truth of Monet, the analytic observation of Degas, the uncompromising honesty of Manet, and the marked individuality of a host of others. This democratizing of the fine arts—this offering to whom will the enjoyment that has been formerly the privilege of a favored class—is distinctively a note of the present, one with the world's movement to-day.

For instance, a roomful of Manets alone which we stopped in to see was of a character to make one intolerant of the painted pictures that are constantly turned out. Indeed, where will one find such sincere searching for the just value, close statement of color, truth of plane, and almost perfectly sustained surface, texture as in some of his pictures?

Veracious observation is one of the elements of simplicity that this painter possesses, and it is a quality which seems to belong to the great traditions of painting. He was a master of beautiful paint, and not all the pretty, dexterous, and sometimes astonishing manipulation of a lesser man can move one who has been attuned to the sonorous notes and elemental truth of this modern master. This, as opposed to the thin and colorless painting we sometimes meet with, is in the nature of a tonic; and the layman cannot do better than to avail himself of its invigorating stimulus.

Manet was an experimenter also and not above changing his methods if by doing so he could get nearer the truth; and although he began in the dark heavy tones derived from his admiration of the Spaniards, Velasquez, and Goya, his evolution was steadily toward the light. Much of the Impressionist's value lies in the delivering of certain pure tones from the palette to the canvas; this is often done, however, at an entire sacrifice of composition, drawing, and of almost every other element which goes to the production of a work of art. This does not apply to Manet; but where perhaps the intellectual element did not exist among some of his companions, he was not slow to recognize that they had, by their experiments, contributed much to the clarifying of the palette, and from this time on he was less influenced by the art of the past than by that modern realism in subject which, as a painter, he thereafter represents.

A generous collector and his wife permitted the public exhibition for several weeks of a group of paintings which it was a rare privilege to see and a kind of art education to have attentively studied. Three examples of Hals would have made it notable of themselves. In speaking of Hals, his obvious skill is so marked that one is sometimes forgetful of a finer side of this great painter. Of these portraits we may only speak of that of Michielez de Wael who is represented also in one of the Corporation pictures at Haarlem; but the treatment of this single figure as a portrait was fuller of detail, more developed as a *morceau*, than would be the case where it made one of a group; and it was a delightful surprise to observe that Hals could realize his individual so effectually without distracting your attention by his clear and logical method; the method was still there, but it now becomes the art which disguises art. The Rembrandt in this collection was full of accomplished painting, although not so full of an earnest searching to express something deeper than mere externals which was this painter's later characteristic. This young man in the act of rising from his chair was of the early period of Rembrandt's work.

These strolls among transient exhibitions afford frequently the opportunity of comparing the work of different stages of an artist's career, and it is a fact that in the case of Rembrandt nearly the whole range of his production may be studied through the examples that sooner or later are shown in New York. But it is in no sense a local matter, this seeing things in New York; it is merely that the leaven which spreads throughout the country happens for the moment to be found there. These art treasures which we are touching upon in this paper have furnished topics for drawing-rooms and clubs from Los Angeles to Philadelphia. The visitors to a much-talked-of Van Dyck exhibition, for instance, were from such widely separated points, and the interest was great in this opportunity kindly provided by two other public-spirited collectors.

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It may not be too much to say that this prince of portrait painters was a master from the beginning. His life lasted but forty-two years, and in his twenty-second year he did the portraits of Franz Snyders and his wife, which for dignified seriousness of purpose and mastery of painting are equal to his maturer work. Van Dyck may have gained later, by contact with the world, that quality of investing his high-bred sitter with the personal distinction which belonged to him; but it is difficult to mark any essential advance in a style of painting that was so finished when he painted these two friends at the beginning of his career. Of his Italian period seven examples were shown. That of the Marchese Elena Grimaldi was of the traditional Van Dyck, disclosing high birth, stately carriage, sumptuous surroundings; a young negro servant holding a scarlet parasol, with accessories of Corinthian columns and vista of landscape all betokening the circumstance to which the painter was accustomed and in painting which he was always happy.

One weakness of Van Dyck was not absent from these canvases generally—his stereotyped and mannered treatment of the hands; they appeared all cast in the same mould, when in reality they are a feature as distinctively personal as the head itself to him who truly sees. The demand for constant production must have caused the painter to slight this fact in his work; for to no man of his ability can one otherwise attribute this lapse.

When one studies these works from the point of view of to-day it is true that with our modern vision there would perhaps be discovered in the work of the present a broader and more logical "envelope" to the scene or a figure thus placed, a more sensitive realization of the various surfaces as affected by the same conditions of light; but for adroitness of touch and nobility of design we must acknowledge this man a master. There was in these canvases so strong a sense of pictorial statement and so thorough an acquaintance with the means, that the picture appeared to paint itself. By this I mean that the palette was accepted as fixed—no over-anxious searching for the exact tone as influenced by the surrounding air—there were certain conventions of color that remained for him unchanged, and the artist was thus left free to concentrate his powers on the design, the shape, the pattern that should distinguish his canvas; and it is this element in the best work of the past that has its lesson for us. For from these works one carried away the impression of beautiful forms, handsome lines, well-studied folds in drapery, and well-observed masses and balance of parts, satisfying to the eye.

I am not calling attention to these qualities as anything new in themselves, but to the fact that this aggregation of Van Dycks emphasized for us the high character of work put out habitually by these great men; and that through opportunities like these we may train ourselves to look for the same high performance in the work of to-day. How fares it with us? It is through possessing a public of connoisseurs that really fine art is produced; for the workman is stimulated by appreciation, and every good work applauded engenders others that will surely follow. Great work always has an audience, is always modern. No better illustration of this could be found than that furnished by a certain exhibition and sale of modern masters—so considered forty years ago. But as a whole these pictures proved comparatively spiritless when placed before the public which at the same time greeted the Van Dycks and Halses with enthusiasm; for these latter had not changed with fashion. Among this exhibition of modern men it was interesting to remark that their earlier output was much more sincere than that done later to supply their market—for they undoubtedly had a market, and for the most part a good one. Still, there were canvases here by Bonnat and Bouguereau that for artistic feeling and sincerity of painting surpassed the work of their later years. I recall the "Ribera Sketching in Rome," by Bonnat, and "Maternal Affection," by Bouguereau that for artistic feeling and sincerity of painting much surpassed the work of their later time. Bonnat painted his story with excellent taste, and with a picturesque not to say romantic sentiment. It was particularly rich in coloring and disclosed real love for the beauty of paint. If it had possessed, in addition, a sensitiveness to the charm of outdoor light there would have been little left to be desired in this otherwise handsome canvas. This is where men of a still later day excel. "Maternal Affection," by Bouguereau, showed him more than usually interested in a theme that to his years of after industry became trite.

A comparatively early Meissonier, "The Card Players," was a surprising study in facial expression, and of an insistence on detail that took it out of the category of the artistic and

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landed it frankly in the realm of artifice. Meissonier has done much more earnest work, I mean more that placed him on a higher æsthetic plane, but rarely anything that was better calculated to astound by its commanding dexterity.

This kind of painting is a far call from the breadth, grasp, and sweep of the work that has been discussed throughout this brief recital; but it goes to show the variety of art opportunity that may be enjoyed by those who follow the free exhibitions in New York during the winter months. No more varied opportunities may be had abroad; and in the frequent displays here of native painting in landscape alone, in certain instances, we equal, if we do not surpass, the best current work of Europe.

We may note Metcalf's accomplished observation and increasing command in the use of pigment; Hassam's broken and beautiful color to which he gives an added breadth in his later work; Weir's essentially earnest and elemental emotion, often expressed with a sustained energy of execution that touches the profound. And Carlsen's exquisite parti-pris of seeing nature with a kind of specialized vision, very charming and very fine, but a way which may perhaps permit one to predicate his manner of rendering a given scene.

There is, however, a sensitiveness in rendering the sights of nature that is essentially American. The foreign painter is plastic—strongly moved by the physical aspect of the world, and bold in statement; while we of this country appear more lyrical in our sense of lovely scenes. The fragile air of budding life in spring is most successfully presented by our painters, and indeed all seasons have devotees who appear to penetrate more deeply the sentiment of the world surrounding us than those of other nations. The exhibition of the German Secessionists a year ago was testimony, in the case of the Germans at least, that, while they were still groping, we had already laid hands on problems that with them were tentative.

There is little doubt that the accumulation of vast fortunes here will awaken some day in their possessors the consciousness that they have purchased the priceless gift of thoughtful leisure; it is high time then that serious attention were called to the potential use of this gift; and the cultivation of a more competent judgment in the fine arts is peculiarly suited to the employment of such leisure.

The demand, consequently, for an authoritative voice in art criticism is becoming a very urgent one with us; for the treasure that is being poured into art investment should be wisely expended. And the way this responsibility can be adequately met is this very one of making use of the opportunities which, as we have endeavored to show, are here as rich as in the boasted art centres of the world. Let us then see to it that we make good use of them in following these exhibitions;—there is scarcely a season of the year when we may not visit them with profit. For it will be seen that the evolution of painting, from the period when splendor of design was its most significant note, to the present, when truth of sight is its prevailing tendency, may be examined, pondered over, and studied here; and with a public thus trained we are in a fair way to become a nation whose achievements in art will be commensurate with its material greatness.

FRANK FOWLER.

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Drawn by William Harnden Foster.

OUT IN THE CHANNEL THE DREDGES CLANKED AND SPLASHED IN THE MOONLIGHT.

—"The Canal Builders," page 338.

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